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CYRIL TOURNEUR

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THE WORKS OF

CYRIL TOURNEUR

edited by
Allardyce Nicoll

with decorations by
Frederick Carter

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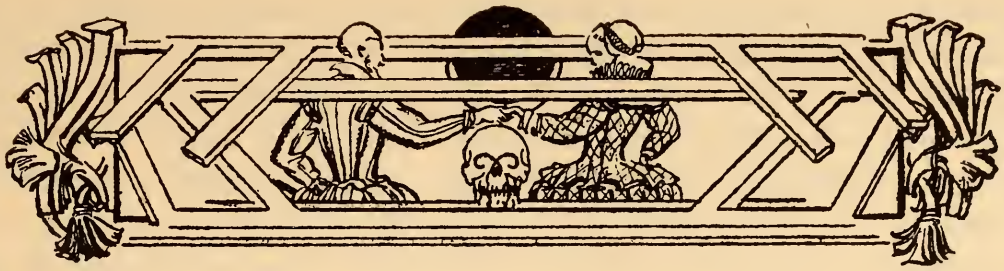

PREFACE

IN preparing this edition of the works of Cyril Tourneur I have been guided by two principles: the first, to present a text which remains as faithful as possible to the original editions; and the second, to make the volume a complete record of Tourneur's literary activities. The obvious duties of an editor necessarily demanded a certain amount of emendation, but nowhere is a reading of my own introduced without full indication of the fact, and nowhere has any alteration been made, even in punctuation, where the original version made sense. From a possibly too conservative treatment of the text I have allowed only two general deviations. Long *ſ* has, throughout, been silently levelled under *s,* and many passages in *The Atheist's Tragedie* which, although clearly intended to be verse had been printed as prose in the quarto, have been re-arranged. Such re-arrangement, however, is duly noted in the textual commentary, where the original quarto lining is restored. It will be understood that these methods have rendered the notes somewhat lengthy; but it seems incumbent upon an editor who does not give merely a type-facsimile of his material to note, and note fully, all the changes, however minute and seemingly unimportant, he has made. Perhaps at times one may feel that "scholarship" is rapidly becoming a fetish in these modern days, and is so divorcing the study of literature both from literature and from life; but, in the preparation of an edition such as this, the only secure method on which to work seems to be that which will allow the reader to convert, if he desires, the lines printed in the text into the original wording or punctuation of the first editions, and that which demands as little variation as possible from those editions themselves.

If the textual notes are lengthy, I have, on the other hand, endeavoured to be concise and sparing in the commentary. It would have been possible to expand this considerably, both by the

inclusion of notes on the dramatic fitness of certain lines and by the presentation of parallel passages from the works of other dramatists. Both of these I have omitted; in the explanatory notes I have confined myself strictly to the definite difficulties raised by the text and have attempted to explain these in as concise a manner as possible.

Hitherto Tourneur's extant works have been recognised as five in number—*The Transformed Metamorphosis, The Revengers Tragædie,* the *Elegy* on Vere, *The Atheist's Tragedie,* and the *Elegy* on Prince Henry. Thomas Seccombe indeed had hazarded the conjecture that a manuscript *Character* of Salisbury had been written by this author; but this *Character* is now printed for the first time in a collection of Tourneur's works and definitely established as of his composition. In addition to this I have presented here music written for *The Nobleman* (presumably but not certainly Tourneur's play), a hitherto un-reprinted poem *On the Succession,* and also the strange pamphlet, *Laugh and lie downe.* The first, so far as I know, has never got beyond the stage of manuscript, and the last, of which only one copy exists, has never been reprinted. A discussion of both, with the reasons for their inclusion, will be found in the General Introduction.

In the preparation of this edition I have received much assistance from many quarters. To Mr. C. K. E. Edmonds of the Henry E. Huntington Library I offer my grateful thanks for several notes on the text of Tourneur material in his custody, and Dr. Max Farrand, Director of the Library, I thank for the exceedingly generous permission given to reproduce here for the first time the text of *Laugh and lie downe,* of which the solitary extant copy is in the Huntington Library, and which he had originally intended to reserve for publication in a special series of Huntington Library volumes. I wish, also, to express my gratitude to Sir Israel Gollancz, who kindly lent me for collation his copy of *The Revengers Tragædie*; to Mr. G. E. Bentley, who examined for me a number of documents at Somerset House and the Public Record Office; and to Mr. O. T. Williams, who checked some of my notes to *The Transformed Metamorphosis.* Professor Hewitt, of Nottingham University College, generously took upon himself the task of making preliminary enquiries concerning the Clifton Hall exemplar of the *Character of Salisbury,* while Colonel and Mrs. Clifton not only gave me

every facility for examining it, but granted me permission to include the text in this edition. To the Most Honourable the Marquess of Salisbury I am indebted for authorisation to consult the catalogue of Hatfield papers; and to Mr. Stamp, Deputy Keeper of the Records, for putting at my disposal the manuscript summaries of these papers prepared by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Mr. Brian Penton and Dr. F. E. Budd have given me valuable assistance in the reading of the proofs. It is needless to add that I, like all students using these store-houses of information, have been greatly aided in my work by the unfailing courtesy and help given by officials at the British Museum, the Bodleian, the London Library, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Public Record Office.

ALLARDYCE NICOLL.

East London College, *July 1929.*

INTRODUCTION

Cyril Tourneur naquit de l'union d'un dieu inconnu avec une prostituée. On trouve la preuve de son origine divine dans l'athéisme héroïque sous lequel il succomba. Sa mère lui transmit l'instinct de la révolution et de la luxure, la peur de la mort, le frémissement de la volupté et la haine des rois ; il tint de son père l'amour de se couronner, l'orgueil de régner, et la joie de créer ; tous deux lui donnèrent le goût de la nuit, de la lumière rouge et du sang. MARCEL SCHWOB.

" CYRIL TOURNEUR naquit de l'union d'un dieu inconnu avec une prostituée." Thus Marcel Schwob boldly starts his " Imaginary Life " of the dramatist,[1] and proceeds to picture forth the day of his birth. It was a day of darkness, in the midst of a year of plague. Some time before his birth, the mother's body was marked by the terrible signs of disease, and when the child first entered " upon the vast concavity of the Cimmerian night " the door of the little house in which he was born was scrawled over with the fatal cross of red, while the mournful tolling of a bell heralded the approach of the ghastly, creaking tumbril which did service for a common hearse.

This macabre conception, frankly fantastic as it may be, perhaps conceals within its fantasy more than a fragment of truth. It is, of course, dangerous to read between the lines of Elizabethan tragedies in the confident expectation of discovering there the facts of the authors' lives, but the bitterness and the savagery of Tourneur are expressed with such a peculiar intensity that one may well profess to view there autobiographic atmosphere mingled with a fictional plot. Perhaps the vitality of Spurio in *The Revengers Tragædie* owes its being to some such circumstances of birth as

[1] *Vies imaginaires* (Paris, 1896), 207–9.

Marcel Schwob has imagined; assuredly throughout his work are to be traced the influence of an unknown god—the desire of the sublime—and of a prostitute—the seizing of life's beauty and ugliness and the trembling at its decay.

All this, however, is merely visionary and of the imagination, and happily we possess a few facts at least which serve to put before us, not a nebulous figure half divine, but a very tangible soldier of fortune in intimate contact with historical figures of his day.[1] The year of his birth, unfortunately, has not been ascertained, but, from the fact that *The Transformed Metamorphosis,* published in 1600, but probably written some years earlier, seems to be the work of a young man, it may be supposed that his birth date falls within the decade 1570–1580. Nor is his family known for certainty. Here, however, there seems to be the possibility of some plausible conjecture. Thomas Seccombe pointed out in 1899 that, as Cyril Tourneur was in close relationship later in his life with the Cecils and Sir Francis Vere, serving for some time at least in the Netherlands, and as a certain Captain Richard Turnor, who, he thought, may have died in 1598, was likewise associated with these men and acted as Lieutenant-Governor of the Dutch town of Brill, there was a strong likelihood that Richard and Cyril belonged to the same family. The difference in the spelling of the surname presents no difficulty. Tourneur signed himself Turner in his earliest work; he is called Turnour in the Stationers' Register, and Turnor in a document of 1617; while Turnor and Turner are used variously to designate his widow in 1631 and 1632. Tourneur, Turnor, and Turner were, for all practical purposes, interchangeable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.[2]

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[1] Absolutely nothing was known of Tourneur's life until Gordon Goodwin (*Academy,* May 9, 1891 and March 31, 1894) drew attention to some documents summarised in the *Calendars of State Papers.* These, however, continued to remain unnoticed down to recent times; Vaughan, in *The Cambridge History of English Literature* (1910; vi. 166–8) could still declare that nothing might be said of the writer save what came from the works he had published. Working on Goodwin's notes, Thomas Seccombe was able to provide more information (*Dictionary of National Biography,* 1899). It was he who first drew attention to the apparent connection between Cyril Tourneur and Captain Richard Turnor.

[2] Turner is, of course, a pure "occupation-name." No doubt many Turners signed themselves Turnors as well; but Turnor is said to have had an independent source from the *tournours* or ornamenters of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. Attempts have been made to find a Gallic origin for Turnor or Turnour in a hypothetic *Tournoir*; these can have no foundation on fact.

When Seccombe wrote, little was ascertainable concerning this Richard save that in 1585 he was water-bailiff of Brill under Sir Thomas Cecil (later Earl of Exeter), and that by July 1596 he had risen to be Lieutenant-Governor of the town. Something more may now be added to these meagre facts, although it is obviously not necessary here to put forward all the details of his career. He seems to have been a trusted officer, especially favoured by the Cecils, and on December 5, 1595, Lord Burgh definitely proposed his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor.[1] The proposal evidently was carried through successfully, and already in April we find him installed in that position.[2] This office he seems to have held until, in September 1598, Sir Francis Vere took over the duties of acting governor, and appointed Sir Edward Conway as his lieutenant-governor.[3] It is here that Seccombe loses sight of him, assuming that he died about this date. Proof, however, exists that, two years later, he still hoped to be re-instated, while the same document provides indication of his family connections. This document is a letter, dated November 30, 1600, addressed by Edward Turnor to Lord Burgh;[4] in it Edward makes a plea on behalf of his brother Richard, leaving us in no doubt that the latter had been ousted from his position by the new governor. That the plea was unsuccessful we know from Conway's later record, but this is unimportant. What is of value is the fact that, since Edward Turnor writes from the Middle Temple, we have a means of identifying his brother Richard.

On November 26, 1579, Edward had been admitted to the Temple,[5] when he was described as the son of Edward Turnor, of Canons, Essex. Canons is one of the manors in the parish of Great Parndon, and came to the Turnor family through the marriage of the heiress, Martha Hanchet, with the elder Edward.[6] According to the official genealogies, this marriage yielded three

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[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm. Salisbury Papers,* v. 485–6.

[2] *Ib.* vi. 138. He is mentioned in the same series of documents several times: v. 529; vi. 295–6, 311. Other records concerning him are to be found in the British Museum MSS. Galba D. x. and D. xi.

[3] Clements R. Markham, *The Fighting Veres* (1888), 253.

[4] *Hist. MSS. Comm. Salisbury Papers,* x. 399.

[5] *Middle Temple Records,* ed. C. H. Hopwood (1904), i. 231.

[6] Philip Morant, *The History and Antiquities of the County of Essex* (Chelmsford, 1816), ii. 494. See also the *Visitations of Essex,* printed in the Harleian Society collections.

children, Edward (of the Middle Temple, who died in 1623), Richard (now identifiable as Captain Richard Turnor) and Mary; while by a second marriage with a Frances Baker, Edward had another six sons and daughters. These official genealogies, however, do not absolutely agree with the records preserved at Great Parndon itself.[1] The younger Edward is there (christened April 9, 1559), and a Mary (christened December 27, 1565), but there is no record of a Richard, and no records of the younger Edward's sons, Morrice (or Maurice) and Arthur.[2] The manuscript register now preserved at Great Parndon, therefore, is manifestly incomplete, or else a number of children of the Turnor family were born outside of the parish. In addition to this, we note that the register itself is of seventeenth-century origin, the earlier entries being copied out in order to make the record complete, and that the copyist has drawn attention to the fact that there was to be discovered in the "old Regyster booke," from which he took his material, only one birth entry for the whole of the years 1578 to 1581. There is thus the possibility that, for some reason or another, there are serious omissions here. These facts are of importance, for the association of Richard Turnor and of Cyril Tourneur inevitably suggests that they belonged to the same family. The blank between 1578 and 1581, together with the non-appearance of the names of Maurice and Arthur, while proving nothing, still allows us to speculate that Cyril may have been born in Great Parndon. In this connection one thing may be observed. Cyril is an excessively rare name in the Elizabethan period (indeed I know of no other in the late sixteenth century), while the Turnors, from the evidence of the register, seem to have displayed a strange fondness for out-of-the-way nomenclature. Besides the Arthur and Maurice noted above, we find a Penelope (born 1582), a Thomasina (born 1584), a Joshua (born 1585), a Benjamin (born 1586), a Nathaniel (born 1591), a Debora (born 1594), a Lydia (born 1604), a Christopher (married 1599),

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[1] I have to thank the rector for kindly allowing me to consult the book of births, deaths, and marriages.

[2] Given in Morant, *op. cit.*, and the *Visitations*. Maurice was admitted to the Middle Temple at some date unknown; on November 22, 1606, Arthur was bound there with his father and his brother Maurice (*Middle Temple Records*, ii. 461). It may be noted here that Martha, wife of the elder Edward, died (according to the MS. Register) in 1565; his second wife Frances, or Fraunces, was buried on September 15, 1600. A younger scion of this family was Sir Edward Turnor, or Turner, later Speaker of the House of Commons.

and a Demetrius (married 1603).[1] None of these names is by any means unique, but, taken together, they do form a peculiar group, a group, moreover, with which the saint-name of Cyril would readily harmonise. We have no proof of connection, but at least there is the basis on which conjecture may be raised. Marcel Schwob's "unknown god" may possibly have been the Middle Temple barrister or his father.[2]

Where Tourneur was educated we do not know. No school records provide us with the faintest clue, and his name is not in

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[1] The others are Arthur (born 1560), Henry (born 1570), John (born 1574), James (born 1575), Martha (born 1592), Anne (born 1593), Dorothie (born 1595), and Mary (born 1597). These, of course, are children of the families both of the elder and younger Edward.

[2] It is interesting to notice that, from a passage in *The Revengers Tragædie,* previous commentators on Tourneur's works had found reason to believe that he was intimately connected with legal life. It is obvious, however, that the evidence connecting him with the Turnors of Great Parndon is of the slightest. I have, on the other hand, discovered not a shred of proof for associating him with any others of the numerous Turner families of this time. Turners, of course, abounded in the late sixteenth century as they abound to-day. An examination of wills at Somerset House of all likely candidates has failed to throw any light on Cyril Tourneur's parentage or relations. At one time I was tempted to see the dramatist as "young Turner" who, according to a Brussels correspondent, came to Brussels about October 1598 with "a tall man." He is described there as "son of one of the Queen's huntsmen," and professed to have been sent by Essex to murder Sir William Stanley (*Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, 1595–97.* 538; the letter seems to be mis-dated by a year). Another news-letter, however, which seems better informed, declares that this "tall young fellow" called himself Turner, but the writer thinks this was a trick, since he has heard that he was the son of one of the Queen's huntsmen (*Cal. State Papers. Addenda, 1580–1625.* 390). Tourneur's anti-Catholic tendencies in *The Transformed Metamorphosis* seemed to agree with the fact that this young Turner was evidently a Protestant spy who knew much of Catholics and their doings in England. Apart from the fact that the suggestion in the second letter is that the youth's name was not Turner, I have been unable to find a Turner among the Royal Huntsmen, although William Torner was made a King's Waryner under Henry VIII. (*Hist. MSS. Comm. Duke of Rutland MSS.,* iv. 285), and a Richard Turner in 1588 was sending official reports to the Keeper of the Queen's Privy Seal concerning cattle (*Cal. State Papers. Dom. Series, 1581–90.* 487). An Edward Turnour petitioned on May 19, 1585, to Walsingham, declaring that he had spent his life in military service (*id. 1581–90.* 231), but I can learn nothing more of him. George Turnor was in official service in April 1604 (*id. 1601–3.* 173) and was granted the office of Master of Assize of gold and silver at the Tower in 1621 (*id. 1619–23.* 218). A rascally Patrick Tourner, who seems to have spent half his life in prison, was pestering various patrons in the last years of the sixteenth century (*Hist. MSS. Comm. Salisbury Papers,* vi. 337; vii. 2; xi. 20). Concerning none of these, however, can much be said for certain and there is not a shred of evidence to connect Cyril Tourneur with any of them. Naturally, I cannot include here the lists of Turners, records of whose litigations can be traced in the Chancery and other papers of the Public Record Office, who likewise do not seem to be connected with the dramatist. I have honestly endeavoured to track down all I could seize upon, but without success. On Captain William Turnour, see *infra.*

the extant records of alumni either of Oxford or of Cambridge. He may have been a self-made scholar like Ben Jonson, but, from. whatever source he drew his knowledge, he shows himself acquainted at least with Latin and Greek. There are, it is true, some false quantities in *The Transformed Metamorphosis,* but many of the strange words there could not have been formed without a moderate knowledge of the Greek tongue, while occasionally, as in the lines,

> *Pan,* that was once a cleere Epitime:
> Is now transform'd to hot Epithymie,

he makes epigrammatic point of his exact study of the Greek vocabulary. There is some reason, too—although parallels are always dangerous things to handle—for believing that he had made more than a passing reading of some of the Athenian dramatists.[1]

Cyril Tourneur, however, was always a man of the world, and, despite his gloomy reflections, live things probably influenced him more than dead. His actual connections with material affairs we may leave for the moment; here may be noted his eager study and imitation of his elder contemporaries in English literature. Marston in his youth he clearly admired; *The Revengers Tragædie* and *The Atheist's Tragedie* are offsprings of the type of drama which the author of *Antonio and Mellida* had evolved out of *The Spanish Tragedy.* There are patent imitations here of Marston's characters and of Marston's plots; there are the same lists of symbolically named *dramatis personæ*; there is even one individual person—Dondolo in *The Revengers Tragædie*—who is lifted bodily out of *Parasitaster, or The Fawn.* The influence of Marston, too, is heavily imprinted on his first work, *The Transformed Metamorphosis.* Its strange vocabulary, its satirical intent, its uncouth phraseology, even its metre, are connected with the satirical poems of the writer whom Ben Jonson held up to ridicule in a never-to-be-forgotten scene of *Poetaster.* Marston's influence, however, is shared with that of others, and principally that of Shakespeare. Countless are the phrases which recall lines in the elder writer's works:

> So you'l but put money i' my purse.[2]

> O Father! Mercie is an attribute
> As high as Iustice.[3]

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[1] Various parallels have been noted by Churton Collins.
[2] *Atheist's Tragedie,* III. ii. Cf. *Othello,* I. iii.
[3] *Id.* III. iv. Cf. *Merchant of Venice,* IV. i.

The Sea wants water enough to wash away
The foulenesse of my name.[1]

Where vnder the close Curtaines of the night.[2]

Our boyling phantasies
Like troubled waters falsifie the shapes
Of things retain'd in them.[3]

And I am of a confident beliefe,
That eu'n the time, place, manner of our deathes,
Doe follow Fate with that necessitie;
That makes vs sure to dye.[4]

I would finde out by his Anatomie;
What thing there is in Nature more exact,
Then in the constitution of my selfe.[5]

In addition to these there is the whole of the churchyard scene, with its dark reflections on skulls and bones, which is obviously suggested by the graveyard scene in *Hamlet.*

These Shakespearian reminiscences reappear, although not in so marked a degree, in *The Revengers Tragædie.* There the scene in which Vindice confronts his mother recalls inevitably Hamlet's words to the weak Gertrude, while many individual passages seem to have been suggested by the magic of Shakespeare. Vindice's outburst:

Let the winde go whistle,
Spout Raine, we feare thee not [6]—

makes us think of the ravings of Lear, while Lussurioso's—

Talke to me my Lords
Of sepulchers and mighty Emperor's bones [7]—

seems an echo of *Richard II.* There is sufficient evidence here at least to show that the young Tourneur knew, and studied closely,

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[1] *Atheist's Tragedie,* IV. v. Cf. *Macbeth,* II. ii. [2] *Id.* IV. iii. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet,* III. ii. 5.
[3] *Id.* II. vi. Cf. *Macbeth,* I. iii. 79. [4] *Id.* I. ii. Cf. *Hamlet,* V. ii. 230.
[5] *Id.* V. ii. Cf. *Lear,* III. vi. 80–1. I have omitted a few other examples cited by Churton Collins. This whole subject of imitation of Shakespeare's plays is dealt with fully in an important article by Levin L. Schücking, *Eine Anleihe Shakespeares bei Tourneur* (*Englische Studien* l (1916–17) 80–105). He finds that both *The Atheist's Tragedie* and *The Revengers Tragædie* are clustered with reminiscences of *Hamlet* and *Lear.* Many parallels are also noted by E. E. Stoll, *John Webster* (1905).
[6] III. v. [7] V. i. Cf. *Richard II.,* III. ii. 145.

the plays of Shakespeare. Vindice is the lineal descendant of Hamlet.

Beyond this, however, we may not go. His whole early life is a complete blank, until we reach, in 1600, the time when his first work came from the press. *The Transformed Metamorphosis* is a peculiar poem, and for its peculiarity has met with a considerable amount of vilification and abuse. It is true that it is obscure, not only because of its concealed allegory but because of its strained and frequently barbarous vocabulary; it is true, likewise, that many of the stanzas move at a pedestrian pace; but perhaps criticism, aroused by the sheer beauties of Tourneur's plays, has been over-hard on the poet's first effort. To understand it aright, we must remember that it was the work, evidently, of a very young man, a young man seeking for aid from a patron—

> Mæcenas, strengthen my Tyrocinie,

is his plea to Sir Christopher Heydon—and a young man zealous of keeping in with the latest fashions of the day. Satire was becoming popular in the hands of Marston and of Hall, and with the satirical tendency came the movement towards a new language, the language of self-conscious youth, eager to show itself clever at all costs. The motto to all their efforts, and in particular to that of Tourneur, might have been taken from John Weever's epigram:

> Say you that I am obscure ?
> Why this is yong mens Rhetoricke,
> Owles must not iudge of *Coruus* sure,
> For he speakes nought but Rhetoricke:
> Either too high, or els too plaine,
> And this is now a schollers vaine.[1]

The style we may condemn, but in condemning we must bear in mind that after all it was a searching out of new means of expression, and that, when we approach Tourneur's particular use of it, it was a fashion which swept much of the poetic youth of England into its net. Tourneur's coinages are no worse, and in many instances are considerably better, than those of his companions. The chief critical objection which may be made against *The Transformed Metamorphosis* is that it is somewhat artificial and forced.

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[1] John Weever, *Epigrammes* (1599), 3rd week, Epigram 8; ed. R. B. McKerrow (1911), p. 54.

Weever had spoken of his *Epigrammes* as " A twise seuen houres (in so many weekes) studie "; Tourneur found it necessary to inform his readers that his work was the result of the " voide houres in three weekes." The little piece of affectation is thoroughly typical of a strain which may be traced throughout the entirety of the poem. Yet *The Transformed Metamorphosis* is by no means devoid of interest or of merit. Many stanzas are dull; that is true: many stanzas are so involved in meaning as now to be almost unintelligible; that also is true: but a young man's first effort which contains the lines:

> The oldest man, saith ech day, one day more,
> One day ? nay sure a twelue-month's time t'will be,
> Ere seriant death will call me at my doore;
> Craz'd drooping age, why can thine eies not see
> Pale death arresting tender infancie ?

cannot be at once dismissed as unworthy of critical attention. No foolish attempt is being made here to place *The Transformed Metamorphosis* on a pedestal it has no claim to occupy; but, since hitherto it has received nothing save general terms of abuse, it seems necessary to enter at least a slight note of protest. For the understanding of Tourneur's mind, also, quite apart from intrinsic merits, this poem is of importance. Its general theme shows that the emphasis laid upon sin and death in his two plays, influenced though that may have been by a *Hamlet* and a *Malcontent,* was native to the man himself. The chief theme of this his first printed work is the darkness, the misery, the want of beauty in the world—an ugliness which leaves the poet stammering in his horror—

> Yet were *Apelles* heere, he could not paint
> Forth perfectly the worlds deformities;
> For as the troubled mind, whose sad complaint
> Still tumbles forth, halfe breathed accenties,
> Th'*Idea* doth confuse and chaoize:
> So will the *Chaos* of vp-heaped sinne
> Confound his braine, that takes in hand to lay
> A platforme plainly forth, of all (that in
> This *Pluto*-visag'd-world) hell doth bewray.

In the prologue he tells how he is led " into this concauitie," " into this black Cymerianized night," where horror-stricken sounds, as if from the chapless jaws of some ghostly skeleton, re-echo in his ears. This theme he then proceeds to work out in the poem itself.

He appeals to heaven to wake, but all the universe seems in confusion (ll. 1–49), for there is a transformation of all that was good into darkness and evil:

> Loe, loe, the skie whose hue was azurie,
> Is cloath'd with moorie *Vesperugoe's* coate,
> The formed *Chaos* of this Cosmosie,
> Is now transform'd to tawny *Charon's* boate;
> And on the *Acheronticke* maine doth floate.
> Th'olimpique Globe is now a hollow ball:
> The huge concauitie blacke *Plutoe's* hall.

Where, he asks, can the poet stand? Are there no mountains can afford him salvation? (ll.50–56). No, he replies, for the highest mount of all, the "seau'n hill'd head," is itself become a place of sin (ll. 57–77). Then, he enquires, can "*Dodon's* groue" provide him succour? No,

> for help doth not consist
> In *Dodon's* groue, nor a *Dodonian* fist (ll. 78–84).

At this moment, help comes to him from on high, and "Jove" gives him "a steadfast rocke," the raging sea on one side and lashing flames on the other, from which he can safely view the miseries of "the earthly state" (ll. 85–98). There then follows a vision of a "sacred female," whose spirituality has been turned to material ends (ll. 99–147), and who is associated with many of the deadly sins (ll. 148–154). Under her influence age becomes a thing of evil, and the flesh holds sway over the spirit (ll. 155–182). Lust is rampant, and the poet draws a picture of its palace:

> Thence leades an entrie to a shining hal,
> Bedeckt with flowers of the fairest hew,
> The Thrush, the Lark, and nights-ioy nightingale,
> There minurize their pleasing laies anew,
> This welcome to the bitter bed of rue;
> This little roome, will scarce two wights containe,
> T'enioy their ioy, and there in pleasure raigne (ll. 183–196).

But worse than lust is the craving for gold; old men and young now lose their souls in questing for it (ll. 197–245). Once more the poet calls on the "centinels" to awake from their lethargy (ll. 246–258), especially when he finds that "Pan" who had been wont to tend the fertile ground of "Arcadie" is himself corrupted by this curse of gold (ll. 253–322). Beyond this, the poet asks,

can there be anything worse ? (ll. 323–329). Yes; for there is "Delta's" misery. Delta is an island enjoying the peace of a golden age (ll. 330–336), which is disturbed by the arrival of a "beast" who snatches at the innocent lambs (ll. 337–350). Hearing of this, "*Mavortio,* a gallant Knight," sets off to combat with the beast (ll. 351–371). Encountering the monster, he alights from his horse, which he gives to his page Veramount; but he is deterred for a moment by the attempted explanation of the beast (ll. 372–392). "Her Syrenian song," however, does not cheat him, and he proceeds to the fray, the monster spitting "poyson hellie blacke" which turns into other monsters (ll. 393–420). Mavortio and his page fight lustily and win victory (ll. 421–448). Here follows a pæan of praise (ll. 449–462), with some obscure stanzas which, adverting to Mavortio's connection with the muses, seem to imply that he is reft away from earth (ll. 463–525). Mars and the Muses come down to seek for another such (ll. 526–546), but art is in decay:

> the Muses did but sup,
> And are infected with that pois'nous cup (ll. 547–553).

Everything is transformed (ll. 554–574). Here, however, comes new hope, for "the rocke of" the poet's "defence, Is metamorphosde to an Vnicorne" (ll. 575–595). Eliza, he cries, will retransform the world and all will end in joy (ll. 596–610). The epilogue tells of his delight in this new-found day.

Obviously, the poem falls into two parts, the first of which, being general in theme, is comparatively easy of interpretation. Tourneur is clearly telling of the "metamorphosis" of the world. All is confusion, and the Church of Rome, on its seven hills, has lost its primitive ideals, becoming a thing of sin and evil. Here he can find no safety. In all probability "*Dodon's* groue" refers to the English navy,[1] but material succour is unavailing. He is, however, granted a rock of salvation, and views thence the lust and greed of the age. Gold is the chief curse and has corrupted even "Pan," who presumably symbolises the primitive Church of England. Here ends the first part. The second deals with a land, Delta, a monster, Mavortio, and his squire. Only one attempt has been made to elucidate this, that presented in the introduction to his reprint of the poem by Churton Collins. The obvious resource of

[1] See the notes.

a commentator dealing with a poem printed in 1600 is the Essex conspiracy and rebellion, and to Essex Churton Collins has gone. He points out that the exploits in Delta seem to fit in with Essex's Irish expedition, that Sir Christopher Heydon was an adherent of Essex, and that in the Unicorn Tourneur, like many another Protestant of the day, may be pointing towards James VI. of Scotland. There is much to be said in favour of this explanation—more indeed than the arguments of Churton Collins would allow. He has not noted that Ireland has roughly a Delta-shape and that the Unicorn is the supporter of the Royal Arms of Scotland.

Unfortunately, there are several serious and, I fear, unsurmountable, objections which prevent its acceptance. These may be rapidly summarised. The first, and chief, is the fact that Essex's execution was largely engineered by Sir Robert Cecil, later Earl of Salisbury. Now Tourneur was, throughout his life, patronised by the Cecils and wrote a "character" of the Earl of Salisbury on his death in 1612. It is almost impossible to assume that, even in so veiled a manner, he would risk offending the family with whom his fortunes were associated. Even if we suppose that he had not by 1600 received earnest of these favours, there is still the discrepancy between his obvious admiration of "Mavortio" and his later association with Essex's accuser. The second point concerns the person of Sir Christopher Heydon. Collins' supposition is, of course, that *The Transformed Metamorphosis* was published before March 25, 1600/1601 (and so dated, according to the Old Style, 1600), Essex having been executed on February 25 of that year; but, since Sir Christopher Heydon was then trembling in fear of imminent arrest, the Privy Council having issued orders for his apprehension immediately after the "rebellion" of February 8, 1600/1601, it may well seem peculiar that a youthful poet, obviously eager to win fame, should choose such a man openly as his patron. As it is, there is nothing to show that the verses had not been written and published a considerable time prior to Essex's fall.

These two objections, even apart from the difficulties noted by Collins,[1] appear to militate severely against the identification of this Mavortio with Essex. After all, if Churton Collins' first thought was Essex, there would have been many, had the poem appeared

[1] The reference to "Eliza," the making of the Unicorn feminine and the application to Heydon in the dedication of the praise given to Mavortio (ll. 456–462).

in March 1600/1601, who would have seen in it matter dangerous to the State. It is likely that Heydon did not wish undue attention called to himself, and even such a printer as Valentine Sims might hesitate to be responsible for such traitorous expressions. These facts lead me to believe that *The Transformed Metamorphosis* probably appeared from the press at a date considerably earlier than that presumed by Churton Collins. This again leads towards another conjecture. The Mavortian portion of the poem starts rather abruptly at line 323. The writer, after having inveighed against the curse of gold, has just proceeded, delicately, to hint that gold carefully used is absolutely "lawfull"—no doubt remembering that his "Tyrocinie" has to be aided, and that Heydon might inconveniently construe his curses against gold in a wrong manner—when he breaks off to describe the ways of Delta and the prowess of the knight. That is to say, an abrupt step is taken from the sphere of the general to the sphere of the particular, for the description of Mavortio has no value or significance unless it is a picture of a real individual. Moreover, while the style is more or less homogeneous, it is a remarkable fact that the "Mavortio" portion contains far fewer of those coined and "barbarous" words with which the first section is filled. For my own part, then, I strongly suspect that, save for some added stanzas at the close and for the introductory stanza, most of the matter from line 323 to the end is matter of date earlier than that in which the first part of the poem was composed. If that be so, two strange portraits in Marston's *The Scourge of Villanie* (1598) may here find explanation. In satire seven of that poem there is suddenly introduced a "sprightly dread Mavortian,"[1] who is clearly a *miles gloriosus.* This individual struts the streets

> thinking still
> He had been sentinel of warlike Brill.

He draws "his transform'd poniard" and swears strange oaths. Lust has laid its grip on him so

> That now the seat of that celestial essence
> Is all possess'd with Naples pestilence.

The satirical portrait ends:

> Tubrio, snort on, snort on,
> Till thou art waked with sad confusion.

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[1] *The Works of John Marston* (1887), edited by A. H. Bullen, iii. 348–9.

Mavortio, or Mavors, is, of course, merely another name for Mars, but, knowing Tourneur's obvious association with Marston, it long seemed to me peculiar that he should choose this title for his hero *after* Marston had used it for satiric purposes. Moreover, there certainly appeared to be some verbal connections between the two sets of verses. Tourneur's "O worth *Mauortian*!" corresponds to Marston's "sprightly dread Mavortian," who, be it noted, like Tourneur, was associated with Brill; his poniard is "transform'd"; there is no exact parallel for the next passage quoted above, but it assuredly reads like a general parody of the "metamorphoses" in Tourneur's poem;[1] while the "snort on, snort on" lines recall Tourneur's frequent invocations—"Awake O heau'n," "Why heau'n awake," "*Somnus,* awake."

This same person reappears in satire eight.[2] Here "Mavortius" is "metamorphos'd quite," by love of a courtesan, and he is bidden by Marston,

> Go, troop to field, mount thy obscured fame.

"Transform'd" was used for him in the first picture, "metamorphos'd" in this, while it is to be noted that the "obscured fame" seems to echo the prologue to Tourneur's poem:

> O who, I say, perswades mine infant eie,
> To gaze vpon my youths obscuritie?

If I am right in seeing the future author of *The Atheist's Tragedie* thus pilloried in Marston's verses (unhappily not a very pleasing picture), then three consequent deductions follow: that part at least of *The Transformed Metamorphosis* was known (no doubt in manuscript) before 1598, that Tourneur's soldiering (which will be discussed later) extended back to this last decade of the sixteenth century, and that Mavortio is not Essex.

Who, then, was intended by Mavortio? At first sight Sir Christopher Heydon himself seems to claim the position because of the almost identical praise given to him and to Mavortio, in the dedication and in ll. 456–462 of the poem. This, however, seems hardly likely. Heydon was, it is true, a soldier, and no doubt then, as later, was interested in the "science" of astrology. It is con-

[1] Cf. particularly ll. 146–147.

[2] *Op. cit.* iii. 355–6.

ceivable, then, that the whole Mavortian passage is directed to this patron and describes some private or semi-private events which can hardly now be identified. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the two are thus related by similar praise in the poem itself. The passage to which I have referred is in ll. 456–462, and these are connected by sense with ll. 463–469. Now the two stanzas, taken together, form a kind of broken apostrophe, in which Tourneur uses the second person singular; may we not interpret these, therefore, as a parenthesis wherein the poet turns from his subject to extol his patron, referring in vague terms to his astrological studies? I grant that this seems straining the sense, but, if we accept the normal reading, the abrupt change from "him" to "thee" must be explained away.

In searching further for an identification, we note that, save for the account of the fight, the chief praise given to Mavortio is praise for his literary qualities:

> *Pieria's* darling; cleare-streaming *Helicon*;
> *Bœotia's* pearle; the nine voic'd harmony;
> Heart crystalline; tongue pure *Castalion*;
> *Delta's* Adamant; *Elizium's* melody;
> *Vrania's* selfe, that sung coelestially.

The fight with the monster suggests that a warrior is referred to, but these terms of adulation certainly appear to be applicable rather to a great poet than to a great commander, and it is quite probable that we have to deal here, not with a political, but with a literary luminary. I hesitate even to hint at a possible identification, but there is one set of facts which are so remarkable as to demand at least some mention. The word Mavortio, making allowance for a common Elizabethan licence of permitting a one-letter substitution, is almost an anagram of Marlowe, while the Latin form Mavortius is a complete anagram of Marlovius. The praise of Mavortio would obviously fit in with Marlowe's literary eminence, and in this connection one notes that the last lines of Marston's satire, already quoted, may contain possibly an allusion to Marlowe's death.

> Tubrio, snort on, snort on,
> Till thou art waked with sad confusion—

why is this character, Tubrio, thus suddenly introduced here?

The explanation may lie in the second satire of Marston's other 1598 collection,[1] where occur the lines,

> 'Tis loose-legg'd Lais, that same common drab
> For whom good Tubrio took the mortal stab.

Long ago it was suggested that by Tubrio Marlowe was intended, a suggestion which, for want of any confirmatory evidence, has been generally rejected. But if Mavortio was originally Marlowe, and if Marston (as he seems to be) is ridiculing Tourneur under that name, then the reference to his own Tubrio, with its parody of Tourneur's addresses to heaven and its obvious applicability to Marlowe himself, is easily explained. This suggestion may seem far-fetched, and for that reason is merely noted here in passing. Anagrams and the like are risky things to handle, and clearly the very basis of this "identification" depends upon the assumption that *The Transformed Metamorphosis,* or part of it at least, was written at an earlier date than 1600–1601. I fully realise that all this may be nothing more than a sheer coincidence; on the other hand, I feel convinced that the Essex theory of Churton Collins will simply not square with the facts, and that a fresh orientation is necessary before the true secret of the poem is revealed.

After the appearance of *The Transformed Metamorphosis* in 1600, for seven more years, with one possible exception, we hear nothing of Tourneur. That exception is a quarto black-letter pamphlet entitled *Laugh and lie downe: or, The worldes Folly,* printed by Jeffrey Charlton in 1605. The dedication to this prose-work is signed C. T., which Isaac Reed seems to have been the first to expand into Cyril Tourneur.[2] What authority, if any, Reed had, we do not know, and accordingly his suggestion must be treated in a manner the most circumspect. *Laugh and lie downe* is written in the form of a dream. The writer sleeps, and in his sleep he visits the Fort of Folly where he finds many people—scholars, hen-pecked husbands, prostitutes, misers, soldiers, lovers—who, by their lack of wit, have come under the domination of the Mistress of the town. Little sketches are given of several of these characters, and some are made to sing ballads of an appropriate nature. These

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[1] *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image. And Certaine Satyres* (1598); in *The Works of John Marston,* ed. Bullen, iii. 273.

[2] See Churton Collins, *op. cit.* I. xxiv–vi.

ballads, however, are not "interspersed with the narrative," as Collins declares; they are merely referred to by their titles or by their first lines. It must be confessed that the style of this little satire is unequal; but I personally profess to find there something more than Collins would see in it.[1] To state that "the combined effects of drunkenness, starvation, and paralysis could never sink a man of genius in such an abyss of fatuity," as part of the pamphlet reveals, is assuredly mere nonsense; throughout the course of the writing there is evident a considerable wit and a genuine lightness of style. That style, however, cannot be related to Tourneur's work as we have it extant, although we must remember that the atmosphere of *Laugh and lie downe* differs so completely from the atmosphere in the scanty passages of Tourneur's acknowledged prose as to make any comparison, instituted for the purpose of denying his authorship, exceedingly hazardous. It would seem that this question must remain (unless other evidence is forthcoming) for ever indefinite. This much may be said: the satirical tendency apparent in *Laugh and lie downe* falls in with the tone of Tourneur's plays and with that of his first poem, while the initials C. T. certainly might be interpreted as his. Collins asserts that "C. T. and T. C. are anonymous signatures, familiar to the students of Elizabethan pamphlet literature," and cites, as examples, *A Notable History of Nastagio and Traversari* (1569) and *An Advice how to plant tobacco* (1615). A glance at Professor Pollard's *Short-title Catalogue* will show that, while T. C. is fairly common, only one work (the latter of the two mentioned by Collins) is given under C. T. T. C. and C. T., it must be agreed, are not the same, and Collins' equating of them for the purpose of suggesting that both were used freely to conceal identity must be esteemed a deliberate falsification of evidence. The fact that C. T. is rare as an "anonymous" signature, of course, proves absolutely nothing, but it seems necessary at least to refute the generalisation regarding its popularity.

Laugh and lie downe, therefore, is printed in this edition for its own interest and because it has been in the past associated with

[1] It seems doubtful whether Collins actually saw a copy of the quarto. He appears to thank Payne Collier for tracing this work for him (Preface, viii.), but in the Introduction quotes only from Collier's account in his *Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language* (1865), i. 452–4. A fragment (part of signature C) was printed by Sir Egerton Brydges and Joseph Haslewood in *The British Bibliographer* (1812), ii. 559–60, but this Collins had not seen.

Tourneur's name. No positive assertion is made, or can be made, concerning his participation in its writing.

Peculiarly enough, a certain amount of speculation and doubt has surrounded the next work to be considered, *The Revengers Tragædie,* although in this case the evidence of Tourneur's authorship is almost contemporary and the attempt to deny it to him of modern date, and although, even in spite of these modern doubts, this work can still be definitely included among his works. *The Revengers Tragædie* was entered in the Stationers' Register by George Eld on October 7, 1607,[1] and the same year this publisher brought out a quarto of the play without indication of authorship. From earliest times, however, Tourneur's name was associated with it. Archer's list of 1656 [2] attributes it to Tournour, while Kirkman's lists of 1661 and 1671 [3] give it to Cyril Tourneur. Succeeding compilers of dramatic dictionaries, from Langbaine onwards,[4] followed the same direction. There is thus ample seventeenth-century evidence for treating the play definitely as his. When, however, the age of "internal evidence" and "stylistic tests" came into being, doubts began to be cast on the authenticity of this work. Fleay [5] seems to have been the first to question the commonly accepted attribution, and others have followed his lead down to the recent appearance of Mr. E. H. C. Oliphant's careful study on *The Authorship of The Revenger's Tragedy,*[6] where, with a mighty

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[1] Ed. Arber, iii. 360; the play, as "the revengers tragedie," was entered along with *A Trick to catch the Old One.*

[2] Appended to *The Old Law* (1656); see W. W. Greg, *A List of English Plays* (1900; Bibliographical Society), Appendix II. xlii–xliii and cii.

[3] Appended to *Tom Tyler and his Wife* (1661) and *Nicomede* (1671); see Greg, *op. cit.* xliii–xlvi and cii.

[4] It is often stated that this play was also known as *The Loyal Brother.* This assertion seems ultimately traceable to *The Poetical Register* (1719) by Giles Jacob, where on p. 261 there is cited under "Cyril Turner" *The Loyal Brother, or The Revenger's Tragedy.* This in turn seems the result of an entry in Gerard Langbaine's earliest collection, *Momus Triumphans* (1688), p. 25, where under "Cyril Turneur" is listed "*Loyal Brother* —— T. C. 4°." As this almost immediately follows the entry of "*Loyal Brother* —— T. C. 4°" under the name of Thomas Southerne, it seems certain that there has been duplication. The index notes that *The Revenger's Tragedy* has been omitted from the text, and, no doubt, finding that "*Loyal Brother*" fitted the subject of that play, later compilers jumped to the conclusion that this was a variant title.

[5] *A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama, 1559–1642* (1891), ii. 264.

[6] *Studies in Philology,* xxiii. (1926), 157–68. Cf. also *Modern Philology,* vii. (1911), 427–8. F. Schelling, in *Elizabethan Drama* (1910), i. 568, suggests, without comment, that Tourneur was not the author.

show of metrical and stylistic evidence, Tourneur is driven from the field. There have not, of course, been lacking apologists for the poet, chief among whom is Mr. H. Dugdale Sykes.[1] The objections raised against the acceptance of the early attribution of the play to Tourneur are twofold. First of all, it is asserted that the general style and metrical characteristics of this play and of *The Atheist's Tragedie* are so utterly dissimilar as to suggest that one hand and mind could not have been responsible for both. Secondly, Mr. Oliphant endeavours, by a careful analysis, to prove that there is such community of spirit and such likeness of phraseology in *The Revengers Tragædie, The Second Maiden's Tragedy,*[2] and certain plays by Middleton that he is bound to assume Middleton responsible for all. The former of these objections may be answered first. In my opinion this new fashion of textual criticism is of value only in a positive direction. Style changes so rapidly in some writers that it would be easy, had we not definite proof to the contrary, to separate their offspring from them and apportion those to fathers entirely innocent of their procreation. *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Hamlet*; *Caius Marius* and *Venice Preserv'd*; *Lyrical Sketches* and *Vala*; *The Sphinx* and *Lady Windermere's Fan*—examples could be multiplied a thousandfold of works written in diverse styles by English authors; and, if we wish for these different styles set cheek by jowl in the same period of an author's career, we need only go to the poems of Abraham Cowley. The negative evidence, therefore, adduced by Mr. Oliphant appears to me to prove little or nothing, apart entirely from the fact that his arguments may be esteemed a trifle exaggerated. In spite of the differences, there must be many readers of *The Revengers Tragædie* and *The Atheist's Tragedie* who find there something of the same spirit, something of the same mental processes, something of the same dark and ironical attitude towards life. But Mr. Oliphant's case is by no means based wholly on destructive criticism. It must be agreed that his show of parallel phrases indicates a close connection between the writer of *The Revengers Tragædie* and Thomas Middleton; no doubt can remain concerning the fact that here is collected, through Mr. Oliphant's painstaking care and acute observation, a

[1] *Cyril Tourneur: 'The Revenger's Tragedy.' 'The Second Maiden's Tragedy'* (*Notes and Queries,* Series xii. v. Sept. 1919). Cf. also *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama* (1924), 221.

[2] For which see the note at the end of this Introduction.

formidable list of " echoes " and repetitions. At this point, however, we must pause, for echoes and repetitions do not necessarily indicate common authorship. Many plays which contain imitations of Shakespearian language would hardly be ascribed to the author of *Hamlet,* even by the most rash and least discerning of commentators. Obviously one writer may so come under the spell of another as to have his mind filled with a phantasmagoria of images and phrases which, unconsciously perhaps, he reproduces in his own work. While, therefore, it must be conceded that Mr. Oliphant's arguments are good and cogent, it seems that we may still put them aside when discussing the problem of the authorship of *The Revengers Tragædie.* The facts remain that fair, almost contemporary, evidence exists for the attribution to Tourneur, and that there are scholars, such as Mr. Dugdale Sykes, who oppose Mr. Oliphant by pointing to similarity or identity of phrase in the two plays. Taking these two arguments together, it would seem that we have in reality no right, unless there is positive external evidence to assist us, to depart from the seventeenth-century canon.[1]

This question, then, will not here be discussed further; after all, a biographical-critical introduction need not be cluttered with the *minutiae* of parallels and metrical statistics. I accept, and, even after having given full attention to the evidence, accept whole-heartedly, *The Revengers Tragædie* as Tourneur's work.

A critical examination of its plot and characters may for the moment be left; it will be more fitting to discuss these together with the plot and characters of his other play. Unfortunately, nothing is known of the history of this tragedy. That it was acted by the King's men is stated in the title-page, but at what precise date we cannot tell. Only one item of external evidence, and that inconclusive, aids us in this respect.[2] Castiza's long-winded servant

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[1] I am, of course, aware that many seventeenth-century attributions are foolishly wrong; but this is not foolishly wrong. There is much in common between the signed Tourneur play and that ascribed to him; and perhaps likeness in temper is of more account than unlikeness in style.

[2] From an examination of the relationship between this play and Marston's *Malcontent,* L. L. Schücking (*op. cit.* p. 104) would date *The Revengers Tragædie* in the winter of 1603–4. This relationship is also discussed by Paul Wenzel in *Cyril Tourneurs Stellung in der Geschichte des englischen Dramas* (Breslau, 1918). Kurt Eckert (*Die dramatische Behandlung der Ermordung des Herzogs Alessandro de' Medici durch seinen Vetter Lorenzino in der englischen Literatur* (*Tourneur, Shirley, Shiel*) (Königsberg, 1907) endeavours to find an historical basis for the action of the play, but this does not help with the dating.

is named Dondolo, an apparent borrowing from the servant Dandolo in Marston's *Parasitaster, or The Fawn.* This play was acted by the Children of the Queen's Revels certainly not earlier than 1604, more likely in 1606,[1] and, as it seems more probable that Tourneur borrowed from Marston than that Marston took the character and name from Tourneur, we may presume that *The Revengers Tragædie* first appeared shortly before it was entered in the Stationers' Register, that is to say in 1606 or 1607. There is no record of later performances of the play.[2]

Almost exactly two years later was entered in the Stationers' Register (October 16, 1609)[3] *A Funerall Poeme Upon the Death of the Most Worthie And True Souldier, Sir Francis Vere,* which appeared in quarto before the close of the year. The subject of these verses had died on August 28, 1609, after a brilliant career in the army. Born in 1558, the son of Geoffrey Vere and grandson of John Vere, Earl of Oxford, he is found engaged in the Netherlands as early as 1585, and for many years was concerned in nearly all the engagements in Holland. Indeed, from 1585 until Elizabeth summoned him to take part (as Lord-Marshal) in the Cadiz expedition of 1596, the greater part of his time was spent on the Continent. Reports are contradictory concerning the value of his services in the Cadiz affair,[4] but, on his return, he was rewarded by the Queen's gift of the Governorship of Brill or Briell; it was at this time (1597–8) that Vere, for some reason unknown, dismissed Richard Turnor from his post in that city. He was once more occupied in active military duties, and held commands both at the battle of Nieuport (1600) and at the siege of Ostend (1601). Before his death he had found time to write an account of his activities—the "obseruing and judicious lines" mentioned in the poem—which, lying long in manuscript, were published in 1657 as *The Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere, Being divers Pieces of Service, wherein he had command; written by himself, in way of Commentary.*

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[1] See E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage* (1923), iii. 432.

[2] It may be worth noting that *The Revengers Tragædie* and *The Atheist's Tragedie* have been translated into French by Camille Cé and Henri Servajean (*La tragédie de la Vengeance —Suivie de la tragédie de l'Athée,* Paris, 1926). I. A. Aksenov has a Russian version of the latter (*Tragedia Ateista*) in his *Elisabetintsi* (Moscow, 1916), vol. i.

[3] Ed. Arber, iii. 419.

[4] Where, be it noted, he was a companion of Sir Christopher Heydon, the dedicatee of *The Transformed Metamorphosis.*

Great praise truly cannot be accorded to Tourneur's laudatory elegy; but there may not be overlooked in it a true felicity in the way of clear, epigrammatic expression. Some lines, indeed, come as near as any do in this age to the precision of the heroic couplet:

> *Labour* increas'd what *natiuely* was bred;
> No part was barren, or ill husbanded . . .
> *Commodiously* materiall; Full of *vse*;
> And free from *ostentation* and *abuse* . . .
> And in that moouing Orbe of *actiue* warre;
> His *high command* was the *transcendent Starre,*
> Whose *influence,* for *production* of mens *worthes,*
> Did *gouerne* at their *militaire* Birthes—

lines such as these, if they do not display the majestic sweep of inspired poetry, form at least a convenient and competent medium for the expression of an admiration, obviously sincere but apparently not mingled either with love or the emotions of friendship.

The chief interest of *A Funerall Poeme* must rest in its historical significance. It seems certain that by this time at least Tourneur was in active association with those occupied in the campaigns of the Low Countries; and this fact gives additional warrant for believing that he may have been so associated even in the last years of the sixteenth century.

Once more there is a blank of two years, a complete silence regarding Tourneur until the appearance of "The tragedy of the Atheist" in the Stationers' Register under the date September 14, 1611.[1] This play, as *The Atheist's Tragedie: or The honest Man's Reuenge,* under Tourneur's name, was published in 1611, and some of the sheets were re-issued the following year with a variant title-page. Where it was first acted cannot be ascertained, the "diuers places" indicated in the printed text being sufficiently vague. The date, too, is uncertain. Since the appearance of the anonymous essay on Tourneur in *The Retrospective Review,*[2] vigorous efforts have been made by the critics and commentators to bring back the date of production to the year 1604, or at least to some time before the appearance of *The Revengers Tragædie.*[3] No definite evidence

[1] Ed. Arber, iii. 467; it was entered as "The tragedy of the Atheist."

[2] vii. (1823), 345. E. E. Stoll, *Webster* (1905), 210, seems mistaken in saying Collins was the first to suggest an early date for the play.

[3] See Churton Collins, *The Plays and Poems of Cyril Tourneur* (1878), i. xxxviii; A. W. Ward, *History of English Dramatic Literature* (1899), iii. 69; Fleay, *A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama, 1559–1642* (1891), ii. 263.

to support this view has been brought forward save Fleay's suggestion that the account of the siege of Ostend given by the disguised Borachio indicates a time before the close of that military operation in 1604. This, however, is no evidence at all, since the passage in question does no more than date the historic action of the play; there is no authority here for assuming that the end of the siege was unknown at the time of presentation, either to Tourneur or to his audience.[1] Most of the critics, on the other hand, rely on stylistic evidence. *The Atheist's Tragedie* is manifestly weaker in spirit than its companion drama; the blank verse is more regular; and the language does not so frequently reach those levels of impassioned rhetoric which cast their lurid flames around Vindice. Such a comparison, however, can never be used to prove priority of composition for the weaker play. Shakespeare wrote *Cymbeline* after *Hamlet,* and Sheridan was occupied with a pantomimic entertainment after writing *The School for Scandal.* A writer may rise and fall just as easily as he may fall and rise. In addition, there is the argument of Professor Stoll, who, examining the development of the revenge tradition in the theatre, comes to the conclusion that Tourneur, after having destroyed the revenger (although he is no villain) in his first play, *The Revengers Tragædie,* proceeds to carry a vague conception to its logical conclusion and shows the "honest man's revenge" in the later drama, thus virtually shattering the fabric of the long established literary tradition which extends back to *The Spanish Tragedy.* We may, I think, lacking other proof, assume that *The Atheist's Tragedie* appeared on the stage about 1610 or 1611.

For his setting Tourneur has here gone to France, and one may suspect, from the tone of the drama, that he is telling a story more closely related to real life than that narrated in *The Revengers Tragædie.* No source has been discovered for either, although the sub-plot of the second play, that which tells of Levidulcia's trick to clear Sebastian and Fresco, is ultimately derived from Boccaccio.[2] The scene of Vindice's exploits, however, is left in an undetermined region of Italy, with an imaginative light casting strange unreal

[1] More recently, L. L. Schücking (*loc. cit.* 95–96) has endeavoured to prove that the play was produced in the winter of 1602–3, taking Castabella's reference to "a certain great man" as an allusion to Vere and his illness of August 1602.

[2] *Decamerone,* vii. 6. There the lady is named Isabella. Fresco is a young lover called Leonetto, while Sebastian is another lover whom the lady has perforce to humour, by name Lambertuccio.

shadows on the *dramatis personæ*, whereas the main setting of *The Atheist's Tragedie* is Paris, the account given by Borachio of the siege of Ostend is true to the actual occurrences, and the scene (II. vi.) wherein we find "Charlemont in Armes, a Musquetier, and a Serieant" standing sentinel at the camp, might be a veritable picture of Tourneur himself and his soldier companions; it has the ring of truth in it:

> *Charl.* Serieant! what houre o' the night is't?
> *Ser.* About one.
> *Charl.* I would you would relieue me; for I am
> So heauie, that I shall ha' much adoe
> To stand out my perdu. *Thunder and Lightning.*
> *Ser.* Ile e'en but walke
> The round (sir) and then presently returne.
> *Soul*[*dier*]. For God's sake Serieant relieue me. Aboue fiue houres together in so foule a stormy night as this?
> *Ser.* Why t'is a musique Souldier.

It seems without question that Tourneur is here making use of the facts of his own experience.

Some few months after the entry of *The Atheist's Tragedie,* Edward Blount brought to the Stationers' Company "A play booke beinge a Trage-comedye called, The Noble man written by Cyrill Tourneur" (February 15, 1611/12),[1] and the same play, as "The Nobleman, or Great Man," was re-entered among a number of others by Humphrey Mosley on September 9, 1653.[2] By a peculiar chance, whereas nothing is known of the representation of Tourneur's two printed plays, this, which is lost, has quite a respectable history. It was almost certainly acted by the King's players at court on February 23, 1611/12, and later, about Christmas 1612–13.[3] The manuscript, like that of many of the "Moseley" plays of 1653, seems to have passed into the possession of Warburton, but a certain complication arises from the fact that the catalogue of dramas destroyed by his cook lists *two* dramas, one *The Nobleman,* a tragi-comedy by "Cyrill Turñuer," and another, *The Great Man,* a tragedy.[4] It may be, of course, that the 1653 entry in the

[1] Ed. Arber, iii. 478. [2] Ed. Eyre, i. 428.

[3] See E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage,* iii. 500, and iv. 126, 127. Doubt has been cast on the authenticity of the Revels' list which contains these entries; but this, in spite of many modern attempts to prove it a forgery, I regard as genuine.

[4] See *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1815), ii. 220, and W. W. Greg, *The Bakings of Betsy* (*The Library,* 3rd series, ii. 232).

Stationers' Register was confused, and that *The Great Man* has nothing to do with Tourneur's play. Warburton's copy evidently perished irretrievably, but Hazlitt records [1] that

> Dr. Furnivall told me many years ago that the MS. was in the hands of a gentleman at Oxford, who was editing Tourneur's Works; but I have heard nothing further of it.

Possibly there may be truth in this, although no one since 1892 has mentioned this duplicate. *The Nobleman,* presumably, had but a short life. It is certainly not in the list of King's Men's plays of 1641,[2] or among the plays allotted to Killigrew in 1669.[3]

Perhaps, however, one fragmentary relic of its stage performance has come down to us. There is preserved in the British Museum (MS. Add. 10444) a small book containing copies of musical settings for a number of dances and of incidental music in masques.[4] Most of these date from the first decade of the seventeenth century and include such items as *The Queenes Masque,*[5] *The Masque at Fryers,* and *The Lord Hays his Masque.*[6] Besides this masque-music and a collection of other dance tunes, the manuscript contains compositions for what are evidently plays. On one page there is music for *The Tempest.* Among these items appears one headed *The Nobleman.* It may be that this has nothing to do with Tourneur, but the facts that we know of no other drama of this name in the period and that Tourneur's tragi-comedy was presented at court when assuredly special music would be required lead one to suppose that there has been preserved here something at least of the incidental music introduced into the performances of 1612.

During the course of this year, Tourneur was occupied upon other literary work. On May 24 died Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury and first Viscount Cranborne. As has been suggested previously, Tourneur seems to have been patronised by members of the Cecil household, and it is not surprising to find that he prepared a "Character" of the Earl on his demise. For the first time this *Character* is here printed exactly from an original manu-

[1] *A Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays* (1892), 167.

[2] Malone Society, *Collections,* I. iv. and v., 368–9.

[3] A. Nicoll, *Restoration Drama* (2nd edition, 1927), 315–6.

[4] On this musical MS. see W. J. Lawrence, *Notes on a Collection of Masque Music* (*Music and Letters,* iii. (Jan. 1922) 49 f.).

[5] Evidently that given on February 2, 1608/9.

[6] The second is almost certainly Campion's masque for Lord Hay's wedding on January 6, 1606/7.

script, and for the first time it is definitely established as Tourneur's. The little work was originally noted in an early report issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, when, in describing the Mostyn copy, it was stated that the text gave the composition to Sevill Turneur.[1] Astutely, Seccombe suggested in his sketch of Tourneur's life that this was probably an error for Serrill or Seril (*i.e.* Cyril), and his conjecture was partially corroborated when a later report, calendering another manuscript copy among the papers of Sir Hervey Bruce, noted that this was signed "Jerril Turner." Meanwhile, Mr. Pearsall Smith discovered at Burley-on-the-Hill a seventeenth-century commonplace book which contained an anonymous version of the *Character,* and, finding that Sir Henry Wotton had prepared a "character" of Cecil in 1613,[2] he leapt to the conclusion that the copy he had unearthed was the missing document. This conclusion was probably strengthened by the fact that a State Paper volume in the Public Record Office revealed the existence of a second anonymous transcript. In addition to these four copies, however, there is at least one other—that in the British Museum (Harl. 36), in which the author is stated to be "William Turneur," but which is signed (evidently) "Cyrill Tourneur." Taking this, the "Mostyn" copy, and the Clifton Hall exemplar together, there can remain no doubt that the eulogist of Vere was the author of this laudatory essay.

The association of Tourneur with the *Character* is interesting in many ways. First, it presents us with a specimen of Tourneur's prose style, and thus helps us to complete our impression of his work as a writer. The prose is manly and direct, with a praiseworthy precision which makes it compare well with contemporary "characters" of an impersonal kind. The greatest interest, however, comes from its historical associations. Clearly Tourneur was sufficiently intimate with the Cecil family to know of affairs not blazoned abroad. He was aware of the fidelity of his steward, Dorckcombe, or Dacombe, and of this servant's success in settling the Earl's estate.[3] He knew of Cecil's close friendship with Thomas

[1] See the Textual Notes.

[2] *The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton* (Oxford, 1907), ii. 413 and 487. He seems to have overlooked the notice of the Mostyn copy.

[3] That he was justified in his assertion is proved by a letter I have found among the Hatfield Papers (196/52), dated September 28, 1611. In it John Dacombe writes seriously to Salisbury concerning his estate, and proposes means of putting things to rights.

Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and he knew the terms of Cecil's will. When he had written the character he dedicated it to Lady Theodosia Cecil, the wife of Sir Edward Cecil. All this seems to prove conclusively that his later association with Sir Edward Cecil[1] was by no means a chance affair, but that the fortunes of the poet were closely bound up with this family whose seat, if we are right in associating Cyril with the Turnors of Great Parndon, was not far removed from the place of his birth.

The elegiac mood was on Tourneur at this time, and his "Character" of Salisbury was followed within a few months by *A Griefe On the Death of Prince Henrie,* entered in the Stationers' Register as by "Cirill Turnour" on December 25, 1612,[2] and printed (as by "Cyril Tovrnevr"), along with the accompanying laments of John Webster and Thomas Heywood, early in 1613. The young prince had died on November 6, 1612, so that the trio of dramatists lost no time in preparing their tearful offerings. Possibly they agreed together as to the treatment of their theme; certainly they carried their wares to the same publisher and allowed their efforts to go forth in company; the fact is interesting since it indicates a bond of friendship and intimacy among the writers of what are in all probability the three greatest and most powerful plays of the age outside those of Shakespeare—*The Revengers Tragædie, The White Divel,* and *A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse.* Although Tourneur writes what he calls "a broken Elegie, according to the nature of such a sorrow," his style is that of the *Funerall Poeme* on Vere. There is, of course, no question here of any personal emotion, of any sense of individual loss, and Churton Collins waxes sarcastic at the sycophancy of the poet and of the poets of his day in pressing their sable-ornamented verses before the public. Collins, however, has forgotten that the death of Prince Henry was to the age a real bereavement, and that the "funeral poems" published in such numbers (after all, a fashion of the day) were not all written in the hope of gain; those of Heywood, Webster, and Tourneur may be regarded as the testimony of the chief poet-dramatists of the day. For his part, Tourneur speaks in a double capacity, for he is the servant of Mars as well as the servant of Melpomene, and there are some lines towards the close of the

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[1] See *infra,* pp. 29–32.

[2] Ed. Arber, iii. 510.

poem wherein, as it were, he draws attention to his martial profession:

> To prooue this, looke as low as ere you can;
> And heare the words of the deiected Man;
> The *Souldier* speakes them. *Honour! Now I see,*
> *There is no hope that any Age will be*
> *So good and noble as the ancient were.*
> *None so Heroique euer shall appeare.*
> *For if that Fate, (which cannot be withstood)*
> *Had not decreed, there should be none so good;*
> *Shee would not haue neglected such a worth*
> *As* His *was, to haue brought that great worke forth.*
> *But hauing purpos'd it should neuer be;*
> *And hearing euery where by Fame, that* Hee
> *Was making one; she kill'd* Him.—Marke his eye;
> Hee weepes. *He* weepes; that can more easilie
> Weepe *Blood* then *Water.* Then I wonder, how
> Or *He,* or anye other *Souldier,* now,
> Can hold his *sword vnbroken*; since Hee was,
> That gaue them *Count'nance.* That's the Cause (alas)
> They doe not *breake* them; and a iust excuse.
> They weare them *now,* to keepe them from *abuse.*

Again, as in *The Funerall Poeme,* if we do not find the passion of inspiration, we do at least meet with a straightforward and manly expression of admiration and respect.

With the writing of the elegy on Prince Henry, Tourneur's literary career was reaching its close. Of only one other work by him do we have notice. On June 5, 1613, Robert Daborne, one of Henslowe's tribe of miserable authors, was writing to the money-lending manager about the progress he was making with a play, and explained that he had "givn Cyrill Tourneur an act of ye Arreignment of London to write."[1] *The Arraignment of London,* as Dr. Greg has pointed out, is probably the same as *The Bellman of London,* of which there is mention at the same time among the Henslowe papers; no doubt the theme was based on Dekker's pamphlet, *The Bellman of London,* which had been printed in 1608. Whatever the truth of this, *The Arraignment of London,* save for the one tantalising reference, seems to have vanished into thin air.

Already a peculiar fortuity regarding the records of Tourneur's work has been noted; a second now appears. From 1600 to

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[1] W. W. Greg, *Henslowe Papers* (1907), 72 and 75. Cf. also G. F. Warner, *A Catalogue of the Manuscripts and Muniments of Alleyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich* (1881), 41.

June 1613 the records of his life have consisted entirely in the circumstances attending his literary activities. He wrote no more (apparently) after June 1613, but from December of that year on to the time of his death in 1626 we possess quite a number of records concerning his practical activities. On the 23rd of December 1613 he was granted the sum of forty shillings on the warrant of the Lord Chamberlain for letters carried from London to Brussels.[1] No doubt this was merely part of his general association with the Low Countries, and from the fact that he was later in receipt of an annual pension of £60 from the United Provinces,[2] we may assume that from this time onwards the greater part of his life was spent abroad. In 1617, however, he was in England—and apparently in some trouble—for on September 1 of that year the Privy Council issued

> A warrant to Christopher Porter, one of the messengers of his Majestie's Chamber, to bring before their Lordshipps the person of Cirell Turnor.[3]

Seemingly he was arrested and applied to his patron, Sir Edward Cecil, for aid. A month later the clerk in the Privy Council recorded:

> A warrant to Acquila Weeks, Keeper of the Gatehouse, to enlarge and sett at liberty the person of Cerill Turner, upon [bond] taken by the clerke of the Councell attendant of Sir Edward Cicill, Knight, that the said Turner shall at all tymes be forthcomeing and make his personall appearance before their Lordships when soever he Shalbe called for.[4]

It is, apparently, impossible now to determine for what offence Tourneur was apprehended in this year,[5] but the records are of importance as showing his continued association with the Cecil family and in particular with Sir Edward Cecil, in company with whom and befriended by whom his last days were spent. This nobleman, born in 1572, was the third son of Sir Thomas Cecil, second Lord Burghley and first Earl of Exeter; he was thus the nephew of Sir Robert Cecil, whose death Tourneur had recently celebrated. Like others of his family he took up military duties, and

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[1] Peter Cunningham, *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court* (1842), xliii.

[2] See *infra*, p. 31.

[3] *Acts of the Privy Council of England, 1616–17* (1927), 328.

[4] *Ib.* 349. Dated October 18, 1617. The name here is wrongly misread as "Sevill." The original manuscript leaves no doubt that the clerk wrote 'Cerill."

[5] Unless the conjecture given below (p. 35) be accepted as true.

in 1620 had been nominated by Buckingham to command the English troops in Germany. Five years later he was appointed Lord Marshal, under the nominal command of Buckingham, to the fleet which sailed to attack the Spaniards at Cadiz. Since, from the petitions of Tourneur's widow, we know that the erstwhile dramatist accompanied this expedition and through it met his death, it may be well here to outline the fortunes of Cecil and his company. After a formal review at Plymouth by the King, the ships weighed anchor on October 8, 1625. On the 20th a council of war was held, and it was decided that an attack should be made at Puerto de Santa Maria, situate in Cadiz bay. This operation was carried out, but with conflicting orders and considerable confusion, a confusion not mitigated when the troops stumbled on and broached the barrels of "strong waters" stored for shipment to the West Indies. One of the ostensible objects of the expedition was to capture a large Spanish treasure fleet then on its way from America, so, after having accomplished nothing, Cecil determined, on October 29, to stand out to sea and await the approach of the galleons. These succeeded, secretly, in slipping safely into the bay, and the English fleet, after dallying till November 16, eventually set sail for Britain. Disease had ravaged the troops; when Ireland was sighted, the flagship, *The Royal Anne,* had lost 130 men by death and put off 160 who were grievously ill. Among the latter was Cyril Tourneur. This was on December 11, 1625, at the port of Kinsale. On the 28th of February 1625/26, Tourneur died, leaving his widow destitute.

The association of Tourneur with this ill-fated expedition is proved by the petition of his widow, Mary, to the Council of War some years after his death. The first we learn of this is from a minute of March 29, 1629,[1] followed by similar minutes on January 31, 1631,[2] and March 7 of the same year.[3] The actual terms of the original petition are not known, but some time after April 16, 1632, Mary Tourneur forwarded a certificate by Viscount Wimbledon, the former Sir Edward Cecil, with a renewed statement of her claims. The document runs as follows:

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, 1628–29.* 511. Public Record Office, S.P. 16, vol. cxxxix. 92.

[2] *Ib. 1629–31.* 486. Public Record Office, S.P. 16, vol. clxxxii. 76.

[3] *Ib. 1629–31.* 529. Public Record Office, S.P. 16, vol. clxxxvi. 47.

To the right honoble the Lords, & others Comittees of his Mats hoñoble Councell of Warr.

The humble peticon of Mary Turner wife of Cyrill Turner late deceased.

Sheweing, That whereas the Peticrs sayd husband, heretofore was ymployed vnder the States of Holland, & had a settled meanes of 60li p annũ by his place, beside the dayly hopes he had of some greater pferment there; It pleased the Lord Viscount Wimbledon, when he was made Generall for Cadez Action, to make Choyce of him to goe as Secretary to the Councell of Warr, & allso Secretary for the Marshalls Court, & being warranted by the Generall, he receyued two seurall Tenn Pounds as Imprest for the executing of both Places, as appeareth by the Bookes of Accompts of Sr Thomas Louer then Treãr for the Armie. Your Peticrs sayd husband did execute both Places from the 2d of August 1625. vnto the 26th of September followeing; At wch tyme Mr Glanvile was sent by his Matie to execute the place as Secretary to the Councell of Warr; wch was the only place both for Creditt, & profitt, & for this very place the sayd Cyrill Turner did leaue his ymployement[es], and all his hopes vnder the States.

Yor peticrs husband being thus dismissed of his place of Secretary to the Councell of Warr, wthout any Cause given on his part, or excepcon made vnto him, but only his Mates pleasure to ymploye Mr Glanvile, he lost the benefitt of his Paye for the same, wch would haue Come to—400li.

Yet notwthstanding yor peticrs husband did proceede in the Voyage executing the other place, as being Secretary to the Marshalls Court, & vppon retourne of the ffleete into Ireland he died there 28. ffebr. 1625., leauing yor peticr destitute of all meanes of livelyhood, only that small Paye of 6s 8d p diem as Secretary to the Marshalls Court.

Maye it therefore please yor good Loppps to allowe the distressed Peticr that meanes for her sayd husbands Service due to him as being Secretary to the Councell of Warr, from the first tyme of his enterteynemt vnto the tyme that Mr Glanvile Came downe, wch doth appeare by Certificate from the Lord Viscount Wimbledon, who well knewe the faythfull Service of the sayd Cyrill Turner therein.

And, as in duty bound, she shall ever pray for yor good Loppps.[1]

To this document is appended the certificate referred to:

Theis are to Signify and declare to all those whom it may in anie wise concerne That Serriell Turner deceased was appointed to be Secretary for the Councell of Warre, by the lords of the councell, and did serue and execute the said place, in the last Cales action, vntill the time that Mr Glanvill Counceller at law was afterwards sent to the Army by the lords for the execution of the said place Witnes my hand this 16th of Aprill 1632.

Wimbledon.

In the earlier stages of her petitioning, the War Council had tried to evade the issue, announcing that—

The List for the Kings Army alloweth noe Secretary for a Marshalls Court, but a Secretary for the Army, who was Mr Glanvile, who demaundeth the whole Paye. Wherefore their Loppps wilbe pleased in some other way to Consider of the Peticoner.[2]

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, 1631–33.* 309. Public Record Office, S.P. 16, vol. ccxv. 44.

[2] Minutes of March 29, 1629, January 31 and March 7, 1631. The passage quoted is from the second of these.

What happened after Wimbledon gave his certificate to the widow of his former secretary is not recorded, although a memorandum, of October 25, 1632,[1] shows that the case was still being considered six months after Mary Tourneur's latest and documented petition.

Thus passes Cyril Tourneur, soldier, poet, and dramatist, from the Cimmerian blackness of the earth, ending his life, as Marcel Schwob imagined he entered it, in the midst of pestilence and destitution. Before we leave him, however, we must for a moment retrace our steps in order to introduce a piece of conjecture which, if only one missing clue might be found, would serve to complete this record of Tourneur, the man and writer. It has already been noted that we first meet Cyril Tourneur in 1600. If he is not the author of *Laugh and lie downe,* then he vanishes until the autumn of 1607. Thereafter he pursues a fairly continuous literary career up to the summer of 1613. In the winter of that year he is carrying official letters to Brussels, and once more disappears until we find him arrested in September 1617 by the Privy Council. Again there is a silence of nearly a decade before he steps forward into the light of history as secretary to Sir Edward Cecil. Now, in searching for other documents bearing on his life, I met frequently the name of Captain William Turner, or Turnour, and, being struck by the fact that the activities of the two men seemed somewhat similar, I drew up as complete a record as possible of this William's career, when it became apparent that, as soon as Cyril vanishes, William appears before us. So striking, indeed, is the complementary nature of their lives that, while I shrink from instituting a supposition on an incomplete body of evidence, I feel bound to present the relevant facts in case new documents should come to light establishing the connection between the two men.

It is on September 25, 1598, that William Turnour first emerges from obscurity. On that date he was writing from Paris to a certain John Treadway, accusing him of base and villainous dealing and expressing the hope that the Queen would see fit to grant him (William) her gracious pardon.[2] What the trouble was we do not know, but evidently the storm rolled over. Six years later, on April 26, 1604, Captain William Turnour was given a safe

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, 1631–33.* 430. Public Record Office, S.P. 16, vol. ccxxiv. 51.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm. Salisbury MSS.,* viii. 363.

conduct for a visit to England.[1] It was shortly after this that the Gunpowder Plot stirred the English government, and particularly the Earl of Salisbury, into frenzied action. All and sundry were being accused, and seemingly Turnour, now once more on the Continent, was among the suspected. At any rate, on December 5, 1605, he was writing frantic lines of protestation from Paris.[2] His loyalty, he avers, is firm, as he has attested in previous letters both to Salisbury himself and to Sir Thomas Edmondes, the English Ambassador in Brussels. He confesses that he has been associated with two denaturalised Englishmen, Baldwin and Owen, but he suggests that that was for the purpose of gathering information. Some such information he states has already been delivered by him to the authorities, while more in his possession will be reserved until he learns whether a free pardon is to be granted or no. The letter ends with a sudden attack on a certain Antony Hickman of Aldgate and his companion, King, who are described as mere common transporters of children. Whether because he believed Turnour innocent of whatever charges had been made against him, or whether he found him a useful " servant," the fact remains that Salisbury, while writing urgent notes to Edmondes regarding the apprehension of Baldwin and Owen,[3] kept silent concerning the captain, and was probably responsible for the safe conduct and pass issued to him on March 22, 1605/6.[4] A document of the same month informs us that he was then acting as a spy at Calais,[5] a statement which is amplified in an explanatory note of April 3, 1606,[6] which accompanies a bundle of letters despatched by him to London. There it is asserted that Turnour pretends " himself an Intelligencer for my Lo: of Salisbury." In other words, this William Turnour had now become (if he indeed had not been such before) one of the pawns in the vast system of Cecil's secret service department. The reports which he sends do not concern us here (they deal mainly with Jesuitic intrigue);

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, 1603–10.* 100.

[2] This letter is among the Hatfield MSS. (192/52).

[3] Cf. Hatfield MSS., dated 1606 (115/17), and February 2, 1605/6 (227/179).

[4] *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, 1603–10.* 303.

[5] *Ib.* 304. Cp. a letter by " N.W." to Monsieur du Pré, dated 13 May, 1606 (Hatfield MSS., 116/62), where Owen is spoken of, and where it seems to be hinted that he has discovered Turnour's activities.

[6] *Ib.* 308. Public Record Office, S.P. 14, xx. 7.

more important is the fact that on October 30 of the same year the secretary of the English Ambassador in Venice appeared before the Council of Ten, asking them to arrest

> Captain William Turner, Englishman. . . . A man of medium stature, dressed in the French fashion, with a French hat, black embroidered with silver, the bands round the hat also embroidered with silver. A cloak of grey cloth, lined with velvet of nearly the same colour. Doublet of olive-green English fustian. Hose of French cut. The heels, the turn-over and laces of his boots red.[1]

This request on behalf of Sir Henry Wotton caused some perturbation. On November 4, Zaccaria Rosso, secretary to the Senate, met the Ambassador and explained that so far no decision had been reached, only to be told that Turnour was "a man of the most vicious life and habits, a great rogue, up to the eyes in evil principles and plans, of a most restless nature."[2] By the 8th of the month, however, he had been apprehended, a letter addressed to a Jesuit father in his possession,[3] and Wotton was writing hastily to Salisbury in England, pointing out, perhaps with a touch of irony, that "this man (if anything he sayeth may be believed) is already known to your Lordship, and hath been rewarded by his Majesty, through your favour, for some notable services; in contemplation whereof I will save him from torturing or strangling, which peradventure otherwise might have been his case and his merit."[4] Five days later the letter was carried to Wotton,[5] who had meanwhile come personally to the Cabinet to announce that Turnour was "a man as short of cash as he is of honour," adding that he was "of no faith or rather of every faith."[6] On the 24th Wotton again appeared before the Cabinet, when he thanked them for the letter, which, he said, was addressed to a Jesuit of Gratz, who was to have acted as a messenger between Turnour and the Archduke. Wotton on this occasion asserted that he was "the worst fellow alive."[7] Four months later (March 3, 1606/7) Turnour was still in a Venetian prison, declaring himself very

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers. Venice, 1603–7.* 417. [2] *Ib.* 420–1.

[3] *Ib.* 422. The warrant for his arrest was issued by the Council on the 6th (*ib.* 423), and confirmed by the Senate on the 10th (*ib.* 428).

[4] Logan Pearsall Smith, *The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton* (Oxford, 1907), i. 368. A later report was submitted by him on November 17, after he had read the letter taken from Turnour.

[5] *Calendar of State Papers. Venice, 1603–7.* 422.

[6] *Ib.* 424–7. [7] *Ib.* 435.

ill, but certified in good health by a physician; Wotton then announced that he proposed to beg for his release.[1]

In March 1606/7 William Tournour was a prisoner in Venice; on October 7 of the same year Cyril Tourneur's *The Revengers Tragædie* was entered in the Stationer's Register.

From 1607 until 1610 William Turnour disappears. On September 22 of the latter year we find him writing to Salisbury, whom he addresses as " my very good Lord." [2] He was then in Paris, and excusing himself to his master. " I haue a bodi mind and spirret," he says, " Capabell of go[o]d thinges," only " want of meanes " has prevented him from acting honestly. With promises for the future he begs to have Salisbury's, and through him the King's, grace. It will be remembered that two years after this date Cyril Tourneur was writing the *Character* of the same " very good Lord."

Finally, we reach two letters of the year 1617. On February 12, William Turnour addressed a note from Neufchatel to Richard Younge, in which he thanked that gentleman for his " Car of me in staying the arms at Douer in my Behalf." [3] Two months afterwards, on April 6, Mr. Secretary Winwood was writing to Lord Zouch at Dover, ordering him to stay the delivery of the arms to Captain Turnour, who was " an idle and base " fellow.[4] It was on the first day of September this year that the Privy Council, with Winwood present, ordered Cyril Tourneur to be brought before them.

From this summary record it will be apparent how close is the correspondence in the activities of the two men, if indeed they be two. Both have adopted a military career, and both are in close touch with the Cecil family. Both spend a large part of their lives abroad, Cyril Tourneur entering when William Turnour fades away. Both get into trouble with the authorities, while Winwood's condemnation of William in April 1617 might well give the explanation of Cyril's examination before the Privy Council in September of that year. Nor do these facts entirely exhaust the

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers. Venice, 1603–7,* 476–7.

[2] *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series, 1603–10.* 363. The document is to be found in S.P. 14, lvii. 64.

[3] *Ib., 1611–18.* 433. The original document is in S.P. 14, xc. 16.

[4] *Ib.* 458. The original document, now very faint, is in S.P. 14, xci. 17.

evidence of identity which may be brought forward. Already it has been pointed out that Turner, Turnor, Turnour, Tournour, and Tourneur were used variously for the same name in the seventeenth century. This statement must be qualified by the note that Tourneur and Tournour are by far the rarest of these forms. Cyril, after the appearance of his first work in 1600, regularly signs himself Tourneur and he is called Turnour in the Stationers' Register. Throughout the course of the *Calendar of State Papers,* Captain William is habitually cited as Turner, but an examination of his own letters shows that he signed himself at first Turnor, and then both Tournour and Turnour.[1] This, certainly, is a minor point, but it must be borne in mind. To it has to be added the fact that in the British Museum copy of the *Character* of Cecil, the title on the first page gives William Turneur as the author, while the piece is signed on the last page as Cyrill Tourneur.[2] It is possible to assume here that the transcriber of the Harleian copy mistook a badly written Cyrill or Serill for " Will," and consequently expanded the name, and one must confess that this confusion is conceivable; [3] but the fact remains that William and Cyril are both given as Tourneur's Christian names in what seems to be the best authenticated copy of this *Character.* Still a further, but this exceedingly indefinite, item of evidence may be adduced. The spelling in the Harleian manuscript is of a rather strange nature. It is characterised by a free use of *y* for *i,* as in *bodye, Actyon, yf, delyuered,* by peculiar spellings of special words, such as *Chaiere* (chair), *rediere* (readier), *speritte* (spirit), *bould* (bold), *hould* (hold), *Revenewe* (revenue), *Habillitie* (ability), and by the constant use of *weare* for " were." One might credit these peculiarities (which, of course, are by no means unique) to the scribe, but, apart from the fact that the same scribe in the Harleian volume does not seem to reproduce these forms elsewhere, it appears more probable that the spellings noted above should have been copied from an original rather than introduced by a transcriber. Here it is important to notice that spellings and forms of a similar kind occur sporadically in Tourneur's printed works.

[1] The signature is marked by peculiar flourishes. It might sometimes be read as Turnor, but the last plainly decipherable letter seems to be a *u* rather than an *r,* and I take the flourish after this *u* to represent the final *r* in the name.

[2] See the Textual Notes to the *Character.*

[3] Although the transcriber succeeded in deciphering the " Cyrill" at the end of the manuscript, or, to be more exact, recognised that it did not stand for William.

In *The Revengers Tragædie* we thus get *veynes, drye, poysoned, contaynd, hayre, quoyne, ynough, bould, reuennewe,* as well as a frequent use of *wear* or *weare* for "were." The text of *The Atheist's Tragedie* seems to have been more regularised, but there, too, *y* forms are plentiful, while *hable* and *habillitie* have been noted by Mr. Dugdale Sykes as characteristically Tourneurian. When we turn from these to William Turnour's letters, at once we are struck by the fact that many of the verbal characteristics are similar. Thus *toulld* agrees with the *bould, hould* of the *Character*, and with the *bould* of *The Revengers Tragædie*; *habelletes* is akin to *Habillitie,* and *spirret* to *speritte*; "were" is here too regularly spelt *wear* and *weare.* Besides this, we note that the word *reueng* in *The Revengers Tragædie* finds equivalent forms in the letter's *knowlledg* and *acknowlleg,* and that another peculiarity of that play, the common use of *ha* and *a* for "have," is again faithfully reproduced. Here, too, forms in *y* are frequent. It must be confessed that other features of William Turnour's writing, such as the doubling of a medial *l* and the possibly dialectal use of *f* for *v*, cannot be paralleled in Cyril Tourneur's work; it must be confessed also that a first glance at the former's letters suggests an illiterate penman, although the handwriting is by no means that of one unaccustomed to the use of ink and paper. I am fully aware that any evidence based on occasional identity of spelling forms is not of prime account, aware, too, that even a conjectural equating of Cyril and William is hazardous. On the other hand, the facts that I have here brought forward—the appearance of the name William in the *Character,* the correspondence in the known events of their lives, their common dependence on the Cecils, and this seeming connection in writing—appear deserving of some attention. It may be possible by the discovery of fresh records to disprove any suggestion of identity, but with the facts as they are known before us, conjecture is at least a temptation.

A definite identification, however, although historically it would be interesting and although it would help us the better towards an understanding of Tourneur the man, could not add materially to our appreciation of Tourneur the writer. No secret intelligence activities could have preserved his name alive over three centuries. Had it not been for those two tragedies which critics of vastly differing mental attitudes have agreed in placing among the more remarkable dramatic productions of the seventeenth century, Cyril

Tourneur would have now been recorded merely as a somewhat dull author of two or three comparatively insignificant elegies and of a partly unintelligible poem full of strange barbarisms. Since, therefore, his fame—and since the excuse of this edition—depends almost wholly on these two dramas, a formal discussion of their chief characteristics and position in the history of the theatre has been reserved to the concluding section of this introductory essay.[1]

Praise, praise which even to a professed admirer of Tourneur's work may seem extravagant in its glowing terms, has not been denied him. Churton Collins, who endeavours to keep sanity of judgment, was forced to declare that *The Revengers Tragædie* was "a play in sustained intensity of tragic grandeur second only to the masterpieces of Shakespeare and Webster."[2] Lamb found these plays fit subject for some of his most inspired periods, while Swinburne, carried away by this "intensity," seemed to lose his very soul in the flames of Tourneur's fancy:

> The fiery jet of his molten verse, the rush of its radiant and rhythmic lava, seems alone as inexhaustible as that of Shakespeare's. As a dramatist his faults are doubtless as flagrant as his merits are manifest: as a writer, he is one of the very few poets who in their happiest moments are equally faultless and sublime.[3]

It will be noted here that Swinburne admits dramatic faults in Tourneur's work, and there are other critics who have enlarged on these delinquencies. Many have laid stress—while recognising his "lurid and ghastly tragic intensity"—on his lack of realism. Says Vernon Lee in a perversely imaginative essay on Elizabethan tragedy,

> The men and women of Tourneur and Marston are scarcely men and women at all: they are mere vague spectres, showing their grisly wounds and moaning out their miserable fate. There is around them a thick and clammy moral darkness, dispelled only by the ghastly flashes of lurid virtue of maniacs like Tourneur's Vindici and Hippolito; a crypt-like moral stillness, haunted by strange evil murmurs, broken only by the hysterical sobs and laughs of Marston's Antonios and Pandulphos.[4]

Tourneur unfortunately seems to have induced wordiness in his commentators, and often purple passages roughly inspired by his

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[1] It is, of course, needless here to mention the innumerable studies of Elizabethan drama in which Tourneur's plays are discussed. Most critics are agreed in finding elements of powerful genius in his work, among the few exceptions being George Bernard Shaw.

[2] *Op. cit.* I. xiii. [3] *The Age of Shakespeare* (1908), 177. [4] *Euphorion* (1884), i. 77.

verse have done service for exact criticism. It may be now time, in an age less ecstatic and romantically inclined than that which produced *Euphorion* and *The Age of Shakespeare*, to consider Tourneur's two plays objectively and in dispassioned spirit.

Both belong clearly to the long-established revenge-play tradition, and both, as Professor Stoll has shown,[1] are deeply influenced by Marston, whose *Antonio and Mellida* was eagerly copied even by a dramatist greater than Tourneur. Much of the darkness, much of the ghastliness, is traceable to this source; the "prurient cynicism" which is apparent in these dramas has its origin in the spirit which breathes from *Antonio and Mellida*; even the person of Vindice, cynic, revenger, and "tool-villain" rolled into one, is inspired by the character of Malevole in *The Malcontent.* In several respects, however, Tourneur strikes out along new paths. The absence of a ghost (so dear to the hearts of revenge-drama writers) gives a certain negative individuality to *The Revengers Tragædie,* while a positive note is provided by that strange, unanalysable but ever-present passion which enwraps the figure of Vindice and raises him so far above his mediocre prototype. In *The Atheist's Tragedie* it is the theme itself which indicates Tourneur's independence. A ghost is here, but it is a ghost which preaches patience; "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." The author of these plays, deeply influenced though he may have been by the example of others, was no mere imitator endeavouring to secure popularity by the aping of fashionable tricks.

So far as plot-structure is concerned, some of Swinburne's "faults" may be conceded, but if ever a dramatist forced himself to be judged by the standards of his time, that dramatist was Tourneur. Seventeenth-century tragedy is a thing of situation rather than of logically developed plot. Ibsen's *The Lady from the Sea* and *Ghosts* gain their strength from the subjection of the thrillingly effective scene to the theme considered as a whole; Tourneur's plays, like those of Webster and Ford, are built up around two or three situations deliberately intended to impress the audience in and for themselves. These situations have pure effect for their end, and as a result they often over-ride the dictates of reason. Violent foreshortening may be permitted here, for we are in a world of art and not in the world of naturalism. The strange and the impossible

[1] *Op. cit.* 105–6.

may be used to serve the purposes of the shaping imagination. The sudden way in which Charlemont falls asleep when acting as sentinel [1]; the equally sudden repose of Charlemont and Castabella in the churchyard [2]; the strange manner of D'Amville's death [3]—these might well seem blemishes in a modern naturalistic drama, but by Tourneur the strangeness and improbability are used in order to intensify the effect produced by the appearance of Montferrer's ghost, by the skull-pillows on which the lovers seek their rest, by the mysterious workings of a divine providence. We may cavil if we will; but the truth remains that for sustained unity in the Elizabethan manner, for skilful binding of situation to situation, we shall find few dramas equal to these two tragedies.

We shall find, too, but few which contain scenes so striking or so theatrically effective. The murder of the old Duke and the tempting of Castiza in *The Revengers Tragædie* are deservedly famous; no one, it seems, has paused to note the stage-sense implied in the picture, cynical and macabre, with which that play opens. The setting is a gloomy hall, oak-panelled and tapestry-hung, in a Renascence palace. Two servitors, bearing their spluttering torches aloft, lead in a strange procession: a grey-haired Duke, in whom the lines of age are cruel and hard—his Duchess, whose form is florid and voluptuous—her son, whom debauchery has already made old—and the Duke's bastard, hatred and envy gleaming from his eyes. The fluttering flames of the torch-light catch their evil faces as they pass by; stray rays of light, too, search fitfully into the dimmer reaches of the hall, and in their search succeed faintly in outlining a dark figure, muffled close and staring madly at the group now moving into the corridor beyond. In his hands, deep-clasped lovingly and bitterly to his bosom, this dark figure clutches something white and ghastly, which a sudden turn of a departing torch reveals as a woman's skull.

No man could have conceived this scene who had not an innate sense of theatrical values; quite apart from the impassioned soliloquy of Vindice which follows, it grips the imagination, expressing in symbolic form all that brooding, all that cynical and penetrating conception of life which with a fierce and savage glee Tourneur has hurled into dramatic shape.

The characters through whom this conception is presented have

[1] *Atheist's Tragedie*, II. vi. [2] *Ib.* IV. iii. [3] *Ib.* V. ii.

been condemned by Vernon Lee as mere shadows; but once more it would seem that criticism has made itself blind to very real virtues which Tourneur possessed. It is true that, in *The Atheist's Tragædie,* Borachio is a mere villain, concerning whose end we care not, while Cataplasma and Soquette are nothing but ugly toys designed to play a lifeless part in this moving picture. It is equally true that Supervacuo and Ambitioso of *The Revengers Tragædie* are twin fools in their degraded fancies, creatures called into being without the generating spark of life. But do we condemn *Lear* because of Regan and Goneril? Do we seek for vitality in all the characters of a great drama? The lifelessness is there, but it seems amply atoned for by the vigour with which Tourneur works on his main characters and by the touches of vivid theatrical imagination with which he invests their persons. In *The Revengers Tragædie* Vindice and Hippolito stand out heroically over all, the one informed by an all-consuming hate of this ducal family, the other, softer in being, amazed and wondering at his brother's intellect and skill. These characters are borne through with unerring artistry from beginning to end, Hippolito echoing his brother in weaker phrase and weaker action, following his lead implicitly until retribution comes, when, as it were, he strives to exonerate himself before his stronger companion:

Ant. It was the strangeliest carried, I not hard of the like.
Hip. Twas all donne for the best my Lord.
Vin. All for your graces good; we may be bould to speake it now,
Twas somewhat witty carried tho we say it.
Twas we two murdred him.
Ant. You two?
Vin. None else ifaith my Lord nay twas well managde.
Ant. Lay hands vpon those villaines.
Vin. How: on vs?
Ant. Beare 'em to speedy execution.
Vin. Heart wast not for your good my Lord?
Ant. My good! away with 'em; such an ould man as he,
You that would murder him would murder me.
Vin. Ist come about?
Hip. Sfoote brother you begun.

That last line, so easy for a dramatist to miss in the passions of this wild *dénouement,* is high tribute to Tourneur's grasp of the true natures of his characters. And what excellent contrast between the proud, aristocratic Duke-born Lussurioso, the debauched and unrepentant Duchess-born younger son, and the bastard Spurio! The scene

in which the younger son is led off to execution is full of this character truth, while Spurio moves through the play with a dark and evil bitterness which forms an excellent foil for the nobler anger of Vindice. And do not Castiza and Gratiana live ? About the former is none of that false chastity which like a hastily donned mantle enwraps for a time the inner rottenness of so many seventeenth-century stage heroines. Her purity is true and constant, and though she and her mother vanish when they have served the purpose of their creator, they contribute towards the impression of artistic, imaginative life which enfolds the whole of this tragedy.

Through the exigencies of his theme and moral, the persons of Charlemont and Castabella are a trifle duller; but even they have genuine existence. The latter's words to D'Amville in the churchyard are the words of a being of flesh and blood, not those of a phantom; and Charlemont has a native and gentlemanly dignity which gives him character and distinction. The person with most vitality in this play is, however, Sebastian. His cry of

> A rape, a rape, a rape !

in the midst of the preparations for Castabella's forced marriage comes like the shock of truth in a world of romantic lies. He has the acuteness of a cynic—

> *D'Am.* You are a villaine.
> *Seba.* Y'are my Father—

with the graces of a right good fellow honest at heart—

> Tis brauely spoken; and I loue thee for't. Thou liest here for a thousand crownes. Here are a thousand to redeeme thee. Not for the ransom o' my life thou gau'st mee. That I value not at one crowne. T'is none o' my deed.

He is truly the cousin-german of Mercutio, and one not unworthy of the race.

One other quality of Tourneur's seems to have been somewhat neglected by his commentators. His use of dramatic and tragic irony is magnificent. The whole of *The Atheist's Tragedie* is a play on this theme, while *The Revengers Tragædie* makes free, and subtler, use of the same device. Lussurioso is in prison; his stepbrothers have a "trick" by which they will secure his death, and they succeed only in murdering their own loved brother. Lussurioso wishes to kill his agent Piato, and engages the very man himself,

in another disguise. "Thy name, I have forgot it?" he asks and, on hearing that it is Vindice, a revenger, he adds, "Tis a good name that. . . . It does betoken courage, thou shouldst be valiant, And kill thine enemies"; to which comes Vindice's bitter reply, "That's my hope my Lord." Spurio plans in a masque to kill out the hated legitimate children of the Duke; Ambitioso makes similar plans for murdering Lussurioso; and both meet their deaths in that tragic hall where, over the candle-lit banquet-table, a blazing star has shone, betokening disaster. The finest use of this ironic treatment of character and plot, however, is to be found at the very close of the play, which reflects back a light upon an earlier scene. The Duke in that scene has been found murdered, and Vindice, proud of his skill, is declaiming on his action—

> Thus much by wit a deepe Reuenger can:
> When murders knowne, to be the cleerest man.
> We're fordest off, and with as bould an eye,
> Suruay his body as the standers by.

Bitterly jeering, he mocks the words of the others in aside, and when a noble suggests that time "will make the murderer bring forth himselfe," he ejaculates sneeringly,

> He were an Asse then yfaith.

But time has its revenges, too, and, when all is done, when the poison-gnawed body of the Duke is in its grave, when Lussurioso and the whole clamour of that strange progeny are still, it is Vindice himself who brings on his own head the disaster which, by his cleverness, he had averted for so long:

> Twas some-what witty carried tho we say it.
> Twas we two murdred him.

The wheel has come full circle, and with the harsh echoes of ironic laughter Vindice and his brother move guarded from the stage.

After everything is said, however, about the other qualities of Tourneur's work, we must return for the supreme praise to his imagery and "the fiery jet of his molten verse." In both these dramas he exhibits the same characteristics—a power of evoking an image which thrills or scarifies because of its essential truth, and a shattering of conventional self-satisfaction by a word of elemental

veracity. Sebastian's " A rape, a rape, a rape ! " is an example of the one, as is the ironic repetition in *The Revengers Tragædie* : [1]

> *Cast.* I to the Diuill.
> *Vind.* I to the Diuill, toth' Duke by my faith.
> *Moth.* I to the Duke: daughter youde scorne to thinke a th' Duill and you were there once.

Sometimes, the images which constitute the truly cardinal quality of Tourneur's verse merely thrill by their precision and insight, such as Castabella's,

> Tis a generous minde
> That ledde his disposition to the warre:
> For gentle loue and noble courage are
> So neare allyed; that one begets another:
> Or, Loue is Sister, and Courage is the Brother.[2]

More commonly these images are so composed of light in darkness or of darkness in light that they sear the spirit, they wound, they terrify; there is here a kind of translucent quality which pierces through the worldly veil, which throws the glare of eternity on the dark courts of the palace or creates spiritual figures who move and have their mental being beside the all too fleshly denizens of the earth. Examples throng upon us as we read these plays. Now it is Vindice's

> The Dukes sonnes great Concubine:
> A drab of State, a cloath a silver slut,
> To haue her traine borne vp, and her soule traile i' th durt.[3]

Now it is Castiza's,

> Are not you she
> For whose infect perswasions I could scarce
> Kneele out my prayers, and had much adoo
> In three houres reading, to vntwist so much
> Of the black serpent, as you wound about me ? [4]

Or else,

> *Cast.* I have endur'd you with an eare of fire,
> Your Tongues have struck hotte yrons on my face;
> Mother, come from that poysonous woman there.
> *Mother.* Where ?
> *Cast.* Do you not see her ? shee's too inward then.[5]

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[1] II. i. [2] *Atheist's Tragedie,* I. iii. [3] *Revengers Tragædie,* IV. iv.
[4] *Ib.* IV. iv. [5] *Ib* II. i.

The phrases lacerate and scorch, and all are symbolic of the general mood of the tragedies—a mood through which the poet tears back the dark tapestried veils from villainy

> When Torch-light made an artificiall noone,[1]

through which he brings the horror of death close to the affectations and luxuries of life, by his magic casting the image of a skull in the mirror he holds before the trembling face of humanity:

> Do's the Silke-worme expend her yellow labours
> For thee ? for thee dos she vndoe herselfe ?
> Are Lord-ships sold to maintaine Lady-ships
> For the poore benefit of a bewitching minute ? . . .
> Dos every proud and selfe-affecting Dame
> Camphire her face for this ? and grieue her Maker
> In sinfull baths of milke,—when many an infant starues,
> For her superfluous out-side, all for this ?
> Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares
> Musick, perfumes, and sweete-meates ? all are husht,
> Thou maist lie chast now ! it were fine me thinkes,
> To haue thee seene at Reuells, forgetfull feasts,
> And vncleane Brothells; sure twould fright the sinner
> And make him a good coward, put a Reueller
> Out off his Antick amble
> And cloye an Epicure with empty dishes.
> Here might a scornefull and ambitious woman
> Looke through and through her selfe.[2]

One may easily find fault with many things in Tourneur's dramatic work. One may point to flaws in character drawing; one may suggest that in some scenes the language, aiming at intensity, sinks lamentably into what can be called only by the name of bathos; one may say that the stray touches of humour are feeble and ill-advised—but all these, like the occasional blemishes in Shakespeare's plays, seem atoned for richly by those flashes of imaginative insight that set death and life striving with one another for a mastery in horror.

Quotations, perhaps, may seem superfluous in an introduction to a complete edition of Tourneur's plays, but these that have been given express so saliently the very spirit of his work that sheer necessity demanded their excerption from the context. One other image of death, too, lingers in the memory, so felicitous is it in its pathetic fallacy and so peculiarly linked to Tourneur's own fate. In *The*

[1] *Revengers Tragædie*, I. iv. [2] *Ib.* III. v.

Atheist's Tragedie Borachio, disguised, comes to tell the assembled guests of Charlemont's supposed death. In exquisitely fanciful words he paints his picture:

> Hee lay in's Armour; as if that had beene
> His Coffine, and the weeping Sea, (like one;
> Whose milder temper doth lament the death
> Of him whom in his rage he slew) runnes vp
> The Shoare; embraces him; kisses his cheeke,
> Goes backe againe and forces up the Sandes
> To burie him; and ev'rie time it parts,
> Sheds teares vpon him; till at last (as if
> It could no longer endure to see the man
> Whom it had slaine, yet loath to leave him;) with
> A kinde of vnresolu'd vnwilling pace,
> Winding her waues one in another, like
> A man that foldes his armes, or wrings his hands
> For griefe; ebb'd from the body and descends:
> As if it would sinke downe into the earth,
> And hide it selfe for shame of such a deede.[1]

Recalling that pitiful disembarkation at Kinsale, and the poet's death within murmur of the western sea, this fictional story of Borachio's, itself perhaps a reflection of what Tourneur had seen with his own eyes at the siege of Ostend, may be regarded as a kind of self-made epitaph, for, though we now think of him as dramatist and friend of Webster, in his own days it was as a soldier he was known to the Cecils and the Veres—

> Hee lay in's Armour; as if that had beene
> His Coffine.

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[1] *Atheist's Tragedie*, II. i.

PLAYS ATTRIBUTED TO TOURNEUR

IN this edition I have adhered conservatively to the commonly accepted canon of Tourneur's works. The *Revengers Tragædie* is included because there is good external evidence for attributing it to his pen and because this external evidence is corroborated by similarity of atmosphere, naming of characters, and style in it and in Tourneur's signed play, *The Atheist's Tragedie.* As I have suggested in the Introduction, I do not find the attempts of Mr. Oliphant and others to demonstrate the erroneousness of that attribution in any respect conclusive.

In addition to these two plays, however, at least three other seventeenth-century plays have, with more or less show of authority, been assigned in whole or in part to his composition. The most important is the so-called *Second Mayden's Tragedy*, which is contained in the B.M. manuscript, Lansdowne 807, a remnant of Warburton's famous collection. Its name is derived from the licensing note by Buc, dated 31st October 1611:

> This second Maydens tragedy (for it hath no name inscribed) may wth the reformations bee acted publikely,

and on the manuscript itself several hands have scribbled conjectural authors—Thomas Goff, George Chapman, and Will Shakspear. All of these authors have been rejected by modern scholarship. Massinger was suggested by Tieck, Middleton vaguely by Swinburne; but within recent years a more deliberate attempt has been made to connect it with the author of *The Revengers Tragædie,* an attempt all the more powerful because it is supported on the one hand by Mr. Oliphant, who denies *The Revengers*

Tragædie to Tourneur, and on the other by Mr. Dugdale Sykes, who argues for the authenticity of that play.

It may be at once admitted that this conjectural attribution has a fair show of evidence. The theme of *The Second Mayden's Tragedy* is a gloomy one, and reminds us of the atmosphere pervading Tourneur's dramas. The main plot tells of the rivalry in love of a Tyrant (a usurper) and Govianus (the rightful heir). The Lady, who is the daughter of Helvetius, marries the latter, and then, to save herself from dishonour, commits suicide. The Tyrant's love now turns to something akin to madness. He rifles the tomb, sets the Lady's corpse on a chair, and kisses it. A ghost warns Govianus, who succeeds in spreading poison on the lips of his deceased bride; through this is the Tyrant slain. The sub-plot tells of Anselmus, who, wishing to try his wife, bids his friend Votarius woo her. Votarius, however, falls truly in love with the wife, and, partly through the machinations of Leonela, the wife's maid, and her lover Bellarius, Anselmus, Votarius, and the Wife are slain.

Obviously, many situations here recall situations in Tourneur's dramas. The relations between Helvetius and the Lady are those between Gratiana and Castiza; even as Gratiana is converted by force so is Helvetius. The death of the Lady reminds us of the death of Antonio's wife, while a poison-smeared face puts an end alike to the Duke and to the Tyrant. The sub-plot has similar correspondence with episodes in the other plays. The "curious impertinent" situation, of course, is a familiar one in seventeenth-century literature, but certainly it does suggest a connection with the tempting of Gratiana and Castiza, while the deaths of Anselmus, Votarius, and the Wife remind us of the deaths of Sebastian, Belforest, and Levidulcia in *The Atheist's Tragedie.* There is, too, a general likeness between the lovers Charlemont and Castabella and the other pair, Govianus and the Lady. Besides these correspondences in plot, detailed examination of the text has revealed a general kinship in metrical and stylistic features between *The Second Mayden's Tragedy* and *The Revengers Tragædie,* while Mr. Dugdale Sykes has drawn attention to a few parallels between the former and Tourneur's signed play.

The evidence, then, is good; but one may be inclined, on closer analysis, to suggest that it is too good. *The Second Mayden's Tragedy,* on first examination, assuredly gives an impression of

Tourneur's work; on a second examination it seems rather Tourneuresque. It may be that the same author repeated himself thus patently in situation and phrase, but it may be argued that imitation on the one hand or the other might better account for the peculiarities noted by modern critics. I do not, therefore, reject this attribution, but the evidence does not appear to be sufficiently conclusive to warrant the very definite step of including *The Second Mayden's Tragedy* in this edition of Tourneur's works. Even a fragment of external proof might turn the scale, and perhaps that may yet be found; but until it is found the conjectural ascription must be regarded as " Not proven."

The other two plays in which Tourneur's hand has been vaguely found need hardly occupy much attention here. The first of these is *The Honest Man's Fortune*, printed in the 1647 folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, and preserved also in a manuscript at South Kensington (Dyce MS. 9). Tourneur has been suggested here as part-author with Fletcher, but, since the evidence is entirely of a stylistic character, and since no one pretends that Tourneur had a very large share in the composition of the play, we need do no more than note the conjectural attribution in passing. Even vaguer is Bullen's hesitating belief that Tourneur may have had something to do with *Charlemagne or The Distracted Emperor,* preserved in Egerton MS. 1994. Chapman, Marston, Field, Dekker, are among other candidates to the questionable dignity of the writing of this play. Obviously no stress need here be laid upon Bullen's suggestion.

Almost certainly, Tourneur had a hand in dramas other than the two which are reprinted in this volume, and those the names of which alone have come down to us, but little purpose seems to be served by the hazarding of guesses, even when those guesses are buttressed up by a show of metrical and other statistics. All that we have for certain of Tourneur's dramatic work is *The Atheist's Tragedie,* to which may be added, because of external and internal proof, the companion tragedy of Vindice.

THE TRANSFORMED METAMORPHOSIS

Malo virum pecunia, quam pecuniam viro indigentem.

1600.

Pursue the bloudy, that doth robbe the poore,
And drowns the orphants in their purple goare :

So shall thy race, wherein thou hast begunne ;
In heauen end, for which thou so dost runne.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL, SIR CHRISTOPHER HEYDON, C.T.

wisheth æternall fruition
of all felicitie.

TRANSFORMED METAMORPHOSIS DEDICATION [1–14]

THou, thou that art the Muses Adonie,
Their Pyramis, adorner of their mount,
Thou Christalizer of their Castalie,
Thou Lillian-rose, sprung from the horse-foote fount,
To thee, Artes Patron, Champion to the highest,
That giuest the Sunne a fairer radiance,
To thee Musophilus, *that still applies*t
Thy sacred soule, to be Trueths esperance.
To thee (this Epinyctall register,
Rasde out by Eos *rayes) I write to thee.*
To thee (this hoarie Hiems, *kill'd by* Ver *:)*
To thee (this metamorphosde Tragœdie)
To thee, I write my Apotheosie :
Mœcenas, *strengthen my Tyrocinie.*

Your Worships euer,
Cyrill Turner.

TO HIS BOOKE [1–16]

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

O were thy margents, cliffes of itching lust;
Or quotes to chalke out men the way to sinne;
Then were there hope, that multitudes wold thrust
To buy thee: but sith that thou dost beginne
To pull the curtaines backe, that closde vice in;
Expect but flowts: for t'is the haire of crime,
To shunne the breath that doth discloude it sinne.
What ? (will he say) a recluse from the time?
Nor canst thou hope that thy weake ioynted rime
Shall please the more, because it shrowdes it selfe
Vnder his shade, whose mighty armes do clime,
Eu'n to the highest heau'n; disdaining pelfe:
For heau'nly mindes, the brightlier they do shine:
The more the world doth seeke to worke their tine:
This onely be thy hope; to please the best:
And to be safe from malice of the rest.

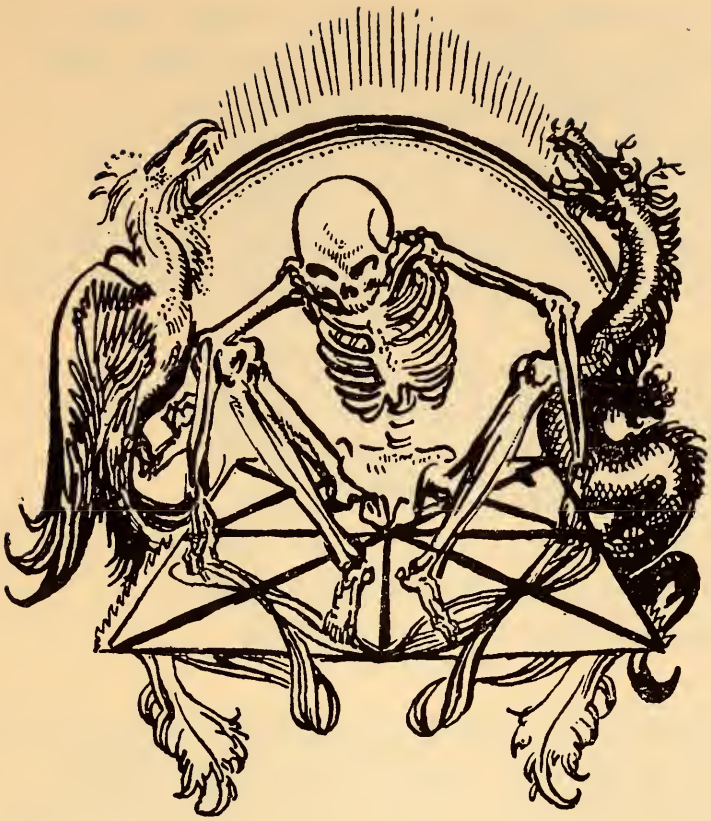
TO THE READER.

IT may be (Reader) I may gall those men,
Whose golden thoughts think no man dare them touch;
It may be (too) my fearelesse ayre/plume/pen,
May rouse that sluggish watch, whose tongues are such,
As are controll'd by feare or gold too much:
Yet were *Apelles* heere, he could not paint
Forth perfectly the worlds deformities;
For as the troubled mind, whose sad complaint
Still tumbles forth, halfe breathed accenties,
Th'*Idea* doth confuse and chaoize:
So will the *Chaos* of vp/heaped sinne
Confound his braine, that takes in hand to lay
A platforme plainly forth, of all (that in
This *Pluto*/visag'd/world) hell doth bewray,
When death or hell, doth worke it liues decay:
So perfect is our imperfectionesse,
For imperfection is sinnes perfectnesse.

Yet seeke I not to touch as he that seekes,
The publike defamation of some one;
Nor haue I spent my voide houres in three weeks,
To shew that I am vnto hatred prone;
For in particular I point at none:
Nay, I am forc'd my lines to limit in
Within the pale of generalitie;
For should I seeke by vnites to begin,
To point at all that in their sinne do lie;
And hunt for wickednesse aduisedly:
As well I (then) might go about to tell,
The perfect number of the ocean sands,
Or by Arithmetike goe downe to hell,
And number them that lie in horrors bands:
(Ne're to be ransom'd from the diuells hands.)
Who finds him touch't, may blame himself, not me:
And he will thanke me, doth himselfe know free.

Thine as I see thy affection.

Cyrill Turner.



THE PROLOGUE.

TRANSFORMED METAMORPHOSIS

PROLOGUE

[1–14]

O Who perswades my willing errorie,
  Into this blacke Cymerianized night?
  Who leades me into this concauitie,
  This huge concauitie, defect of light,
  To feele the smart of *Phlegetontike* sight?
O who, I say, perswades mine infant eie,
To gaze vpon my youths obscuritie?

What ashie ghost, what dead *Cadauerie,*
  What *Geomantike* iaw howles in mine eares,
  The ecchoized sounds of horrorie?
  What chaoizd conceit doth forme my feares?
  What obiect is't that thus my quiet teares?
Who puts a flaming torch into my hand,
And bids me charily see where I stand?

Who fills my nosthrills with thicke foggy sents?
  Who feedes my taste with hony-smacking gall?
  What pallid spirit tells of strange euents?
  Of euiternal night? of *Phœbus* fall?
  Where is that Symphonie harmonicall,
Wherewith my heart was wont to tune sweet laies,
And teach my tongue to sing th' Æternall's praise?

O who, O who hath metamorphosed
  My sence? and plutoniz'd my heau'nly shape?
  What martyred *Diana* is't doth reade
  The tragicke story of *Lucretia's* rape?
  O who affrights me with blacke horrors gape?
Who tells me that the azure-colour'd skie,
Is now transformd to hel's enuironrie.

Are not the lights that *Iupiter* appoynted
  To grace the heau'ns, and to direct the sight,
  Still in that function, which them first annoynted?
  Is not the world directed by their light?
  And is not rest, the exercise of night?
Why is the skie so pitchie then at noone,
As though the day were gouern'd by the Moone?

Looke on my sight you lycophosed eies,
  And tell me whether it be blear'd or no:
  Daz'led with obiects contrarieties,
  With opposites of sad confused woe,
  Or els transpiercing: ayre-cleare brightnes, loe:
My eies, whether they be, or dimm'd or cleare,
Clearely discerne a Transformation neare.

THE TRANSFORMED

Metamorphosis.

O Whence comes this ? awake sad *Mercurie*; [1–21]
And *Pegase*-winged pace the milkie way:
Awake heau'ns harbenger; awake and flie
To high Iehouah: O awake I say;
Why sluggish *Mercury,* arte made of clay?
O where can life celeſtiall inherit,
If it remaines not in a heau'nly ſpirit?

Awake O heau'n; for (loe) the heau'ns conspire:
The siluer-feather'd Moone, and both the Beares,
Are poaſted downe for *Phlegetonticke* fire:
Loe, now they are vpon the azure spheares,
(My soule is vex'd with sense-confounding feares)
Now are they mounted into *Carol's* waine,
With all the ſtarres like to an armed traine.

I, euen those ſtarres, which for their sacred mindes,
(They once terreſtriall) were ſtellified,
With all the force of Æol's saile-swell'd windes
And fearefull thunder, vailer of earth's pride,
Vpon the loftie firmament do ride:
All with infernall concord do agree,
To shake the ſtrength of heauens axeltree.

Eue'n from the artique to the antartique pole,
  All in a rowe in ranke proportionate;
  Subiect vnto th'vnſtedfaſt moones controle,
  Do ſtand the lights that should truth animate;
  And by their shine her woe extenuate.
With *Phlegetonticke* flame these tapers fed,
Celeſtiall light haue quite extinguished.

O see how dampy shewes yond' torches flame,
  Earth ſtop thy sent, for their infernall smell,
  (O let me speake, lest I incurre heau'ns blame)
  Will all thy arterizing ſtrength expell;
  And make thy heart an agonizing hell.
See how their sulphur gathers to a cloud;
And like blacke *Orcus* vault the earth doth shrowde.

What *Morpheus* rockes the sence of heau'n asleepe?
  Why heau'n awake; though long Endimionie
  Hath pierc'd the clearenes of thy sight so deep,
  Thou canſt not see them prowdly mounted high;
  Yet maiſt thou heare them plot their treacherie.
Their treason's plotted, they with fiery shot,
Are driuing *Phœbus* from his chariot.

Loe, loe, the skie whose hue was azurie,
  Is cloath'd with moorie *Vesperugoe's* coate,
  The formed *Chaos* of this Cosmosie,
  Is now transform'd to tawny *Charon's* boate;
  And on the *Acheronticke* maine doth floate.
Th'olimpique Globe is now a hollow ball:
The huge concauitie blacke *Plutoe's* hall.

Where shall I ſtand, that I may freely view,
  Earths ſtage compleate with tragick sc̃eans of wo?
  No meade, no groue, whose comfortizing hew
  Might make sad Terror my sad minde forgoe?
  No sun-grac'd mount soule-frighting horrors foe?
No sun-grac'd mount? how can the sun mounts grace
When mountaines seeke his countnance to deface?

See, see, that mount that was the worldes admire,
  The ſtately Pyramis of glorious price;
  Whose seau'n hill'd head did ouer all aspire,
  Is now transform'd to *Hydra*-headed vice:
  Her hellish braine pan of each enterprice.
On sinnes full number (loe) she is ereſt;
For why? Great *Pluto* was her Architect.

Blacke Auarice, makes sale of Holines,
  And ſteeming luxurie doth broach her luſt;
  Red-tyrannizing wrath doth soules oppresse,
  And cankred Enuie falsifies all truſt,
  T'enrich her coffers with soule-choaking duſt;
On slouth and gluttonie they build their blisse,
  Whereon they raise Ambitions Pyramis.

The frame's too slender for continuance,
  Too earthly high for soules to builde vpon;
  And of her ſtrength my only esperance,
  Is for to see her sad confusion;
  Whose vapours are the worldes infection.
Her high eſteeme, is of high heau'n despisde;
O see ere long her *Babel* Babelliz'd.

Where shall I finde a safe all-peacefull seat,
  To whose prospect the worldes circumference
  Presents it selfe? high *Ioue* I thee intreate,
  Let *Dodon's* groue be lauish in expence;
  And scaffoldize her oakes for my defence.
Forgiue me God, for help doth not consiſt
In *Dodon's* groue, nor a *Dodonian* fiſt.

Where shall I ſtand? O heau'n conduct me now,
  Ioue Israellize my tongue, and let my voyce
  Preuayle with thee; shew me the manner how
  To free me from this change: O soule reioyce,
  For heau'n hath free'd me from black hels annoies.
O see, O see, *Ioue* sets me free from thrall,
Such is his loue to them that on him call.

Loe where I ſtand vpon a ſtedfaſt rocke,
  Whose peerelesse truſt is free from all compare:
  See how it brookes the *Phlegetonticke* shocke,
  And bides what foemen to each other share:
  The raging sea, on this side doth it dare,
On that side flames; such is the earthly ſtate,
Of those from earth seeke them to alienate.

Now eies prepare, and be your sight as cleare,
  As is the Skie, when none but *Phaetons* sire
  Inhabites it: for O (alas) I feare
  They will be dazled with smoake and fier,
  That with repulse of heau'n doth downe retire,
Heart, teach my tongue directed by mine eie,
To be the *Chorus* to this tragedie.

Marke, you spectators of this tragicke act,
  (If any reſt vnmetamorphosed)
  O you whose soules with hel are not contract
  Whose sacred light is not extinguished;
  Whose intellectuall tapers are not fed
With Hells flame: marke the transformation,
Wrought by the charmes of this rebellion.

That sacred female (which appear'd to him,
  Who was inspir'd with heau'ns intelligence;
  Who was the laſt that drunke vpon the brim,
  Of deepe diuining sacred influence)
  That heau'nly one, of glorious eminence.
She, whom *Apollo* clothed with his robe:
And plac'd hir feet vpon th'inconſtant globe.

So cloath'd, his mantle might her shelter be,
  To shrowde her safe from *Acheronticke* miſtes:
  So plac'd, hir ground might feede hir egencie,
  Farre as it on necessitie consiſtes;
  And not t'exceede the bound of heau'nly liſtes;
So cloath'd, she might to heau'n her minde applie:
So plac'd, to vse it in necessitie.

But (marke O woe) her high rebellious ſtarres,
(Their minds ambitioniz'd) do seeke her fall,
And hauing dim'd the Sun with smoaky warres,
Haue found his dareſt one how to appall;
And mixe her honny with the bitterſt gall.
See, how her eies are fixed on the globe:
Which, which (O wo) hath quite transformd her robe.

Her robe, that like the Sun did clearly shine,
Is now transform'd vnto an earthy coate,
Of massiue gold: because she did combine
Affection with the Moon; and did remote
Her heart from heau'ns book where her name was wrote.
The globe takes head, that was her footſtoole set:
And from her head doth pull her coronet.

Her twelue ſtarr'd glorious coronet, (which *Ioue*
Did make her temples rich enuironrie:
And for the more to manifeſt his loue,
Encircled them with faire imbroderie,
Of sacred lights in ayre-cleare azurie.)
She is depriued off: and doth begin,
To be the couerture of læthall sin.

The vines *Ædonides*; dead *Murcianie*;
Smooth *Philoxenus*; murders ground;
Disquiet *Eriphila*; hel's Syrenie;
Philocrematos; the soules deepe wound;
And whatso els in *Hydra's* head is found;
Do maske themselues within her pleasing smile:
And so with deadly sinne the world beguile.

What dreadfull sight (O) do mine eies behold?
See, froſty age, that should direct aright,
The grassie braine (that is in vice so bold)
With heedie doctrine and celeſtiall light;
Hath bin conuersing with hells taper, night,
Whose diuelish charmes, like *Circes* sorcerie,
Haue metamorphosde *Eos* Eonie.

Apolloe's herauld, that was wont to cheare,
  Night-wounded soules with bright celeſt'all raies:
  Faire *Phosphorus* (whose looke was wont to feare
  Infernall hagges, that haunt frequented wayes,
  To drawe the soule to hell that wandring ſtrayes;
Is metamorphosde to a torch of hell:
And makes his mansi'on-house blacke horrors cell.

Whose deepe foundation's raisde from *Phlegeton*,
  The fi'rie riuer of blacke *Orcus* hall:
  Whence pillers rise, which do themselues vpon
  Quadrangle wise, vphold *Erebus* wall:
  Worldes truſtlesse truſt, soules vnmiſtruſted fall.
Birds, vines and floures, and eu'ry sundry fruite
Do compasse it; for beſt that place they sute.

For since the spirit the bodies prisner,
  Of heau'nly subſtance wholy is compact:
  And since the flesh the soules imprisoner,
  Of excrementall earth is wholy fact:
  Since this with that it selfe cannot contract,
Needes muſt the soule (the earthly prison doubled:
For all earths pleasures slime) be smothered.

From out the lake a bridge ascends thereto,
  Whereon in female shape a serpent ſtands,
  Who eies her eie, or views her blew vain'd brow,
  With sence-bereauing gloses she inchaunts,
  And when she sees a worldling blind that haunts
The pleasure that doth seeme there to be found:
She soothes with Leucrocutanized sound.

Thence leades an entrie to a shining hal,
  Bedeckt with flowers of the faireſt hew,
  The Thrush, the Lark, and nights-ioy nightingale,
  There minurize their pleasing laies anew,
  This welcome to the bitter bed of rue;
This little roome, will scarce two wights containe,
T'enioy their ioy, and there in pleasure raigne.

But next thereto adioynes a spacious roome,
  More fairely farre adorned then the other:
  (O woe to him at sinne-awhaping doome,
  That to these shadowes hath his mind giu'n ouer.
  For (O) he neuer shall his soule recouer:
If this sweet sinne ſtill feedes him with her smacke:
And his repentant hand him hales not backe.

The fraudfull floore of this deceitfull place,
  Is all of quagmires, to intrap the wight
  That treades thereon: yet couer'd o're with grasse
  Of youthful hew, al pleasing to earth's sight,
  For so doth satan worke his diu'lish spight.
This roome will centuries of worlds containe,
How small mirths place, how large the place of paine!

Who ere's deceiu'd by this illusion,
  Muſt surely fall into this deepe abisse,
  Downe to the horror of deepe *Phlegeton,*
  Whose fi'ry flames like vultures gnaw on flesh;
  Yet iote of it neuer consumed is.
O let no wight truſt to this worldly sheene:
For such ioyes hate, of God beſt loued beene.

Erinnis purueyor, young elth I meane,
  Teares vp our mothers wombe to finde hir slime:
  And doth ysearch her bowells all vncleane,
  For noysome filth; the poyson of our time,
  (Base dunghill slaue) for meanes for his to clime;
So may he well, for now earths baddeſt good,
Makes eu'ry peasant seeme of gentle blood.

Yet certs, if the naked truth I say,
  Nor from the golden mine comes gentry true,
  Nor can this age, the next, and so for ay,
  Ech his succeeding age with it indue:
  For it's no heritage to heires t'ensue,
But shines in them to heau'n their minde that giue
Then who doth so, in him doth gentrie liue.

O, that old age (that kept the treasuries
  Of great *Apollo* once), whose faltring tongue,
  Intreates old earth performe his obsequies,
  Should now by hell be metamorphosde yong,
  And with desire of soule-infecting dong,
Seeke vnto vice, weake infancie to winne,
And make his heart, *Epithesis* of sinne.

The oldeſt man, saith ech day, one day more,
  One day? nay sure a twelue-months time t'will be,
  Ere seriant death will call me at my doore;
  Craz'd drooping age, why can thine eies not see
  Pale death areſting tender infancie?
O that his memory thee ſtill would tell,
Now out of me might death my breath expell.

Where are the centinels? the armed watch,
  Who draw their breath from *Phœbus* treasurie?
  Somnus, awake; vnlocke the ruſtie latch,
  That leades into the caues somniferie,
  Rowze vp the watch, lull'd with worlds Syrenie,
Somnus, awake: pull off their golden maske,
And bid them ſtrait sinderesize their taske.

Somnus, awake: hell and the world conspire:
  Pan is transform'd, and al his flocke neere drownd;
  Pan that from heau'n receiu'd his due paid hyre,
  He that was wont, vpon the fertile ground
  Of *Arcadie* to feed, wherein was found,
No golden India that might preuent,
That high eſtate of poore, meane, rich content.

Pan, that was wont to make his *quiet life,*
  Th'exordium of ech soule-sweet argument:
  Pan, that was wont to make his *voide of ſtrife,*
  The period of ech sentence of Content;
  Temper'd with surrop of heau'ns document,
Pan, that was once a cleere Epitimie:
Is now transform'd to hot Epithymie.

O, where are they, *Apollo* did appoint,
  To guard *Arcadia's* sea-enuiron'd banckes?
  The oceans monarch, whom *Ioue* did annoint,
  The great controller of the whaly ranckes
  Is landed on *Arcadia's* tender flankes.
Enuies protector, *Pan,* with gold hath fed:
And *Pan* with gold is metamorphosed.

Wealth's shipwracke; India's minerie;
  The pearly pibble which the Ocean keepes;
  The Treasure-house of *Neptunes* Thetisie;
  The faire sweete poison of th'infernall deepes,
  Hell's twinckling instrument that neuer sleepes;
Is that great gift *Tridentifer* presents,
To make faire passage for his foule intents.

O see that head that once was couered,
  With fleecy wooll, that hung on earth-low brakes,
  Is scarce contented now, it selfe to wed,
  With what *Eriphila* from India takes,
  Now *Pan* of gold, himselfe a Cor'net makes.
His eies that 'fore were cleare lycophosie,
Now cannot see but in a minery.

His hand, to pawes, his sheep-hooke to a mace,
  Are metamorphosed; his heart (whose height
  Did ne're before o're-peere *Arcadia's* face,)
  With cloud-high thoughts aspiring high is fraight,
  And chaoiz'd *Idea's* of conceit,
Doth make his gesture seem a troubled skie:
And fills his count'nance with sad meteorie.

Awake O heau'n, and all thy pow'rs awake,
  For *Pan* hath sold his flocke to *Thetis* pheer:
  O how the center of my soule doth quake,
  That barb'rous India should ouer-peer
  Fruitful *Arcadia,* the worlds great Peere!
Hot fiery dust, with trickling teares ee'n weeps,
To see *Arcadia's* flockes drown'd in the deeps.

O how vnworthie's he a heard to be,
  That leauves his flocke for ech temptation!
  As, into magiſtrates ech man may see,
  When by the means of vice th'are call'd vpon,
  To execute their duteous function;
O eu'n as they are knowne, when vap'rous vice,
Breathes forth a miſt of blacke iniquities;

Eu'n so a shepheard tells where to hee's bent,
  When mighty *Ioue* after long summers ioy,
  (Of high celeſtiall kindnes to vs lent)
  Doth please vs trie with winters sharp annoy;
  Or tempt his heart with earthly seeming ioy,
Which time, if he with care his flock doth feed,
Shewes loue to's flock, and hate to's earthly meed.

But though I speake 'gainſt this hypocrisie,
  This hellish ill o'remask'd with holinesse,
  Na'th lesse I neither can, nor wil deny,
  That if thereby we reaue no wight of blisse,
  We may preuent our earthly wretchednesse.
For lawfull tis our owne harme to preuent,
If not by ill we compasse our intent.

Is't possible the world should yet affoord,
  More cause of woe, then yet mine eies haue seene?
  Can *Pluto* in his horrors caue yet hoord,
  More woe then in this tragicke sceane hath beene?
  Is't true I see? Or do I ouerweene?
O, O, I see more then I can expresse,
Amaz'd with sense-confounding wretchednesse.

In *Delta* that's enuiron'd with the sea,
  The hills and dales with heards are peopled,
  That tend their tender flockes vpon the lea,
  And tune sweet laies vnto their pipes of reed,
  Meane while their flockes vpon the hillockes feed;
And sometime nibble on the buskie root,
That did his tender bud, but lately shoote.

Long while the heards enioy'd this sweet content,
  Not fearing wolues that might their flocks moleſt:
  (For nothing harbor'd neare that harm them meant)
  And this content long might they haue posseſt,
  Had not a beaſt spoil'd this their sweetned reſt.
Whether the soile him bred, or foes him brought,
I doubt; seemes, some that *Deltaes* damage sought.

Among the shrubbes had set him priuily,
  To spoyle the lambes that sometime did eſtray;
  Nor onely thus deuour'd them theeuishly;
  But oft allured them from out their way.
  With such chaung'd voice, no mortal wight could say,
But that the notes were voice of man he sung:
O what deceit is lodged in the tongue?

This dayly spoyle through ech mans eare did runne,
  At length *Mauortio*, a gallant Knight,
  The meane whereby his Country honor wonne,
  Heard of the harme wrought by *Hyenna's* spight:
  Scarce heard he of the spoyle, but that his sp'rite
Æthereall (not hable to endure,
His heart should knowledge of such harme immure

An houre, and th'wrong reſt vnirrooted out)
  Him draue as sail-swel'd barks are droue by wind,
  And ſtrait he armd him (mounting's prancer ſtout)
  He forward pricks, spurr'd by a noble mind,
  Awaited on by Truth his Page full kind,
And by a 'squire that artfull ſtrength was call'd:
Seem'd, *Hercules* him could not haue appalld:

Thus (pricking on the plaine) at laſt he ey'd
  The grisly beaſt as in her den she lay,
  Tearing a lamb with iawes farre ſtretch'd awide,
  A seely lambkin which she made her pray,
  Straight with a courage bold began assay,
How he could buckle with the monſters force:
Not meaning once to harbor mild remorce.

Downe he alighted, from his milk-white ſteed,
  And gaue him *Veramount* to walk o'th plaine:
  Then ſtept to'th monſter with a wise-bold heed,
  Thou monſtrous fiend (quoth he) thy pray refrain,
  For with my sword Ile work thy mortall paine:
The beaſt gan looke as one that were adrad,
Fearing her future hap would proue full bad.

At length, as one that from a traunce awakes,
  She ſtretched foorth her selfe vpon the ground;
  And to her cursed tongue herselfe betakes,
  Hoping hir speech wold yield beſt aid that ſtound.
  Faire Sir (quoth she) t'is said this soile hath found,
That I haue brought this Countries good to spoyle:
But (knight) beleeue me, I haue t'ane much toile

To feare the wolues with changed voyce of tong,
  When they haue e'en beene ready to assaile
  The ewes that haue beene suckling their yong:
  Then hath my speech their purpose causde to faile;
  My very heart doth bleede; O how I waile
To thinke vpon the spoyle the wolues would make;
Did not my Care them force their prey forsake?

To her Syrenian song, the Knight gaue eare,
  And noted in her speech how subtill Arte,
  Her geſture framde to eu'ry word so neare,
  That (had he beene a man of massiue hart,
  He would haue melted at her Mermaides part:
But he being a Knight of noble spirit:
Her tongue could not him of his heart dis'nherit.

But spurr'd him to reuenge the spoyle she made;
  (Commixt with poyson of hypocrisie)
  He ſtrait vnsheathes his truſty ſteeled blade,
  And (silent) doth demonſtrate presently,
  The bottome of his minde effectually.
Soone as she feeles the smart, she ſtartes abacke,
And (for defence) with poyson hellie blacke

Forth hurled from her wide ſtretcht foaming throat,
  She thinkes t'infect the vninfected Knight:
  But ſtowt *Mauortio* wore a ſteeled coate,
  So iunctly ioynted, that in all their fight,
  Hir hellish poyson, neuer enter might;
(All were it natur'd ſtill to search for way:)
To saue hir life by hir foes liues decay.

Short had the fight bin, had she onely beene,
  (And great his honour by hir only death)
  But eu'ry drop of bloud his sword all keene,
  Causde issue from hir noysome ſteeming breath,
  Transformed were to monſters on the heath.
All with their poyson like a rounding ring:
The good encombred Knight encompassing.

So that the more that she enhoped him,
  (By deadly gaspes) the conqueſt soone would end;
  The more his labour sprung: and seem'd to dim
  Eftsoones (alas) the hope his toile did send.
  Yet he of all was victor in the end.
And for this act vntill the end his fame,
Wil through the world high raise *Mauortio's* name.

The Knight (about to sheath) chaunc'd turne his eie,
  And spies the multitude that him enround:
  Nay (then quoth he) no time approacheth nie,
  To take our leaues of this thiefe-harb'ring ground
  Before *Apollo Thetis* lap hath found,
They all shall die; if heau'n doth smiling ſtand:
Viewing the heart of his *Mauortio's* hand.

His 'squire with artfull courage aides his knight:
  Both vsde their blades vnto so good auaile,
  That who had ei'd this bloudy fi'rie fight,
  Might here see maimed wights low creeping traile
  Their owne hew'd limbes, there gasping iawes that waile,
To see their limbs lopt from their bodies lie,
On hugie heapes, like vnto mountaines high.

And twixt them ſtreams of ſteaming blod swift running
  With bloudles trunks, lop'd heads, legs, thighs, and armes,
  Vpon the riuer like dead fishes swimming;
  Ere *Sol* with *Neptune* sleeped, slept their harmes;
  All beeing shooke with deaths all deadly charmes.
O happy houre! that so *Mauortio* ioy'd:
To see the monſters by his arme deſtroy'd.

This noble conqueſt made him famouzed,
  By all the heards throughout the *Deltan* soile,
  Who vow'd his name should be æternized,
  (Despight of Fortune and her truſtlesse foyle)
  In memorizing lines, which worldly broyle,
Nor Enuies canker, neuer should deface,
Long as the world retaine's her worldly face.

O peerelesse worth! O worth *Mauortian*!
  Heau'n vpholding *Atlas*; warres melodie;
  Knight of the lilly; heauens champion;
  Artes patron; Muses dearest *Adonie*;
Vrania's soule refreshing *Caſtalie*;
Worthy the world; the world not worthy thee:
That art deem'd worthy of the deitie.

Of heauen it selfe, that but eu'n now lamented
  The sun-fall of thy selfe, whom heau'n (disdained)
  Whom heau'ns high trinary was not contented,
  That in the world thy spirit be contained,
  But there shuld dwel where *Ioue* himself remained;
For that on earth, thy spirit earth directed,
Heau'n hath thy spirit for high heau'n elected.

While heau'n did daigne the world should him inioy,
  The nine-fold Sorory themselues exiled,
  Euen from their natiue home to arts annoy,
  From twin-topt mount, vnto a place defiled,
  (Where pined writ and ſtarued art compiled)
Their harm they knew, & harm with heart imbraced,
To nurse their deare heart by their cheap art graced.

Graced by nurses (arts nurse highly grac'd him)
  Who fed him with pure marrow of the Muses;
  And when he list, with moisture to refresh him,
  He drunke cleare *Helicon*: cleare from abuses,
  He bent his mind to pure *Vranian* vses,
Vranianie, him did to heau'n vpreare:
And made to man, him demi-god appeare.

Since wisedome then vpreares a man to heau'n,
  Since wisedome then (that doth high God adore)
  When he of all that earth yeelds is bereau'n,
  When all els failes, doth God-like him decore,
  O world erect thy blisse on wisedomes lore.
The greatest man decores not wisedomes horne:
But wisedome doth the meanest wight adorne.

Pieria's darling; cleare-streaming *Helicon*;
  Bœotia's pearle; the nine voic'd harmony;
  Heart crystalline; tongue pure *Castalion*;
  Delta's Adamant; *Elizium's* melody;
  Vrania's selfe, that sung cœlestially;
Was then for *Mars* apt, by the Muses nurs'd,
For *Mars* his knights, are 'squires to'th muses first.

Downe to the world descended *Mars* at length,
  When the *Pierides* had knit the veines,
  That from his heart did giue his body strength,
  With soule-sweet Manna, marrow of the reines:
  Downe he descended, and no whit disdaines
To liue on earth, leauing the sacred skies,
Only the muses deare to Martialize.

But (O) when *Delta's* hope, the muses wonder,
  Foes feare, feares foe, *Ioues* martialist,
  On *Thetis* gan like to a fearefull thunder
  Make *Hydra* shake with a *Dodonian* fist;
  When *Delta* deem'd her selfe in him thus blest,
Then *Delta* of her hope was quite bereaued:
See how the world is by the world deceiued!

The *Phœbus* of his soile, scarce shewd his sheen,
  And fac'd the Weſt with smiling Aurory,
  When fatall *Neptune* with his trident keene,
  (Behind him) hal'd him to his *Thetisie*,
  But *Ioue* downe sent swift-winged *Mercurie*,
And charged him to lay him's wings vpon,
And be the conuoy of his champion.

When *Mercurie* approch'd the seat of *Ioue*,
  With *Mauors* spirit on his winged arme;
  Ioue daign'd descend downe from his seat aboue,
  And him imbraced with all heau'nly charme.
  Aboue the lofty skies, deuoid of harme
Sits *Mauors* spirit, as a demi-god:
Inſtead of *Mars*, swaying his warlike rod.

While *Mars* himselfe goes wandring vp and downe,
  Associated with the sacred brood,
  That hand in hand (like an enchaining rowne)
  Encompasse him: eu'n dead with want of food;
  (If want may heauen hurt with deadly bood)
Much teen they bide in search for such an one:
Whom they may make their nurs'ries paragon.

A pitchie night encurtained with clowdes
  (That kept from it heau'ns star-bright comforture)
  Is the sole *Theater* that them enshrowdes;
  Fogs, damps, trees, ſtones, their sole encompassure,
  To whom they mone, black todes giue responsure;
Their woe is like vnto that wretches paine,
Whom (s'parents dead) no man will entertaine.

Before that death by life had ſtellified
  Great *Mauors* spirit in the loftie skie:
  Before his spirit in heau'n was deified,
  Mars and the Muses had their dignity,
  The sacred siſters did him aptifie
For *Mars*: he kindly fed his parents want,
And made that plenty which before was scant.

But now (O woe) they long may go vnfed.
  Ayde (mighty *Ioue*) for *Nilus Crocodiles*
  Are bathing in the pure *Caſtalian* head.
  Pure horse-foot *Helicon,* their filth defiles,
  Art, like Ægyptian dogs, muſt scape their wiles.
O dreary woe ! the Muses did but sup,
And are infected with that pois'nous cup.

How like blacke *Orcus* lookes this dampy caue,
  This obscure dungeon of *Cimmerian* sin,
  This hugy hell ! my spirit gins to raue,
  To see blacke *Pluto* banquetting within
  The once-form'd world with his faire *Proserpin.*
O see the world, all is by heau'n reiected,
Now that the sacred Muses are infected.

See, where *Vrania,* onelie's seated on
  The twin-top'd hill, the ſteepie craggy mount,
  That ouer-peeres, (once) criſtall *Helicon :*
  There bides she eu'ry ſtorme, that once was wont
  To bathe her selfe in the *Caſtalian* fount.
Yet this me gladdes, though she of ioy be reau'n,
Yet is she now come neerer vnto heau'n.

O where's *Mauortio ?* may the Muses say:
  And haue the heau'ns bereaued vs of blisse?
  O heau'ns! nay O sweet heau'n fed Muses ſtay.
  Exclaime not on the sacred heau'ns for this:
  But as a mother (that her childe doth misse)
Lament: and be your heart from despaire wonne:
Your wombe may bring forth such another sonne.

And as thy Sunne not ſtill could face the north,
  But by his falling reaued thee of day;
  (Because the day light's by the night put forth)
  Nor can thy nights blacke hew endure alway:
  Then hope sweet *Delta* hope, from murmure ſtay,
Thy *Phœbus* slumbreth but in *Thetis* lap:
Hee'l rise before thou thinkſt of such a hap.

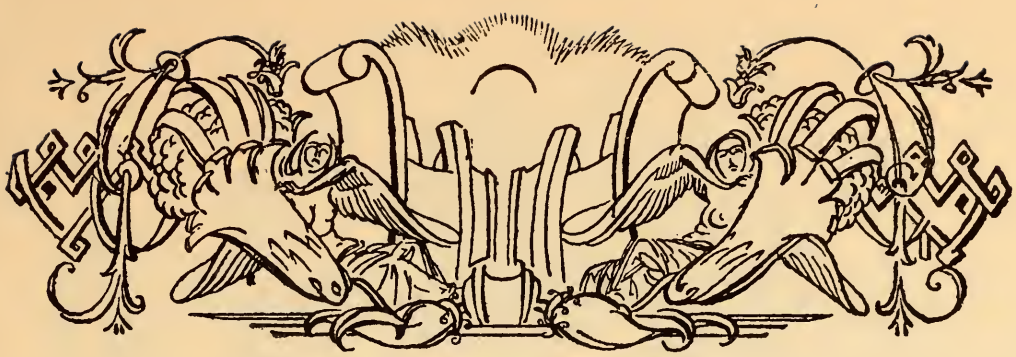
See that same rocke, the rocke of my defence,
  Is metamorphosde to an Vnicorne:
  Whose shining eies of glorious eminence,
  Doth all the world with brightnes cleare adorne,
  And with *Ioues* ſtrength, hir life-preseruing horne,
Hath purified the criſtallized fount,
That ſtreames along the valley of Artes mount.

Her ſtreaming rayes haue pierc'd the cloudie skies,
  And made heau'ns traitors blush to see their shame;
  Cleared the world of her blacke vironries,
  And with pale feare doth all their treason tame.
  Delta's Bellonian, (name of peerelesse fame)
Hath free'd *Apollo* from their treacherie,
And plac'd him in his former dignitie.

Come, come, you wights that are transformed quite,
  Eliza will you retransforme againe;
  Come ſtar-crown'd female and receiue thy sight,
  Let all the world wash in her boundlesse maine,
  And for their paine receiue a double gaine.
My very soule with heau'nly pleasure's fed,
To see th'transform'd remetamorphosed.

Vrania sits amid *Pernassus* vale,
  O're shelterd with an aire-cleare Canopie:
  O senses nurse! soule-sweet refreshing dale,
  Gods neƈtar; heau'ns sweet ambrosianie;
  Conuert each riuer to pure *Caſtalie.*
That *India* it selfe, may sweetly raise,
Her well tun'd notes in high Iehouah's praise.

FINIS



The Epilogue.

TRANSFORMED METAMORPHOSIS EPILOGUE [1–28]

NOW are the pitchie Curtains (that enclosde
The heau'nly radiance of *Apollo's* shine)
Drawne backe; and all that in hels caue reposd,
Are dauncing chearely in a siluer twine,
With heau'ns *Vrania*, shaming *Proserpine*.
Hell's *Phlegetontike* torches are put forth:
And now the Sunne doth face the frosty north.

Sacred *Apollo*, cheeres the lightsome day,
And swan-plum'd *Phœbe* gards the star-faire night,
Lest *Pluto's* forester, should cause estray,
Darke *Cosmos* Pilgrim's wandring without light;
Heau'ns star-embroderie doth shine full bright,
Heau'ns sacred lights agree in one consent,
To driue the cloudes from foorth the firmament.

Now is the Moone not blemisht with a cloud,
Nor any lampe (that should illuminate
And lighten eu'ry thing that heau'n doth shrowd)
Darkned; or else my sight gin's to abate,
And s'reaued of it intellectuate.
Each obscure caue is lightned by the day:
Or else mine eyes are forced to estray.

But when my heart was vrged forth to breath,
Fell accents of soule-terrifying paine;
My subiect was a heau'nly tapers death;
Night was my lampe; my inke, hell's pitchy maine:
Then blame me not, if my wittes light did waine,
Since but with night, I could with none conferre
In this my Epinyctall register.

FINIS

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

1607.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE.
DUCHESS.
LUSSURIOSO, *his son.*
SPURIO, *his bastard son.*
AMBITIOSO } *younger brothers to Lussurioso.*
SUPERUACUO }
JUNIOR, *the youngest son of the Duchess.*
GRATIANA.
VINDICE } *brothers, sons of Gratiana.*
HIPPOLITO }
CASTIZA, *their sister.*
ANTONIO, *an old lord.*
PIERO, *another lord.*
DONDOLO, *servant to Castiza.*
Lords.
Judges.
Executioner.
Servants (two of whom are called NENCIO and SORDIDO).]

Enter VENDICI, *the Duke, Dutchesse,* LUSURIOSO *her sonne,* SPURIO *the baſtard, with a traine, passe ouer the Stage with Torch-light.*

Vindi. DVke: royall letcher; goe, gray hayrde adultery,
And thou his sonne, as impious ſteept as hee:
And thou his baſtard true-begott in euill:
And thou his Dutchesse that will doe with Diuill,
Foure exlent Characters—O that marrow-leffe age,
Would ſtuffe the hollow Bones with dambd desires,
And ſtead of heate kindle infernall fires,
Within the spend-thrift veynes of a drye Duke,
A parcht and iuicelesse luxur. O God! one
That has scarce bloud inough to liue vpon.
And hee to ryot it like a sonne and heyre?
O the thought of that
Turnes my abused heart-ſtrings into fret.

Thou sallow picture of my poysoned loue,
My studies ornament, thou shell of Death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed Lady,
When life and beauty naturally fild out
These ragged imperfections;
When two-heauen-pointed Diamonds were set
In those vnsightly Rings;—then 'twas a face
So farre beyond the artificiall shine
Of any womans bought complexion
That the vprightest man, (if such there be,
That sinne but seauen times a day) broke custome
And made vp eight with looking after her.
Oh she was able to ha made a Vsurers sonne
Melt all his patrimony in a kisse,
And what his father fiftie yeares told
To haue consumde, and yet his sute beene cold:
But oh accursed Pallace!
Thee when thou wert appareld in thy flesh,
The old Duke poyson'd,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Vnto his palsey-lust, for old men lust-full
Do show like young men angry, eager violent,
Out-bid like their limited performances—
O ware an old man hot, and vicious
,, Age as in gold, in lust is couetous.
Vengence thou murders Quit-rent, and whereby
Thou shoust thy selfe Tennant to Tragedy,
Oh keepe thy day, houre, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determind: hum: who ere knew
Murder vnpayd? faith giue Reuenge her due
Sha's kept touch hetherto—be merry, merry,
Aduance thee, O thou terror to fat folkes
To haue their costly three-pilde flesh worne of
As bare as this—for banquets, ease and laughter,
Can make great men, as greatnesse goes by clay,
But wise men little are more great then they.

Enter his brother HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Still sighing ore deaths vizard?

Vind. Brother welcome,
What comfort bringſt thou? how go things at Court?
Hip. In silke and siluer brother: neuer brauer.
Vind. Puh,
Thou playſt vpon my meaning, pree-thee say
Has that bald Madam, Opportunity,
Yet thought vpon's, speake are we happy yet?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabberd fit.
Hip. It may proue happinesse.
Vind. What iſt may proue?
Giue me to taſt.
Hip. Giue me your hearing then,
You know my place at Court.
Vind. I; the Dukes Chamber.
But tis a maruaile thourt not turnd out yet!
Hip. Faith I haue beene shooud at, but twas ſtill my hap
To hold by th' Duchesse skirt, you gesse at that,
Whome such a Coate keepes vp can nere fall flat,
But to the purpose.
Laſt euening predecessor vnto this,
The Dukes sonne warily enquird for me,
Whose pleasure I attended: he began,
By policy to open and vnhuske me
About the time and common rumour:
But I had so much wit to keepe my thoughts
Vp in their built houses, yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction without danger,
But the whole ayme, and scope of his intent
Ended in this, coniuring me in priuate,
To seeke some ſtrange digeſted fellow forth:
Of ill-contented nature, either disgracſt
In former times, or by new groomes displacſt,
Since his Step-mothers nuptialls, such a bloud
A man that were for euill onely good;
To giue you the true word some base coynd Pander.
Vind. I reach you, for I know his heate is such,
Were there as many Concubines as Ladies
He would not be contaynd, he muſt flie out:
I wonder how ill featurde, vilde proportiond

That one should be: if she were made for woman,
Whom at the Insurrection of his luſt
He would refuse for once, heart, I thinke none,
Next to a skull, tho more vnsound then one.
Each face he meetes he ſtrongly doates vpon.
Hip. Brother y'aue truly spoke him.
He knowes not you, but Ile sweare you know him.
Vind. And therefore ile put on that knaue for once,
And be a right man then, a man a'th Time,
For to be honeſt is not to be ith world,
Brother ile be that ſtrange composed fellow.
Hip. And ile prefer you brother.
Vind. Go too then,
The smallſt aduantage fattens wronged men
It may point out; occasion, if I meete her,
Ile hold her by the fore-top faſt ynough;
Or like the *French Moale* heaue vp hayre and all.
I haue a habit that wil fit it quaintly.
Here comes our Mother.
Hip. And siſter.
Vind. We muſt quoyne.
Women are apt you know to take false money,
But I dare ſtake my soule for these two creatures
Onely excuse excepted—that they'le swallow,
Because their sexe is easie in beleefe.
Moth. What newes from Court fonne *Carlo*?
Hip. Faith Mother,
Tis whisperd there the Duchesse yongeſt sonne
Has playd a Rape on Lord *Antonios* wife.
Moth. On that relligious Lady!
Caſt. Royall bloud: monſter he deserues to die,
If *Italy* had no more hopes but he.
Vin. Siſter y'aue sentenc'd moſt direct, and true,
The Lawes a woman, and would she were you:
Mother I muſt take leaue of you.
Moth. Leaue for what?
Vin. I intend speedy trauaile.
Hip. That he do's Madam.
Mo. Speedy indeed!

Vind. For since my worthy fathers funerall,
My life's vnnaturally to me, e'en compeld
As if I liu'd now when I should be dead.
Mot. Indeed he was a worthy Gentleman
Had his eſtate beene fellow to his mind.
Vind. The Duke did much deiect him.
Moth. Much?
Vind. To much.
And through disgrace oft smotherd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I thinke hee dyed
Of discontent: the Noblemans consumption.
Moth. Moſt sure he did!
Vind. Did he? lack,—you know all
You were his mid-night secretary.
Moth. No.
He was to wise to truſt me with his thoughts.
Vind. Yfaith then father thou waſt wise indeed,
" Wiues are but made to go to bed and feede.
Come mother, siſter: youle bring me onward brother?
Hip. I will.
Vind. Ile quickly turne into another. *Exeunt.*

Enter the old Duke, LUSSURIOSO, *his sonne, the Duchesse: the Baſtard, the Duchesse two sonnes* AMBITIOSO, *and* SUPERUACUO, *the third her yongeſt brought out with Officers for the Rape: two Iudges.* [I. ii.]

Duke. Duchesse it is your yongeſt sonne, we're sory,
His violent Act has e'en drawne bloud of honor
And ſtained our honors,
Throwne inck vpon the for-head of our ſtate
Which enuious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot vs in our Toombes.
For that which would seeme treason in our liues
Is laughter when we're dead; who dares now whisper
That dares not then speake out, and e'en proclaime,
With lowd words and broad pens our closeſt shame?
Iud. Your grace hath spoke like to your siluer yeares
Full of confirmed grauity;—for what is it to haue
A flattering false insculption on a Toombe:
And in mens hearts reproch? The boweld Corps,

May be seard in, but with free tongue I speake,
„ The faults of great men through their seare clothes breake.
Duk. They do, we're sory for't, it is our fate,
To liue in feare and die to liue in hate.
I leaue him to your sentance; dome him Lords
The fact is great; whilst I sit by and sigh.
Duch. My gratious Lord I pray be mercifull,
Although his trespasse far exceed his yeares,
Thinke him to be your owne as I am yours,
Call him not sonne in law: the law I feare
Wil fal too soone vpon his name and him:
Temper his fault with pitty.
Luss. Good my Lord.
Then twill not tast so bitter and vnpleasant
Vpon the Iudges pallat, for offences
Gilt ore with mercy, show like fayrest women,
Good onely for their beauties, which washt of, no sin is ouglier.
Ambi. I beseech your grace,
Be soft and mild, let not *Relentlesse* Law,
Looke with an iron for-head on our brother.
Spu. He yeelds small comfort yet, hope he shall die,
And if a bastards wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turnde into a coarse.
Duc. No pitty yet? must I rise fruitlesse then,
A wonder in a woman; are my knees,
Of such lowe-mettall—that without Respect—
1. *Iudg.* Let the offender stand forth,
Tis the Dukes pleasure that Impartiall Doome,
Shall take first hold of his vncleane attempt,
A Rape! why tis the very core of lust,
Double Adultery.
Iuni. So Sir.
2. *Iud.* And which was worse,
Committed on the Lord *Antonioes* wife,
That Generall honest Lady, confesse my Lord!
What mou'd you toot?
Iuni. Why flesh and blood my Lord.
What should moue men vnto a woman else?
Luss. O do not iest thy doome, trust not an axe

Or sword too far; the Law is a wise serpent
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life.
Tho marriage onely has mad thee my brother,
I loue thee so far, play not with thy Death.
Iuni. I thanke you troth, good admonitions faith,
If ide the grace now to make vse of them.
1. *Iud.* That Ladyes name has spred such a faire wing
Ouer all *Italy*; that if our Tongs
Were sparing toward the Fact, Iudgment it selfe
Would be condemned and suffer in mens thoughts.
Iuni. Well then tis done, and it would please me well
Were it to doe agen: sure shees a Goddesse,
For ide no power to see her, and to liue.
It falls out true in this for I must die,
Her beauty was ordaynd to be my scaffold,
And yet my thinks I might be easier ceast,
My fault being sport, let me but die in iest.
1. *Iud.* This be the sentence.
Dut. O keept vpon your Tongue, let it not slip,
Death too soone steales out of a Lawyers lip,
Be not so cruell-wise.
1. *Iudg.* Your grace must pardon vs,
'Tis but the Iustice of the Lawe.
Dut. The Lawe
Is growne more subtill then a woman should be.
Spu. Now, now he dyes, rid 'em away.
Dut. O what it is to haue an old-coole Duke,
To bee as slack in tongue, as in performance.
1. *Iudg.* Confirmde, this be the doome irreuocable.
Dut. Oh!
1. *Iudg.* To morrow early.
Dut. Pray be a bed my Lord.
1. *Iudg.* Your Grace much wrongs your selfe.
Ambi. No 'tis that tongue,
Your too much right, dos do vs too much wrong.
1. *Iudg.* Let that offender——
Dut. Liue, and be in health.
1. *Iud.* Be on a Scaffold—*Duk.* Hold, hold, my Lord.
Spu. Pax ont,

What makes my Dad speake now?

Duke. We will defer the iudgement till next sitting.
In the meane time let him be kept close prisoner:
Guard beare him hence.

Ambi. Brother, this makes for thee,
Feare not, weele haue a trick to set thee free.

Iuni. Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope I rest.

Super. Farewell, be merry. *Exit with a garde.*

Spu. Delayd, deferd; nay then if iudgement haue cold bloud,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.

Duke. About it then my Lords with your best powers,
More serious businesse calls vpon our houres. *Exe. manet Du.*

Dut. Wast euer knowne step-Dutchesse was so milde,
And calme as I? some now would plot his death,
With easie Doctors, those loose liuing men,
And make his witherd Grace fall to his Graue,
And keepe Church better.
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch
Her double loathd Lord at meate and sleepe.
Indeed 'tis true an old mans twice a childe.
Mine cannot speake; one of his single words,
Would quite haue freed my yongest deerest sonne
From death or durance, and haue made him walke
With a bold foote vpon the thornie law,
Whose Prickles should bow vnder him: but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot,
Ile kill him in his fore-head, hate there feede,
That wound is deepest tho it neuer bleed:
And here comes hee whom my heart points vnto,
His bastard sonne, but my loues true-begot.
Many a wealthy letter haue I sent him,
Sweld vp with Iewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kinde;
That Iewel's mine that quiuers in his eare,
Mocking his Maisters chilnesse and vaine feare.
Ha's spide me now.

Spu. Madame? your Grace so priuate?
My duety on your hand.

Dut. Vpon my hand sir, troth I thinke youde feare
To kisse my hand too if my lip ſtood there.
Spu. Witnesse I would not Madam.
Dut. Tis a wonder,
For ceremonie ha's made many fooles.
It is as easie way vnto a Dutchesse,
As to a Hatted-dame, (if her loue answer)
But that by timorous honors, pale respects,
Idle degrees of feare, men make their wayes
Hard of themselues—what haue you thought of me?
Spu. Madam I euer thinke of you, in duty,
Regard and——
Dut. Puh, vpon my loue I meane.
Spu. I would 'twere loue, but 'tis a fowler name
Then luſt; you are my fathers wife, your Grace may gesse now,
What I could call it.
Dut. Why th'art his sonne but falsly,
Tis a hard queſtion whether he begot thee.
Spu. Ifaith 'tis true too; Ime an vncertaine man,
Of more vncertaine woman; may be his groome 'ath ſtable begot me, you know I know not; hee could ride a horse well, a shrowd suspition marry—hee was wondrous tall, hee had his length yfaith, for peeping ouer halfe shut holy-day windowes,
Men would desire him light; when he was a foote,
He made a goodly show vnder a Pent-houſe,
And when he rid, his Hatt would check the signes, and clatter Barbers Basons.
Dut. Nay set you a horse back once,
Youle nere light off.
Spu. Indeed I am a beggar.
Dut. That's more the signe thou'art Great—but to our loue.
Let it ſtand firme both in thought and minde.
That the Duke was thy Father, as no doubt then
Hee bid faire fort, thy iniurie is the more,
For had hee cut thee a right Diamond,
Thou hadſt beene next set in the Duke-doomes Ring,
When his worne selfe like Ages easie slaue,
Had dropt out of the Collet into th' Graue.
What wrong can equall this? canſt thou be tame

And thinke vppon't?
Spu. No mad and thinke vpon't.
Dut. Who would not be reuengd of such a father,
E'en in the worſt way? I would thanke that sinne,
That could moſt iniury him, and bee in league with it.
Oh what a griefe 'tis, that a man should liue
But once ith world, and then to liue a Baſtard,
The curse a'the wombe, the theefe of Nature,
Begot againſt the seauenth commandement,
Halfe dambd in the conception, by the iuſtice
Of that vnbribed euerlaſting law.
Spu. Oh Ide a hot-backt Diuill to my father.
Dut. Would not this mad e'en patience, make bloud rough?
Who but an Eunuch would not sinne? his bed
By one false minute disinherited.
Spu. I, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in,
Ile be reuengd for all; now hate begin,
Ile call foule Inceſt but a Veniall sinne.
Dut. Cold ſtill: in vaine then muſt a Dutchesse woo?
Spu. Madam I blush to say what I will doo.
Dut. Thence flew sweet comfort, earneſt and farewell.
Spu. Oh one inceſtuous kisse picks open hell.
Dut. Faith now old Duke; my vengeance shall reach high,
Ile arme thy brow with womans Herauldrie. *Exit.*
Spu. Duke, thou didſt do me wrong, and by thy Act
Adultery is my nature;
Faith if the truth were knowne, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner, some ſtirring dish
Was my first father; when deepe healths went round,
And Ladies cheekes were painted red with Wine,
Their tongues as short and nimble as their heeles
Vttering words sweet and thick; and when they rise,
Were merrily disposd to fall agen,
In such a whispring and with-drawing houre,
When base-male-Bawds kept Centinell at ſtair-head,
Was I ſtolne softly; oh—damnation met
The sinne of feaſts, drunken adultery.
I feele it swell me; my reuenge is iuſt.
I was begot in impudent Wine and Luſt:

Step-mother I consent to thy desires,
I loue thy mischiefe well, but I hate thee,
And those three Cubs thy sonnes, wishing confusion
Death and disgrace may be their Epitaphs;
As for my brother the Dukes onely sonne,
Whose birth is more beholding to report
Then mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sowne
(Women muſt not be truſted with their owne)
Ile loose my dayes vpon him—hate all I.
Duke on thy browe Ile drawe my Baſtardie.
For indeed a baſtard by nature should make Cuckolds,
Because he is the sonne of a Cuckold-maker. *Exit.*

Enter VINDICI *and* HIPPOLITO, VINDICI *in disguise to attend* L. LUSSURIOSO *the Dukes sonne.* [I. iii.]

Vind. What brother? am I farre inough from my selfe?
Hip. As if another man had beene sent whole
Into the world, and none wiſt how he came.
Vind. It will confirme me bould: the child a'th Court.
Let blushes dwell i'th Country. Impudence!
Thou Goddesse of the pallace, Miſtris of Miſtresses
To whom the coſtly-perfumd people pray,
Strike thou my fore-head into dauntlesse Marble;
Mine eyes to ſteady Saphires: turne my visage,
And if I muſt needes glow, let me blush inward
That this immodeſt season may not spy
That scholler in my cheekes, foole-bashfullnes,
That Maide in the old time, whose flush of *Grace*
Would neuer suffer her to get good cloaths;
Our maides are wiser; and are lesse ashamd,
Saue *Grace* the bawde I seldome heare *Grace* nam'd!
Hip. Nay brother you reach out a'th Verge now,—Sfoote the Dukes sonne, settle your lookes.
Vind. Pray let me not be doubted.
Hip. My Lord—
Luss. *Hipolito*?—be absent leaue vs.
Hip. My Lord after long search, wary inquiryes
And politick siftings, I made choise of yon fellow,
Whom I gesse rare for many deepe imployments;

This our age swims within him: and if Time
Had so much hayre, I should take him for Time,
He is so neere kinne to this present minute.
Luss. Tis ynough,
We thank thee: yet words are but great-mens blanckes.
Gold tho it be dum do's vtter the beſt thankes.
Hip. Your plenteous honor—an exlent fellow my Lord. [*Exit.*]
Luss. So, giue vs leaue—welcome, bee not far off, we muſt bee better acquainted, push, be bould with vs, thy hand.
Vind. With all my heart yfaith. How doſt sweete Musk-cat? When shall we lie togither?
Luss. Wondrous knaue!
Gather him into bouldnesse, sfoote the slaue's
Already as familiar as an Ague,
And shakes me at his pleasure. Friend I can
Forget my selfe in priuate, but else where,
I pray do you remember me.
Vind. Oh very well sir—I conſter my selfe sawcy!
Luss. What haſt beene,
Of what profession?
Vind. A bone-setter!
Luss. A bone-setter!
Vind. A bawde my Lord,
One that setts bones togither.
Luss. Notable bluntnesse!
Fit, fit for me, e'en traynd vp to my hand.
Thou haſt beene Scriuener to much knauery then?
Vind. Foole, to abundance sir; I haue beene witnesse
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins,
And not so little,
I haue seene Patrimonyes washt a peices
Fruit-feilds turnd into baſtards,
And in a world of Acres,
Not so much duſt due to the heire t'was left too
As would well grauell a petition!
Luss. Fine villaine! troth I like him wonderously
Hees e'en shapt for my purpose. Then thou knowſt
Ith world ſtrange luſt.
Vind. O Dutch luſt! fulsome luſt!

Druncken procreation, which begets so many drunckards;
Some father dreads not (gonne to bedde in wine) to slide from the [mother,
And cling the daughter-in-law,
Some Vncles are adulterous with their Neeces,
Brothers with brothers wiues, O howre of Incest!
Any kin now next to the Rim ath sister
Is mans meate in these dayes, and in the morning
When they are vp and drest, and their maske on,
Who can perceiue this? saue that eternall eye
That see's through flesh and all, well:—If any thing be dambd,
It will be twelue a clock at night; that twelue
Will neuer scape;
It is the *Iudas* of the howers; wherein,
Honest saluation is betrayde to sin.
Luss. In troth it is too; but let this talke glide.
It is our bloud to erre, tho hell gapte lowde.
Ladies know *Lucifer* fell, yet still are proude!
Now sir? wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtil,
And deepely fadomd into all estates
I would embrace thee for a neere imployment,
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able
To make lame beggers crouch to thee.
Vind. My Lord?
Secret? I nere had that disease ath mother
I praise my father: why are men made closse?
But to keep thoughts in best. I grant you this,
Tell but some woman a secret ouer night,
Your doctor may finde it in the vrinall ith morning,
But my Lord——
Luss. So, thou'rt confirmed in mee
And thus I enter thee.
Vind. This Indian diuill,
Will quickly enter any man, but a Vsurer—
He preuents that, by entring the diuill first.
Luss. Attend me, I am past my depth in lust
And I must swim or drowne, all my desires
Are leueld at a Virgin not far from Court,
To whom I haue conuayde by Messenger
Many waxt Lines, full of my neatest spirit,

And iewells that were able to rauish her
Without the helpe of man; all which and more
Shee foolish chaſt sent back, the messengers
Receiuing frownes for answeres.
Vind. Possible?
Tis a rare *Phœnix* who ere she bee,
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth my Lord ide be reuengde and marry her,
Luss. Push; the doury of her bloud & of her fortunes,
Are both too meane,—good ynough to be bad withal—
Ime one of that number can defend
Marriage is good: yet rather keepe a friend.
Giue me my bed by ſtealth—theres true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night?
Vind. A very fine relligion!
Luss. Therefore thus,
Ile truſt thee in the businesse of my heart
Because I see thee wel experienc'ſt
In this Luxurious day wherein we breath.
Go thou, and with a smooth enchaunting tongue
Bewitch her eares, and Couzen her of all Grace.
Enter vpon the portion of her soule,
Her honor, which she calls her chaſtity
And bring it into expence, for honeſty
Is like a ſtock of money layd to sleepe,
Which nere so little broke, do's neuer keep.
Vind. You haue gint the Tang yfaith my Lord.
Make knowne the Lady to me, and my braine
Shall swell with ſtrange Inuention: I will moue it
Till I expire with speaking, and drop downe
Without a word to saue me;—but ile work——
Luss. We thanke thee, and will raise thee:—receiue her name,
It is the only daughter, to Madame *Gratiana* the late widdow.
Vind. Oh, my siſter, my siſter?—
Luss. Why dost walke aside?
Vind. My Lord, I was thinking how I might begin
As thus, oh Ladie—or twenty hundred deuices,
Her very bodkin will put a man in.
Luss. I, or the wagging of her haire.

Vind. No, that shall put you in my Lord.
Luss. Shal't? why content, doſt know the daughter then?
Vind. O exlent well by sight.
Luss. That was her brother
That did prefer thee to vs.
Vind. My Lord I thinke so,
I knew I had seene him some where——
Luss. And therefore pree-thee let thy heart to him,
Be as a Virgin, closse.
Vind. Oh my good Lord.
Luss. We may laugh at that simple age within him.
Vind. Ha, ha, ha.
Luss. Himselfe being made the subtill inſtrument,
To winde vp a good fellow.
Vind. That's I my Lord.
Luss. That's thou.
To entice and worke his siſter.
Vind. A pure nouice!
Luss. T'was finely manag'd.
Vind. Gallantly carried;
A prety-perfumde villaine.
Luss. I'ue bethought me
If she prooue chaſt ſtill and immoueable,
Venture vpon the Mother, and with giftes
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.
Vin. Oh fie, fie, that's the wrong end my Lord. Tis meere impossible that a mother by any gifts should become a bawde to her owne Daughter!
Luss. Nay then I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtill Miſtery of a woman:—why tis held now no dainty dish: The name
Is so in league with age that now adaies
It do's Eclipse three quarters of a Mother.
Vind. Doſt so my Lord?
Let me alone then to Eclipse the fourth.
Luss. Why well sayd, come ile furnish thee, but firſt sweare to be true in all.
Vind. True?
Luss. Nay but sweare!
Vind. Sweare?—I hope your honor little doubts my fayth.

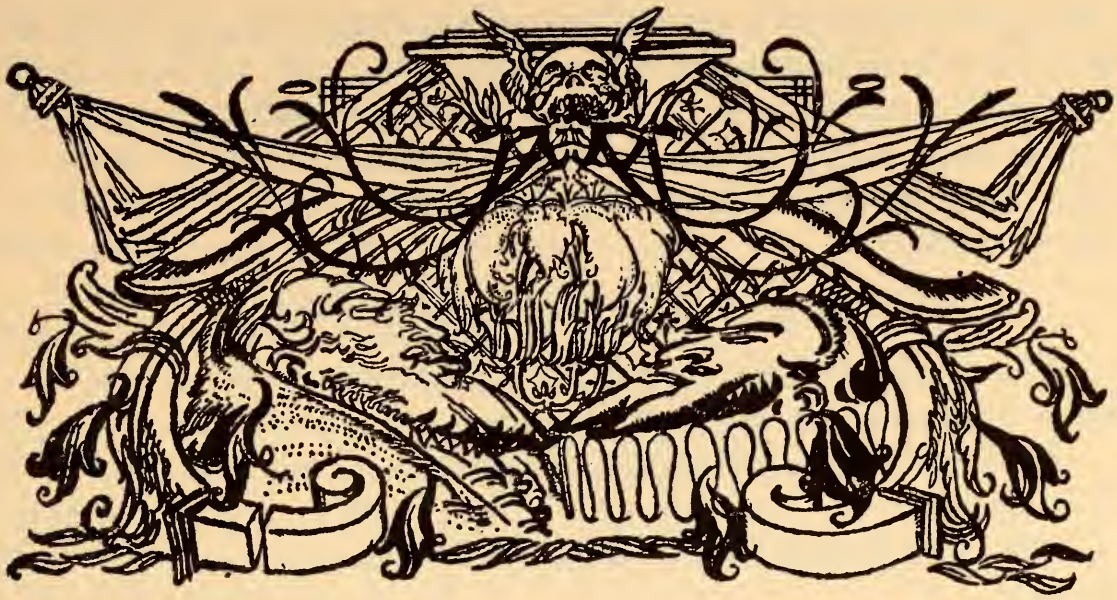
Luss. Yet for my humours sake cause I loue swearing.
Vind. Cause you loue swearing, slud I will.
Luss. Why ynough,
Ere long looke to be made of better ſtuff.
Vind. That will do well indeed my Lord.
Luss. Attend me. [*Exit.*]
Vind. Oh.
Now let me burſt, I'ue eaten Noble poyson.
We are made ſtrange fellowes, brother, innocent villaines.
Wilt not be angry when thou hearſt on't, thinkſt thou?
Ifayth thou shalt; sweare me to foule my ſiſter.
Sword I durſt make a promise of him to thee,
Thou shalt dis-heire him, it shall be thine honor,
And yet now angry froath is downe in me,
It would not proue the meaneſt policy
In this disguize to try the fayth of both;
Another might haue had the selfe same office,
Some slaue, that would haue wrought effectually,
I and perhaps ore-wrought em, therefore I,
Being thought trauayld, will apply my selfe,
Vnto the selfe same forme, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
So touch 'em,—tho I durſt almoſt for good,
Venture my lands in heauen vpon their good. *Exit.*

[I. iv.] *Enter the discontented Lord* ANTONIO, *whose wife the Duchesses yongeſt Sonne rauisht; he Discouering the body of her dead to certaine Lords: and Hippolito.*

L. Ant. Draw neerer Lords and be sad witnesses
Of a fayre comely building newly falne,
Being falsely vndermined: violent rape
Has playd a glorious act, behold my Lords
A sight that strikes man out of me.
Piero. That vertuous Lady?
Ant. President for wiues!
Hip. The blush of many weomen, whose chaſt presence
Would ene call shame vp to their cheekes,
And make pale wanton sinners haue good colours,——
L. Ant. Dead!

Her honor firſt drunke poyson, and her life,
Being fellowes in one house did pledge her honour.
Pier. O greefe of many!
L. Anto. I markt not this before.
A prayer Booke the pillow to her cheeke,
This was her rich confection, and another
Plac'd in her right hand, with a leafe tuckt vp,
Poynting to these words.
Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecus viuere.
True and effectuall it is indeed.
Hip. My Lord since you enuite vs to your sorrowes,
Lets truely taſt 'em, that with equall comfort,
As to our selues we may releiue your wrongs;
We haue greefe too, that yet walkes without Tong,
Curæ leues loquuntur, Maiores ſtupent.
L. Ant. You deale with truth my Lord.
Lend me but your Attentions, and Ile cut
Long greefe into short words: laſt reuelling night,
When Torch-light made an artificiall noone
About the Court, some Courtiers in the maske,
Putting on better faces then their owne,
Being full of frawde and flattery: amongſt whome,
The Ducheses yongeſt sonne (that moth to honor)
Fild vp a Roome; and with long luſt to eat
Into my wearing; amongſt all the Ladyes,
Singled out that deere forme; who euer liu'd,
As cold in Luſt, as shee is now in death;
(Which that ſtep Duches-Monſter knew to well;)
And therefore in the height of all the reuells,
When Musick was hard lowdest, Courtiers busieſt,
And Ladies great with laughter;—O Vitious minute!
Vnfit but for relation to be spoke of,
Then with a face more impudent then his vizard
He harried her amidſt a throng of Panders,
That liue vppon damnation of both kindes,
And fed the rauenous vulture of his luſt,
(O death to thinke ont) she her honor forceſt,
Deemd it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poyson then to liue with shame.

Hip. A wondrous Lady; of rare fire compact,
Sh'as made her name an Empresse by that act.
Pier. My Lord what iudgement followes the offender?
L. Ant. Faith none my Lord it cooles and is deferd.
Pier. Delay the doome for rape?
L. Ant. O you must note who tis should die,
The Duchesse sonne, sheele looke to be a sauer,
" Iudgment in this age is nere kin to fauour.
Hip. Nay then step forth thou *Bribelesse* officer;
I bind you all in steele to bind you surely,
Heer let your oths meet, to be kept and payd,
Which else will sticke like rust, and shame the blade;
Strengthen my vow, that if at the next sitting,
Iudgment speake all in gold, and spare the bloud
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats,
To let his soule out, which long since was found
Guilty in heauen.
All. We sweare it and will act it.
L. Anto. Kind Gentlemen, I thanke you in mine Ire.
Hip. Twere pitty
The ruins of so faire a Monument,
Should not be dipt in the defacers bloud.
Piero. Her funerall shall be wealthy, for her name
Merits a toombe of pearle; my Lord *Antonio,*
For this time wipe your Lady from your eyes,
No doubt our greefe and youres may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with Reueng.
L. Anto. That is my comfort Gentlemen, and I ioy
In this one happines aboue the rest,
Which will be cald a miracle at last,
That being an old-man ide a wife so chast. *Exeunt.*



ACTVS. 2. SCÆ. 1.

Enter CASTIZA *the sister.*

Cast. How hardly shall that mayden be beset,
Whose onely fortunes, are her constant thoughts,
That has no other childes-part but her honor,
That Keepes her lowe and empty in estate.
Maydes and their honors are like poore beginners,
Were not sinne rich there would be fewer sinners;
Why had not vertue a reuennewe ? well,
I know the cause, twold haue impouerish'd hell.
How now *Dondolo*?

[*Enter* DONDOLO.]

Don. Madona, there is one as they say a thing of flesh and blood, a man I take him by his beard that would very desireously mouth to mouth with you.

Cast. Whats that?

Don. Show his teeth in your company.

Cast. I vnderstand thee not.

Don. Why speake with you *Madona* !

Cast. Why say so mad-man, and cut of a great deale of durty way; had it not beene better spoke in ordinary words that one would speake with me?

Don. Ha, ha, thats as ordinary as two shillings, I would striue

a litle to show my selfe in my place, a Gentleman-vsher scornes to vse the Phrase and fanzye of a seruingman.

Cast. Yours be your one sir, go direct him hether,
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,
That lately trauayld, whome my soule affects.
Here he comes.

Enter VINDICE *her brother disguised.*

Vin. Lady the best of wishes to your sexe,
Faire skins and new gownes.

Cast. Oh they shall thanke you sir,
Whence this?

Vin. Oh from a deere and worthy friend,
mighty!

Cast. From whome?

Vin. The Dukes sonne!

Cast. Receiue that! *A boxe ath eare to her Brother.*
I swore I'de put anger in my hand,
And passe the Virgin limits of my selfe,
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sinnes Atturney; beare to him
That figure of my hate vpon thy cheeke
Whilst tis yet hot, and Ile reward thee fort,
Tell him my honor shall haue a rich name,
When seuerall harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewell commend me to him in my hate! *Exit.*

Vin. It is the sweetest Boxe,
That ere my nose came nye,
The finest drawne-worke cuffe that ere was worne,
Ile loue this blowe for euer, and this cheeke
Shall still hence forward take the wall of this.
Oh Ime aboue my tong: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honorable showne;
Many are cald by their honour that haue none,
Thou art approu'd for euer in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taynt thee,
And yet for the saluation of my oth,
As my resolue in that poynt; I will lay
Hard seige vnto my Mother, tho I know,

A *Syrens* tongue could not bewitch her so.
Masse fitly here she comes, thankes my disguize,
Madame good afternoone.
Moth. Y'are welcome sir.
Vind. The Next of *Italy* commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the Dukes sonne.
Moth. I thinke my selfe much honord, that he pleases
To ranck me in his thoughts.
Vind. So may you Lady:
One that is like to be our suddaine Duke,
The Crowne gapes for him euery tide, and then
Commander ore vs all, do but thinke on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him
E'en with any thing almost.
Moth. I, saue their honor.
Vind. Tut, one would let a little of that go too
And nere be seene in't: nere be seene in't, marke you,
Ide winck and let it go——
Moth. Marry but I would not.
Vind. Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,
If youd that bloud now which you gaue your daughter,
To her indeed tis, this wheele comes about;
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning
(For his white father do's but moulde away)
Has long desirde your daughter.
Moth. Desirde?
Vind. Nay but heare me,
He desirs now that will command hereafter,
Therefore be wise, I speake as more a friend
To you then him; Madam, I know y'are poore,
And lack the day, there are too many poore Ladies already—
Why should you vex the number? tis despisd,
Liue wealthy, rightly vnderstand the world,
And chide away that foolish—Country girle
Keepes company with your daughter, chastity.
Moth. O fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mother to such a most vnnaturall taske.
Vind. No, but a thousand Angells can;
Men haue no power, Angells must worke you too't,

The world descends into such base-borne euills
That forty Angells can make fourescore diuills,
There will be fooles ſtill I perceiue, ſtill fooles.
Would I be poore deiected, scornd of greatnesse,
Swept from the Pallace, and see other daughters
Spring with the dewe ath Court, hauing mine owne
So much desir'd and lou'd—by the Dukes sonne?
No, I would raise my ſtate vpon her breſt
And call her eyes my Tennants, I would count
My yearely maintenance vpon her cheekes:
Take Coach vpon her lip, and all her partes
Should keepe men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure vpon pleasure:
You tooke great paines for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.
Moth. O heauens! this ouer-comes me.
Vind. Not I hope, already?
Moth. It is too ſtrong for me, men know that know vs,
We are so weake their words can ouerthrow vs.
He toucht me neerely, made my vertues bate
When his tongue ſtruck vpon my poore eſtate.
Vind. I e'en quake to proceede, my spirit turnes edge.
I feare me she's vnmotherd, yet ile venture,
„ That woman is all male, whome none can Enter.
What thinke you now Lady, speake are you wiser?
What sayd aduancement to you: thus it sayd!
The daughters fal lifts vp the mothers head:
Did it not Madame? but ile sweare it does
In many places, tut, this age feares no man,
„ Tis no shame to be bad, because tis common.
Moth. I that's the comfort on't.
Vind. The comfort on't!
I keepe the beſt for laſt, can these perswade you
To forget heauen—and——
Moth. I these are they.
Vind. Oh!
Moth. That enchant our sexe,
These are the means that gouerne our affections,—that woman

Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you,
I blush to thinke what for your sakes Ile do !
Vind. O suffring heauen with thy inuisible finger,
Ene at this Instant turne the pretious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see my selfe.
Mot. Looke you sir.
Vin. Holla.
Mot. Let this thanke your paines.
Vind. O you'r a kind Madam.
Mot. Ile see how I can moue.
Vind. Your words will sting.
Mot. If she be still chast Ile nere call her mine.
Vind. Spoke truer then you ment it.
[*Enter* CASTIZA.]
Mot. Daughter *Castiza.*
Cast. Madam.
Vind. O shees yonder.
Meete her: troupes of celestiall Soldiers gard her heart.
Yon dam has deuills ynough to take her part.
Cast. Madam what makes yon euill offic'd man,
In presence of you?
Mot. Why?
Cast. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the Dukes sonne
To tempt me to dishonorable Act.
Mot. Dishonorable Act?—good honorable foole,
That wouldst be honest cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And t'as a good report, pretely commended,
But pray by whome? meane people; ignorant people,
The better sort Ime sure cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our liues,
But by our betters actions? oh if thou knew'st
What t'were to loose it, thou would neuer keepe it:
But theres a cold curse layd vpon all Maydes,
Whilst others clip the Sunne they clasp the shades !
Virginity is paradice, lockt vp.
You cannot come by your selues without fee.

And twas decreed that man should keepe the key!
Deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne!
Cast. I cry you mercy. Lady I mistooke you,
Pray did you see my Mother; which way went you?
Pray God I haue not lost her.
Vind. Prittily put by.
Moth. Are you as proud to me as coye to him?
Doe you not know me now?
Cast. Why are you shee?
The worlds so changd, one shape into another,
It is a wise childe now that knowes her mother.
Vind. Most right ifaith.
Mother. I owe your cheeke my hand,
For that presumption now, but Ile forget it.
Come you shall leaue those childish hauiours,
And vnderstand your Time; Fortunes flow to you;
What will you be a Girle?
If all feard drowning, that spye waues a shoare,
Gold would grow rich, and all the Marchants poore.
Cast. It is a pritty saying of a wicked one, but me thinkes now
It dos not show so well out of your mouth,
Better in his.
Vind. Faith bad inough in both,
Were I in earnest as Ile seeme no lesse.
I wonder Lady your owne mothers words,
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honestie you vrge; what's honestie?
'Tis but heauens beggar; and what woman is so foolish to keepe
And be not able to keepe her-selfe? No, [honesty,
Times are growne wiser and will keepe lesse charge,
A Maide that h'as small portion now entends,
To breake vp house, and liue vpon her friends.
How blest are you, you haue happinesse alone;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in him-selfe to make your fore-head
Dazle the world with Iewels, and petitionary people
Start at your presence.
Mother. Oh if I were yong, I should be rauisht.
Cast. I to loose your honour.

Vind. Slid how can you loose your honor?
To deale with my Lords Grace?
Heele adde more honour to it by his Title,
Your Mother will tell you how.

Mother. That I will.

Vind. O thinke vpon the pleasure of the Pallace,
Secured ease and ſtate; the ſtirring meates,
Ready to moue out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when their [eaten,
Banquets abroad by Torch-light, Musicks, sports,
Bare-headed vassailes, that had nere the fortune
To keepe on their owne Hats, but let hornes were em.
Nine Coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry.

Caſt. I to the Diuill.

Vind. I to the Diuill, to th' Duke by my faith.

Moth. I to the Duke: daughter youde scorne to thinke ath' Diuill and you were there once.

Vin. True, for moſt there are as proud as he for his heart ifaith.
Who'de sit at home in a neglected roome,
Dealing her short-liu'de beauty to the pictures,
That are as vse-lesse as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune then her-selfe,
Walke with a hundred Acres on their backs,
Faire Medowes cut into Greene fore-parts—oh
It was the greateſt blessing euer happened to women;
When Farmers sonnes agreed, and met agen,
To wash their hands, and come vp Gentlemen;
The common-wealth has flourisht euer since;
Lands that were meat by the Rod, that labors spar'd,
Taylors ride downe, and measure em by the yeard;
Faire trees, those comely fore-tops of the Field,
Are cut to maintaine head-tires—much vntold.
All thriues but Chaſtity, she lyes a cold.
Nay shall I come neerer to you, marke but this:
Why are there so few honeſt women, but because 'tis the poorer profession? that's accounted beſt, thats beſt followed, leaſt in trade, leaſt in fashion, and thats not honeſty—beleeue it, and doe but note the loue and deiected price of it:

Loose but a Pearle, we search and cannot brooke it.
But that once gone, who is so mad to looke it.

Mother. Troth he sayes true.
Cast. False, I defie you both:
I haue endur'd you with an eare of fire,
Your Tongues haue struck hotte yrons on my face;
Mother, come from that poysonous woman there.
Mother. Where?
Cast. Do you not see her? shee's too inward then:
Slaue perish in thy office: you heauens please,
Hence-forth to make the Mother a disease,
Which first begins with me, yet I'ue out-gon you. *Exit.*
Vind. O Angels clap your wings vpon the skyes,
And giue this Virgin Christall plaudities.
Mot. Peeuish, coy, foolish—but returne this answer,
My Lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way. I will sway mine owne;
Women with women can worke best alone. *Exit.*
Vind. Indeed Ile tell him so;
O more vnciuill, more vnnaturall,
Then those base-titled creatures that looke downe-ward!
Why do's not heauen turne black, or with a frowne
Vndoo the world—why do's not earth start vp,
And strike the sinnes that tread vppon't?—oh;
Wert not for gold and women; there would be no damnation,
Hell would looke like a Lords Great Kitchin without fire in't;
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hookes to catch at man. *Exit.*

[II. ii.] *Enter* LUSSURIOSO, *with* HIPPOLITO, VINDICIES *brother.*

Luss. I much applaud thy iudgement, thou art well read in a [fellow,
And 'tis the deepest Arte to studie man;
I know this, which I neuer learnt in schooles,
The world's diuided into knaues and fooles.
Hip. Knaue in your face my Lord, behinde your back.
Luss. And I much thanke thee, that thou hast preferd
A fellow of discourse—well mingled,
And whose braine Time hath seasond.
Hip. True my Lord,

We shall finde season once I hope;—O villaine!
To make such an vnnaturall slaue of me;—but——
Luss. Masse here he comes.
Hip. And now shall I haue free leaue to depart.
Luss. Your absence, leaue vs.
Hip. Are not my thoughts true?
I muſt remooue; but brother you may ſtay;
Heart, we are both made Bawdes a new-found way. *Exit.*
Luss. Now, we're an euen number; a third mans dangerous,
Especially her brother: say, be free,
Haue I a pleasure toward?
Vind. Oh my Lord.
Luss. Rauish me in thine answer; art thou rare,
Haſt thou beguilde her of saluation,
And rubd hell ore with hunny; is she a woman?
Vind. In all but in Desire.
Luss. Then shee's in nothing,—I bate in courage now.
Vind. The words I brought,
Might well haue made indifferent honeſt, naught.
A right good woman in these dāyes is changde
Into white money with lesse labour farre,
Many a Maide has turn'd to Mahomet,
With easier working; I durſt vndertake
Vpon the pawne and forfeit of my life
With halfe those words to flat a Puritanes wife,
But she is closse and good;—yet 'tis a doubt by this time; oh the mother, the mother?
Luss. I neuer thought their sex had beene a wonder,
Vntill this minute; what fruite from the Mother?
Vind. Now muſt I bliſter my soule, be forsworne,
Or shame the woman that receiu'd mee firſt.
I will be true, thou liu'ſt not to proclaime;
Spoke to a dying man, shame ha's no shame.
My Lord.
Luss. Whose that?
Vind. Heres none but I my Lord.
Luss. What would thy haſt vtter?
Vind. Comfort.
Luss. Welcome.

Vind. The Maide being dull, hauing no minde to trauell
Into vnknowne lands, what did me I ſtraight,
But set spurs to the Mother; golden spurs
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice.

Luss. Iſt possible that in this
The Mother should be dambd before the daughter?

Vin. Oh, that's good manners my Lord, the Mother for her age muſt goe formoſt you know.

Lu. Thou'ſt spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort?

Vind. In a fine place my Lord—the vnnaturall mother,
Did with her tong so hard beset her honor,
That the poore foole was ſtruck to silent wonder,
Yet ſtill the maid like an vnlighted Taper,
Was cold and chaſt, saue that her Mothers breath,
Did blowe fire on her cheekes; the girle departed,
But the good antient Madam halfe mad, threwe me
These promissing words, which I took deepely note of;
My Lord shall be moſt wellcome—

Luss. Faith I thanke her.

Vin. When his pleasure conducts him this way—

Luss. That shall be soone ifaith.

Vind. I will sway mine owne——

Luss. Shee do's the wiser I commend her fort.

Vind. Women with women can worke beſt alone.

Luss. By this light and so they can; giue 'em their due, men are not comparable to 'em.

Vind. No thats true, for you shall haue one woman knit more in a hower then any man can Rauell agen in seauen and twenty yeare.

Luss. Now my desires are happy, Ile make 'em free-men now;
Thou art a pretious fellow, faith I loue thee,
Be wise and make it thy reuennew, beg, leg.
What office couldſt thou be Ambitious for?

Vind. Office my Lord? marry if I might haue my wish I would haue one that was neuer begd yet.

Luss. Nay then thou canſt haue none.

Vind. Yes my Lord I could picke out another office yet, nay and keepe a horse and drab vppont.

Luss. Prethee good bluntnes tell me.

Vind. Why I would desire but this my Lord, to haue all the fees behind the *Arras*; and all the farthingales that fal plumpe about twelue a clock at night vpon the Rushes.

Luss. Thou'rt a mad apprehensiue knaue, doſt thinke to make any great purchase of that?

Vind. Oh tis an vnknowne thing my Lord, I wonder ta's been miſt so long.

Luss. Well, this night ile visit her, and tis till then
A yeare in my desires—farwell, attend,
Truſt me with thy preferment. *Exit.*

Vind. My lou'd Lord;
Oh shall I kill him ath wrong-side now? no!
Sword thou waſt neuer a back-biter yet.
Ile peirce him to his face, he shall die looking vpon me.
Thy veines are sweld with luſt, this shall vnfill e'm,
Great men were Gods, if beggers could not kil e'm.
Forgiue me heauen, to call my mother wicked,
Oh lessen not my daies vpon the earth.
I cannot honor her; by this I feare me
Her tongue has turnd my siſter into vse.
I was a villaine not to be forsworne
To this our lecherous hope, the Dukes sonne,
For Lawiers, Merchants, some diuines and all,
Count beneficiall periury a sin small.
It shall go hard yet, but ile guard her honor
And keepe the portes sure. *Enter* HIPPOL.

Hip. Brother how goes the world? I would know newes of you
But I haue newes to tell you.

Vind. What in the name of knauery?

Hipo. Knauery fayth,
This vicious old Duke's worthily abusde—
The pen of his baſtard writes him Cuckold!

Vind. His baſtard?

Hip. Pray beleeue it, he and the Duchesse
By night meete in their linnen, they haue beene seene
By ſtaire-foote pandars!

Vind. Oh sin foule and deepe,
Great faults are winckt at when the Duke's asleepe,
See, see, here comes the *Spurio*.

Hip. Monſtrous Luxur !

[*Enter* SPURIO *and Servants.*]

Vind. Vnbrac'd: two of his valiant bawdes with him.
O There's a wicked whisper; hell is in his eare.
Stay let's obserue his passage——
Spu. Oh but are you sure on't?
Ser. My Lord moſt sure on't, for twas spoke by one,
That is moſt inward with the Dukes sonnes luſt:
That he intends within this houre to ſteale
Vnto *Hippolitoes* siſter, whose chaſt life
The mother has corrupted for his vse.
Sp. Sweete word, sweete occasion, fayth then brother
Ile disinherit you in as short time,
As I was when I was begot in haſt:
Ile dam you at your pleasure: pretious deed
After your luſt, oh twill be fine to bleede,
Come let our passing out be soft & wary. *Exeunt.*
Vi. Marke, there, there, that ſtep, now to the Duches,
This their second meeting writes the Duke Cuckold
With new additions, his hornes newly reuiu'd:
Night ! thou that lookſt like funerall Heraulds fees
Torne downe betimes ith morning, thou hangſt fittly
To Grace those sins that haue no grace at all.
Now tis full sea a bed ouer the world;
Theres iugling of all sides; some that were Maides
E'en at Sun set are now perhaps ith Toale-booke;
This woman in immodeſt thin apparell
Lets in her friend by water, here a Dame
Cunning, nayles lether-hindges to a dore,
To auoide proclamation.
Now Cuckolds are a quoyning, apace, apace, apace, apace.
And carefull siſters spinne that thread ith night,
That does maintaine them and their bawdes ith daie !
Hip. You flow well brother.
Vind. Puh I'me shallow yet,
Too sparing and too modeſt; shall I tell thee?
If euery trick were told that's dealt by night
There are few here that would not blush out right.

Hip. I am of that beleefe too.
Vind. Whose this comes?
[*Enter* LUSSURIOSO.]
The Dukes sonne vp so late,—brother fall back,
And you shall learne some mischeife,—my good Lord.
Luss. *Piato,* why the man I wisht for, come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To tast of that yong Lady.
Vind. Heart, and hell.
Hip. Dambd villaine.
Vind. I ha no way now to crosse it, but to kill him.
Luss. Come only thou and I.
Vin. My Lord my Lord.
Luss. Why dost thou start vs?
Vind. Ide almost forgot—the bastard!
Luss. What of him?
Vind. This night, this houre—this minute, now.
Luss. What? what?
Vin. Shadowes the Duchesse——
Luss. Horrible word.
Vind. And like strong poyson eates
Into the Duke your fathers fore-head.
Luss. Oh.
Vind. He makes horne royall.
Luss. Most ignoble slaue!
Vind. This is the fruite of two beds.
Luss. I am mad.
Vind. That passage he trod warily.
Luss. He did!
Vind. And husht his villaines euery step he tooke.
Luss. His villaines? ile confound them.
Vind. Take e'm finely, finely, now.
Luss. The Duchesse Chamber-doore shall not controule mee.
Hip. Good, happy, swift, there's gunpowder ith Court, *Exeunt.*
Wilde fire at mid-night, in this heedlesse fury.
He may show violence to crosse himselfe,
Ile follow the Euent. *Exit.*
Luss. Where is that villaine? *Enter againe.*
Vind. Softly my Lord and you may take e'm twisted.

Luss. I care not how !
Vind. Oh twill be glorious,
To kill e'm doubled, when their heapt, be soft my Lord.
Luss. Away ! my spleene is not so lazy ; thus, and thus,
Ile shake their eye-lids ope, and with my sword
Shut e'm agen for euer ;—villaine, ſtrumpet——

[*Exeunt* LUSSURIOSO *and* VINDICE. *Re-enter again with the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS.]

Duk. You vpper Guard defend vs.
Duch. Treason, treason.
Duk. Oh take mee not in sleepe, I haue great sins, I muſt haue
Nay months deere sonne, with penitential heaues, [daies,
To lift 'em out, and not to die vncleere,
O thou wilt kill me both in heauen and here.
Luss. I am amazde to death.
Duke. Nay villaine traytor,
Worse then the fowleſt Epithite, now Ile gripe thee
Ee'n with the Nerues of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongſt the Lawyers gard.

Enter Nobles and sonnes.

1. *Noble.* How comes the quiet of your Grace diſturbd?
Duke. This boye that should be my selfe after mee,
Would be my selfe before me, and in heate
Of that ambition bloudily rusht in
Intending to depose me in my bed.
2. *Noble.* Duty and naturall-loyalty for-fend.
Dut. He cald his Father villaine ; and me ſtrumpet,
A word that I abhorre to file my lips with.
Ambi. That was not so well done Brother.
Luss. I am abusde—I know ther's no excuse can do me good.
Vind. Tis now good policie to be from sight ;
His vicious purpose to our siſters honour
Is croſt beyond our thought.
Hip. You little dreamt his Father slept heere.
Vind. Oh 'twas farre beyond me.
But since it fell so ;—without fright-full word,
Would he had kild him, twould haue easde our swords.

Duk. Be comforted our Duchesse, he shall dye. *dissemble a flight.*
Luss. Where's this slaue-pander now? out of mine eye,
Guiltie of this abuse.

Enter SPURIO *with his villaines.*

Spu. Y'are villaines, Fablers,
You haue knaues chins, and harlots tongues, you lie,
And I will dam you with one meale a day.
1. *Ser.* O good my Lord!
Spu. Sbloud you shall neuer sup.
2. *Ser.* O I beseech you sir.
Spu. To let my sword—Catch cold so long and misse him.
1. *Ser.* Troth my Lord—Twas his intent to meete there.
Spu. Heart hee's yonder?
Ha? what newes here? is the day out ath-socket,
That it is Noone at Mid-night? the Court vp?
How comes the Guard so sawcie with his elbowes?
Luss. The Bastard here?
Nay then the truth of my intent shall out.
My Lord and Father heare me.
Duke. Beare him hence.
Luss. I can with loyaltie excuse.
Duke. Excuse? to prison with the Villaine,
Death shall not long lag after him.
Spu. Good ifaith, then 'tis not much amisse.
Luss. Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues,
I pray perswade for mee.
Ambi. It is our duties: make your selfe sure of vs.
Sup. Weele sweat in pleading.
Luss. And I may liue to thanke you. *Exeunt.*
Ambi. No, thy death shall thanke me better.
Spu. Hee's gon: Ile after him,
And know his trespasse, seeme to beare a part
In all his ills, but with a *Puritane* heart. *Exit.*
Amb. Now brother, let our hate and loue be wouen
So subtilly together, that in speaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death,
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.
Sup. Set on, Ile not be farre behinde you brother.

Duke. Iſt possible a sonne should bee disobedient as farre as the sword: it is the higheſt, he can goe no farther.

Ambi. My gratious Lord, take pitty,——

Duke. Pitty boyes?

Amb. Nay weed be loth to mooue your Grace too much,
Wee know the trespasse is vnpardonable,
Black, wicked, and vnnaturall.

Sup. In a sonne, oh Monſtrous.

Ambi. Yet my Lord,
A Dukes soft hand ſtroakes the rough head of law,
And makes it lye smooth.

Duk. But my hand shall nere doot.

Amb. That as you please my Lord.

Super. Wee muſt needs confesse,
Some father would haue enterd into hate,
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes,
Hee would ha seene the execution sound,
Without corrupted fauour.

Amb. But my Lord,
Your Grace may liue the wonder of all times,
In pardning that offence which neuer yet
Had face to beg a pardon.

Duke. Hunny, how's this?

Amb. Forgiue him good my Lord, hee's your owne sonne,
And I muſt needs say 'twas the vildlier done.

Superv. Hee's the next heire—yet this true reason gathers,
None can possesse that dispossesse their fathers:
Be mercifull;——

Duke. Here's no Step-mothers-wit,
Ile trie 'em both vpon their loue and hate.

Amb. Be mercifull—altho——

Duke. You haue preuaild,
My wrath like flaming waxe hath spent it selfe,
I know 'twas but some peeuish Moone in him: goe, let him bee [releasd.

Superv. Sfoote how now Brother?

Amb. Your Grace doth please to speake beside your spleene,
I would it were so happy.

Duke. Why goe, release him.

Superv. O my good Lord, I know the fault's too weighty,

And full of generall loathing; too inhumaine,
Rather by all mens voyces worthy death.
Duke. Tis true too; here then, receiue this signet, doome shall
Direct it to the Iudges, he shall dye [passe,
Ere many dayes, make hast.
Amb. All speed that may be,
We could haue wisht his burthen not so sore,
We knew your Grace did but delay before. *Exeunt.*
Duke. Here's Enuie with a poore thin couer or't,
Like Scarlet hid in lawne, easily spide through.
This their ambition by the Mothers side,
Is dangerous, and for safetie must be purgd;
I will preuent their enuies: sure it was
But some mistaken furie in our sonne,
Which these aspiring boyes would climbe vpon:
He shall bee releasde suddainly.

Enter Nobles.

1. *Nob.* Good morning to your Grace.
Duke. Welcome my Lords.
2. *Nob.* Our knees shall take away the office of our feete for euer,
Vnlesse your Grace bestow a fathers eye,
Vpon the Clouded fortunes of your sonne,
And in compassionate vertue grant him that,
Which makes e'en meane men happy; liberty.
Duk. How seriously their loues and honors woo
For that, which I am about to pray them doo—
Which, rise my Lords, your knees signe his release,
We freely pardon him.
1. *Nob.* We owe your Grace much thankes, and he much duety.
Duk. It well becomes that Iudge to nod at crimes, *Exeunt.*
That dos commit greater himselfe and liues:
I may forgiue a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery
And in my old daies am a youth in lust:
Many a beauty haue I turnd to poyson
In the deniall, couetous of all,
Age hot, is like a Monster to be seene:
My haires are white, and yet my sinnes are Greene.

ACT. 3.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE

III. I [1–17]

Enter AMBITIOSO, *and* SUPERUACUO.

Sup. Brother, let my opinion sway you once,
I speake it for the beſt, to haue him die
Sureſt and sooneſt; if the signet come
Vnto the iudges hands, why then his doome
Will be deferd till sittings and Court-daies:
Iuries and further,—Fayths are bought and sold,
Oths in these daies are but the skin of gold.

Amb. In troth tis true too!

Super. Then lets set by the Iudges
And fall to the Officers; tis but miſtaking
The Duke our fathers meaning, and where he nam'd,
Ere many daies, tis but forgetting that
And, haue him die i'th morning.

Amb. Excellent,
Then am I heire—Duke in a minute.

Super. Nay,

And he were once pufft out, here is a pinne
Should quickly prick your bladder.
Amb. Bleſt occasion,
He being packt, weele haue some trick and wile,
To winde our yonger brother out of prison,
That lies in for the Rape; the Ladies dead,
And peoples thoughts will soone be buried.
Super. We may with safty do't, and liue and feede;
The Duchesse-sonnes are too proud to bleed.
Am. We are yfaith to say true,—come let's not linger.
Ile to the Officers, go you before,
And set an edge vpon the Executioner.
Sup. Let me alone to grind him. *Exit.*
Amb. Meete; farewell.
I am next now, I rise iuſt in that place
Where thou'rt cut of—vpon thy Neck kind brother.
The falling of one head, lifts vp another. *Exit.*

Enter with the Nobles, LUSSURIOSO *from pryson.* [III. ii.]

Luss. My Lords, I am so much indebted to your loues,
For this, O this deliuery.
1. *Nob.* But our dueties, my Lord, vnto the hopes that growe
Luss. If ere I liue to be my selfe ile thanke you. [in you.
O liberty thou sweete and heauenly Dame;
But hell for pryson is too milde a name. *Exeunt.*

Enter AMBITIOSO, *and* SUPERUACUO, *with Officers.* [III. iii.]

Am. Officers, heres the Dukes signet, your firme warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Vnto our brother, the Dukes sonne; we are sory
That we are so vnnaturally employde
In such an vnkinde Office, fitter farre
For enemies then brothers.
Super. But you know,
The Dukes command muſt be obayde.
1. *Offi.* It muſt and shal my Lord—this morning then,
So suddainely?
Am. I alasse poore—good—soule,
Hee muſt breake faſt betimes, the executioner

Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.
2. *Offi.* Already?
Sup. Already ifaith, O sir, deſtruction hies,
And that is leaſt Impudent, sooneſt dyes.
1. *Offi.* Troth you say true my Lord; we take our leaues,
Our Office shall be sound, weele not delay
The third part of a minute.
Amb. Therein you showe
Your selues good men, and vpright officers.
Pray let him die as priuat as he may,
Doe him that fauour, for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse, and sweare, and so die black.
Will you be so far Kind?
1. *Off.* It shall be done my Lord.
Amb. Why we do thanke you, if we liue to be,
You shall haue a better office.
2. *Off.* Your good Lord-shippe.
Sup. Commend vs to the scaffold in our teares.
1. *Off.* Weele weepe and doe your commendations. *Exeunt.*
Amb. Fine fooles in office!
Sup. Things fall out so fit.
Amb. So happily, come brother ere next clock,
His head will be made serue a bigger block. *Exeunt.*

[III. iv.] *Enter in prison* IUNIOR *Brother.*

Iuni. Keeper.
Keep. My Lord.
Iuni. No newes lately from our brothers?
Are they vnmindfull of vs?
Keep. My Lord a messenger came newly in and brought this [from 'em.
Iuni. Nothing but paper comforts?
I look'd for my deliuery before this,
Had they beene worth their oths—prethee be from vs.
Now what say you forsooth, speake out I pray,
Letter. *Brother be of good cheere,*
Slud it begins like a whore with good cheere,
Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.
Not fiue and thirty yeare like a banqrout, I think so,

We haue thought vpon a deuice to get thee out by a tricke !
By a tricke, pox a your tricke and it be so long a playing.
And so reſt comforted, be merry and expect it suddaynely !
Be merry, hang merry, draw and quarter merry, Ile be mad !
Iſt not ſtrange that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman? well, wee shall see how suddaine our brothers will bee in their promise. I muſt expect ſtill a trick ! I shall not bee long a prisoner ! how now, what newes?

Keeper. Bad newes my Lord I am discharg'd of you.

Iunio. Slaue calſt thou that bad newes? I thanke you brothers.

Keep. My Lord twill proue so; here come the Officers,
Into whose hands I muſt commit you.

Iunio. Ha, Officers, what, why?

1. *Offi.* You muſt pardon vs my Lord,
Our Office muſt be sound, here is our warrant—
The signet from the Duke; you muſt ſtraight suffer.

Iunior. Suffer? ile suffer you to be gon, ile suffer you
To come no more, what would you haue me suffer?

2. *Offi.* My Lord those words were better chang'd to praiers,
The times but breife with you, prepare to die.

Iunior. Sure tis not so.

3. *Offi.* It is too true my Lord.

Iunior. I tell you tis not, for the Duke my father
Deferd me till next sitting, and I looke
E'en euery minute, threescore times an houre,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.

1. *Offi.* A trick my Lord? if you expect such comfort,
Your hopes as fruitlesse as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the vnhappy messengers,
That brought this powerfull token for your death.

Iunior. My brothers, no, no.

2. *Offi.* Tis moſt true my Lord.

Iunior. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death?
How ſtrange this showes?

3. *Offi.* There's no delaying time.

Iunior. Desire e'm hether, call e'm vp, my brothers !
They shall deny it to your faces.

1. *Offi.* My Lord,
They're far ynough by this, at leaſt at Court,

And this moſt ſtrickt command they left behind e'm,
When griefe swum in their eyes, they show'd like brothers,
Brim-full of heauy sorrow: but the Duke
Muſt haue his pleasure.

Iunio. His pleasure?

1. *Off.* These were their laſt words which my memory beares,
Commend vs to the Scaffold in our teares.

Iunior. Pox drye their teares, what should I do with teares?
I hate em worse then any Cittizens sonne
Can hate salt water; here came a letter now,
New-bleeding from their Pens, scarce ſtinted yet,
Would Ide beene torne in peeces when I tore it,
Looke you officious whoresons words of comfort,
Not long a Prisoner.

1. *Off.* It sayes true in that sir, for you muſt suffer presently.

Iunior. A villanous Duns vpon the letter—knauish exposition,
Looke you then here sir: *Weele get thee out by a trick* sayes hee.

2. *Off.* That may hold too sir, for you know a Trick is commonly foure Cardes, which was meant by vs foure officers.

Iunior. Worse and worse dealing.

1. *Off.* The houre beckens vs,
The heads-man waites, lift vp your eyes to heauen.

Iunior. I thanke you faith; good pritty-holsome counsell,
I should looke vp to heauen as you sedd,
Whilſt he behinde me cozens me of my head,
I thats the Trick.

3. *Off.* You delay too long my Lord.

Iunior. Stay good Authorities Baſtards, since I muſt
Through Brothers periurie dye, O let me venome
Their soules with curses.

1. *Off.* Come tis no time to curse.

Iunior. Muſt I bleed then, without respect of signe? well—
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approoues,
I dye for that which euery woman loues. *Exeunt.*

[III. v.] *Enter* VINDICI *with* HIPPOLITO *his brother.*

Vind. O sweete, delectable, rare, happy, rauishing.

Hip. Why what's the matter brother?

Vin. O tis able to make a man spring vp, & knock his for-head

Againſt yon siluar seeling.
Hip. Pre-thee tell mee,
Why may not I pertake with you? you vowde once
To giue me share to euery tragick thought.
Vind. Byth' Masse I think I did too,
Then Ile diuide it to thee,—the old Duke
Thinking my outward shape, and inward heart
Are cut out of one peice; (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart ſtands ath out side) hires me by price:
To greete him with a Lady,
In some fit place vaylde from the eyes ath Court,
Some darkned blushlesse Angle, that is guilty
Of his fore-fathers luſts, and great-folkes riots,
To which I easily (to maintaine my shape)
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meete her here in this vn-sunned lodge,
Where-in tis night at noone, and here the rather,
Because vnto the torturing of his soule,
The Baſtard and the Duchesse haue appoynted
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle,
Which moſt afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the reſt of him.
Hip. Twill yfaith, moſt dreadfully digeſted,
I see not how you could haue miſt me brother.
Vind. True, but the violence of my ioy forgot it.
Hip. I, but where's that Lady now?
Vind. Oh at that word,
I'me loſt againe, you cannot finde me yet
I'me in a throng of happy Apprehensions.
Hee's suted for a Lady; I haue tooke care
For a delitious lip, a sparkling eye—
You shall be witnesse brother;
Be ready, ſtand with your hat off. *Exit.*
Hip. Troth I wonder what Lady it should be?
Yet tis no wonder, now I thinke againe,
To haue a Lady ſtoope to a Duke, that ſtoopes vnto his men.
Tis common to be common, through the world:
And there's more priuate common shadowing vices,
Then those who are knowne both by their names and prices.

Tis part of my alleagance to ſtand bare
To the Dukes Concubine,—and here she comes.

Enter VINDICE, *with the skull of his loue drest up in Tires.*

Vind. Madame his grace will not be absent long.
Secret? nere doubt vs Madame; twill be worth
Three veluet gownes to your Ladyship—knowne?
Few Ladies respect that—disgrace? a poore thin shell,
Tis the beſt grace you haue to do it well.
Ile saue your hand that labour, ile vnmaske you.

Hip. Why brother, brother.

Vind. Art thou beguild now? tut, a Lady can,
At such all hid, beguile a wiser man.
Haue I not fitted the old surfetter
With a quaint peice of beauty? age and bare bone
Are ere allied in action; here's an eye,
Able to tempt a greatman—to serue God,
A prety hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble;
Me thinkes this mouth should make a swearer tremble,
A drunckard claspe his teeth, and not vndo e'm,
To suffer wet damnation to run through e'm.
Heres a cheeke keepes her colour; let the winde go whiſtle,
Spout Raine, we feare thee not, be hot or cold
Alls one with vs; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are vpon their faces set,
That feare no other God but winde and wet?

Hip. Brother y'aue spoke that right;
Is this the forme that liuing shone so bright?

Vind. The very same,
And now me thinkes I cold e'en chide my selfe,
For doating on her beauty, tho her death
Shall be reuengd after no common action;
Do's the Silke-worme expend her yellow labours
For thee? for thee dos she vndoe herselfe?
Are Lord-ships sold to maintaine Lady-ships
For the poore benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why dos yon fellow falsify hie-waies
And put his life betweene the Iudges lippes,
To refine such a thing, keepes horse and men
To beate their valours for her?

Surely wee're all mad people, and they
Whome we thinke are, are not; we mistake those,
Tis we are mad in scence, they but in clothes.
Hip. Faith and in clothes too we, giue vs our due.
Vind. Dos euery proud and selfe-affecting Dame
Camphire her face for this? and grieue her Maker
In sinfull baths of milke,—when many an infant starues,
For her superfluous out-side, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares
Musick, perfumes, and sweete-meates? all are husht,
Thou maist lie chast now! it were fine me thinkes,
To haue thee seene at Reuells, forgetfull feasts,
And vncleane Brothells; sure twould fright the sinner
And make him a good coward, put a Reueller
Out off his Antick amble
And cloye an Epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornefull and ambitious woman
Looke through and through her selfe,—see Ladies, with false
You deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes. [formes
Now to my tragick businesse, looke you brother,
I haue not fashiond this onely—for show
And vselesse property; no, it shall beare a part
E'en in it owne Reuenge. This very skull,
Whose Mistris the Duke poysoned, with this drug
The mortall curse of the earth, shall be reuengd
In the like straine, and kisse his lippes to death.
As much as the dumbe thing can, he shall feele:
What fayles in poyson, weele supply in steele.
Hip. Brother I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintnesse of thy malice aboue thought.
Vind. So tis layde on: now come and welcome Duke,
I haue her for thee, I protest it brother:
Me thinkes she makes almost as faire a sine
As some old gentlewoman in a Periwig.
Hide thy face now for shame, thou hadst neede haue a Maske now;
Tis vaine when beauty flowes, but when it fleetes
This would become graues better then the streetes.
Hip. You haue my voice in that; harke, the Duke's come.
Vind. Peace, let's obserue what company he brings,

And how he dos absent e'm, for you knowe
Heele wish all priuate,—brother fall you back a little
With the bony Lady.

Hip. That I will.

Vind. So, so,—now 9. years vengeance crowde into a minute !

[*Enter the* DUKE, *talking to his gentlemen.*]

Duk. You shall haue leaue to leaue vs, with this charge,
Vpon your liues, if we be miſt by'th Duchesse
Or any of the Nobles, to giue out,
We're priuately rid forth.

Vind. Oh happinesse !

Duk. With some few honorable gentlemen you may say,
You may name those that are away from Court.

Gentle. Your will and pleasure shall be done my Lord.

[*Exeunt the gentlemen.*]

Vind. Priuatly rid forth,
He ſtriues to make sure worke on't—your good grace?

Duk. Piato, well done; haſt brought her, what Lady iſt?

Vind. Faith my Lord a Country Lady, a little bashfull at firſt as moſt of them are, but after the firſt kisse my Lord the worſt is paſt with them; your grace knowes now what you haue to doo; sha's some-what a graue looke with her—but——

Duk. I loue that beſt, conduct her.

Vind. Haue at all.

Duk. In graueſt lookes the Greateſt faultes seeme lesse
Giue me that sin thats rob'd in Holines.

Vind. Back with the Torch; brother raise the perfumes.

Duk. How sweete can a Duke breath? age has no fault,
Pleasure should meete in a perfumed miſt.
Lady sweetely encountred. I came from Court, I muſt bee bould with you, oh, what's this, oh !

Vind. Royall villaine, white diuill !

Duke. Oh.

Vind. Brother—place the Torch here, that his affrighted eyeballs
May ſtart into those hollowes. Duke, doſt knowe
Yon dreadfull vizard? view it well, tis the skull
Of *Gloriana,* whom thou poysonedſt laſt.

Duk. Oh, tas poysoned me.
Vind. Didſt not know that till now?
Duk. What are you two?
Vind. Villaines all three!—the very ragged bone
Has beene sufficiently reuengd.
Duk. Oh, *Hippolito*? call treason.
Hip. Yes my good Lord, treason, treason, treason. *ſtamping on him.*
Duk. Then I'me betrayde.
Vind. Alasse poor Lecher in the hands of knaues,
A slauish Duke is baser then his slaues.
Duke. My teeth are eaten out.
Vind. Hadſt any left?
Hip. I thinke but few.
Vin. Then those that did eate are eaten.
Duk. O my tongue.
Vind. Your tongue? twill teach you to kisse closer,
Not like a Flobbering *Dutchman*—you haue eyes ſtill:
Looke monſter, what a Lady haſt thou made me,
My once bethrothed wife.
Duk. Is it thou villaine? nay then—
Vind. T'is I, 'tis *Vindici,* tis I.
Hip. And let this comfort thee: our Lord and Father
Fell sick vpon the infection of thy frownes,
And dyed in sadnesse; be that thy hope of life.
Duke. Oh!
Vind. He had his toung, yet greefe made him die speechlesse.
Puh, tis but early yet, now ile begin
To ſtick thy soule with Vlcers, I will make
Thy spirit grieuous sore, it shall not reſt,
But like some peſtilent man tosse in thy breſt—(marke me duke)
Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty Cuckold.
Duke. Oh!
Vind. Thy Baſtard, thy baſtard rides a hunting in thy browe.
Duke. Millions of deaths.
Vind. Nay to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meete for damned clips,
Those eyes shall see the inceſt of their lips.
Duke. Is there a hell besides this, villaines?
Vind. Villaine?

Nay heauen is iuſt, scornes are the hires of scornes,
I nere knew yet Adulterer with-out hornes.
Hip. Once ere they dye 'tis quitted.
Vind. Harke the musicke,
Their banquet is preparde, they're comming——
Duke. Oh, kill me not with that sight.
Vin. Thou shalt not loose that sight for all thy Duke-doome.
Duke. Traytors, murderers !
Vin. What? is not thy tongue eaten out yet?
Then weele inuent a silence; brother ſtifle the Torch.
Duke. Treason, murther !
Vind. Nay faith, weele haue you husht now with thy dagger.
Naile downe his tongue, and mine shall keepe possession
About his heart, if hee but gaspe hee dyes,
Wee dread not death to quittance iniuries;—Brother,
If he but winck, not brooking the foule obieſt,
Let our two other hands teare vp his lids,
And make his eyes like Comets shine through bloud;
When the bad bleedes, then is the Tragedie good.
Hip. Whiſt, brother, musick's at our eare, they come.

Enter the Baſtard meeting the Dutchesse.

Spu. Had not that kisse a taſte of sinne 'twere sweete.
Dutch. Why there's no pleasure sweet but it is sinfull.
Spu. True, such a bitter sweetnesse fate hath giuen;
Beſt side to vs, is the worſt side to heauen.
Dutch. Push, come: 'tis the old Duke thy doubtfull Father,
The thought of him rubs heauen in thy way,
But I proteſt by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him, or ile poyson him.
Spu. Madam, you vrge a thought which nere had life.
So deadly doe I loath him for my birth,
That if hee tooke mee haspt within his bed,
I would adde murther to adultery,
And with my sword giue vp his yeares to death.
Dutch. Why now thou'rt sociable, lets in and feaſt.
Lowdſt Musick sound: pleasure is Banquets gueſt. *Exeunt.*
Duk. I cannot brooke——
Vind. The Brooke is turnd to bloud.

Hip. Thanks to lowd Musick.
Vind. Twas our friend indeed,
'Tis ſtate in Musicke for a Duke to bleed:
The Duke-dome wants a head, tho yet vnknowne,
As faſt as they peepe vp, lets cut 'em downe. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Dutchesse two sonnes, AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO. [III. vi.]

Amb. Was not this execution rarely plotted?
We are the Dukes sonnes now.
Super. I you may thanke my policie for that.
Amb. Your policie, for what?
Super. Why waſt not my inuention brother,
To slip the Iudges, and in lesser compasse,
Did not I draw the modell of his death,
Aduizing you to suddaine officers,
And een extemporall execution?
Amb. Heart, twas a thing I thought on too.
Sup. You thought ont too, sfoote slander not your thoughts
With glorious vntruth, I know twas from you.
Amb. Sir I say, twas in my head.
Spu. I, like your braines then,
Nere to come out as long as you liu'd.
Amb. You'd haue the honor on't forsooth, that your wit
Lead him to the scaffold.
Super. Since it is my due,
Ile publisht, but Ile ha't in spite of you.
Amb. Me thinkes y'are much too bould, you should a little
Remember vs brother, next to be honeſt Duke.
Sup. I, it shall be as easie for you to be Duke,
As to be honeſt, and that's neuer ifaith.
Amb. Well, cold he is by this time, and because
Wee're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be sharde equally.
Sup. I am content to that.
Amb. This night our yonger brother shall out of prison;
I haue a trick.
Sup. A trick, pre-thee what iſt?
Amb. Weele get him out by a wile.
Sup. Pre-thee what wile?

Amb. No sir, you shall not know it, till't be done,
For then you'd sweare twere yours.
Super. How now, whats he?
Amb. One of the officers.

[*Enter the Officer.*]

Super. Desired newes.
Amb. How now my friend?
Off. My Lords, vnder your pardon, I am allotted
To that desertlesse office, to present you
With the yet bleeding head.
Sup. Ha, ha, excellent.
Amb. All's sure our owne: Brother, canſt weepe thinkſt thou?
Twould grace our Flattery much; thinke of some Dame,
Twill teach thee to dissemble.
Sup. I haue thought,—Now for your selfe.
Amb. Our sorrowes are so fluent,
Our eyes ore-flow our toungs; words spoake in teares
Are like the murmures of the waters, the sound
Is lowdly heard, but cannot be diſtinguisht.
Sup. How dyed he pray?
Off. O full of rage and spleene.
Super. He dyed moſt valiantly then, we're glad to heare it.
Off. We could not woe him once to pray.
Amb. He showd himselfe a Gentleman in that: giue him his [due.
Off. But in the ſteed of prayer, he drew forth oaths.
Super. Then did hee pray deere heart,
Although you vnderſtood him not.
Offi. My Lords,
E'en at his laſt, with pardon bee it spoake,
Hee curſt you both.
Sup. Hee curſt vs? lasse good soule.
Amb. It was not in our powers, but the Dukes pleasure—
Finely dissembled a both-sides, sweete fate,
O happy opportunitie.

Enter LUSSURIOSO.

Luss. Now my Lords.
Both. Oh!——
Luss. Why doe you shunne mee Brothers?

You may come neerer now;
The sauor of the prison has for/sooke mee,
I thanke such kinde Lords as your selues, Ime free.
Amb. Aliue!
Super. In health!
Amb. Releasd?
We were both ee'n amazd with ioy to see it.
Luss. I am much to thanke you.
Sup. Faith we spar'd no toung, vnto my Lord the Duke.
Amb. I know your deliuery brother
Had not beene halfe so sudden but for vs.
Sup. O how we pleaded.
Luss. Most deseruing brothers,
In my best studies I will thinke of it.
Exit LUSS.
Amb. O death and vengeance.
Sup. Hell and torments.
Amb. Slaue camst thou to delude vs?
Off. Delude you my Lords?
Super. I villaine, where's this head now?
Off. Why heere my Lord,
Iust after his deliuery, you both came
With warrant from the Duke to be/head your brother.
Amb. I, our brother, the Dukes sonne.
Off. The Dukes sonne my Lord, had his release before you
Amb. Whose head's that then? [came.
Off. His whom you left command for, your owne brothers.
Amb. Our brothers? oh furies——
Sup. Plagues.
Amb. Confusions.
Sup. Darkenesse.
Amb. Diuils.
Sup. Fell it out so accursedly?
Amb. So damnedly.
Sup. Villaine Ile braine thee with it.
Off. O my good Lord!
Sup. The Diuill ouer/take thee.
Amb. O fatall.
Sup. O prodigious to our blouds.

Amb. Did we dissemble?
Sup. Did we make our teares woemen for thee?
Amb. Laugh and reioyce for thee.
Sup. Bring warrant for thy death.
Amb. Mock off thy head.
Super. You had a trick, you had a wile forsooth.
Amb. A murren meete 'em, there's none of these wiles that euer come to good: I see now, there is nothing sure in mortalitie, but mortalitie; well, no more words, shalt be reuengd ifaith.
Come, throw off clouds now brother, thinke of vengeance,
And deeper setled hate; sirrah sit faſt,
Weele pull downe all, but thou shalt downe at laſt. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. *SCEN.* 1.

Enter LUSSURIOSO *with* HIPPOLITO.

Luss. *Hippolito.*
Hip. My Lord:
Has your good Lordship ought to command me in?
Luss. I pre-thee leaue vs.
Hip. How's this? come and leaue vs?
Luss. *Hippolito.*
Hip. Your honor—I ſtand ready for any dutious emploiment.
Luss. Heart, what makſt thou here?
Hip. A pritty Lordly humor:
He bids me to bee present, to depart; some-thing has ſtung his [honor.
Luss. Bee neerer, draw neerer:
Ye'are not so good me thinkes, Ime angry with you.
Hip. With me my Lord? Ime angry with my selfe fort.
Luss. You did preferre a goodly fellow to me.
Twas wittily elected, twas; I thought
Had beene a villaine, and he prooues a Knaue;
To mee a Knaue.
Hip. I chose him for the beſt my Lord.
Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him, breed discontent in you.
Luss. Neglect, twas will: Iudge of it,
Firmely to tell of an incredible Act,
Not to be thought, lesse to be spoken of,
Twixt my Step-mother and the Baſtard, oh,
Inceſtuous sweetes betweene 'em.

Hip. Fye my Lord.
Lus. I in kinde loyaltie to my fathers fore-head,
Made this a desperate arme, and in that furie,
Committed treason on the lawfull bed,
And with my sword een rac'd my fathers bosome,
For which I was within a ſtroake of death.
Hip. Alack, Ime sorry; sfoote iuſt vpon the ſtroake
Iars in my brother—twill be villanous Musick.

Enter VIND.

Vind. My honored Lord.
Luss. Away pre-thee forsake vs, heereafter weele not know thee.
Vind. Not know me my Lord? your Lordship cannot choose.
Lus. Begon I say, thou art a false knaue.
Vind. Why the easier to be knowne, my Lord.
Lus. Push, I shall prooue too bitter with a word,
Make thee a perpetuall prisoner,
And laye this yron-age vpon thee.
Vind. Mum, for theres a doome would make a woman dum.
Missing the baſtard next him, the winde's come about,
Now tis my brothers turne to ſtay, mine to goe out.

Exit VIN.

Lus. Has greatly moou'd me.
Hip. Much to blame ifaith.
Lus. But ile recouer, to his ruine: twas told me lately,
I know not whether falslie, that you'd a brother.
Hip. Who I? yes my good Lord, I haue a brother.
Lus. How chance the Court neere saw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his houres?
Hip. Faith to curse Fates,
Who, as he thinkes, ordaind him to be poore;
Keepes at home full of want and discontent.
Lus. There's hope in him, for discontent and want
Is the beſt clay to mould a villaine off;
Hippolito, wish him repaire to vs,
If there be ought in him to please our bloud,
For thy sake weele aduance him, and builde faire
His meaneſt fortunes: for it is in vs
To reare vp Towers from cottages.

Hip. It is so my Lord, he will attend your honour,
But hees a man, in whom much melancholy dwels.
Lus. Why the better: bring him to Court.
Hip. With willingnesse and speed.
Whom he caſt off een now, muſt now succeed;
Brother disguise muſt off,
In thine owne shape now, ile prefer thee to him:
How ſtrangely does himselfe worke to vndo him. *Exit.*
Luss. This fellow will come fitly, he shall kill
That other slaue, that did abuse my spleene,
And made it swell to Treason; I haue put
Much of my heart into him, hee muſt dye.
He that knowes great mens secrets, and proues slight,
That man nere liues to see his Beard turne white:
I he shall speede him: Ile employ the brother;
Slaues are but Nayles, to driue out one another.
Hee being of black condition, sutable
To want and ill content, hope of preferment
Will grinde him to an Edge— *The Nobles enter.*
1. Good dayes vnto your honour.
Luss. My kinde Lords, I do returne the like.
2. Sawe you my Lord the Duke?
Luss. My Lord and Father, is he from Court?
1. Hees sure from Court,
But where, which way, his pleasure tooke we know not,
Nor can wee heare ont.
Luss. Here come those should tell,
Sawe you my Lord and Father?
3. Not since two houres before noone my Lord,
And then he priuately ridde forth.
Lus. Oh hees rod forth?
1. Twas wondrous priuately.
2. Theres none ith Court had any knowledge ont.
Lus. His Grace is old, and sudden, tis no treason
To say, the Duke my Father has a humor,
Or such a Toye about him; what in vs
Would appeare light, in him seemes vertuous.
3. Tis Oracle my Lord. *Exeunt.*

[IV. ii.] *Enter* VINDICE *and* HIPPOLITO, VIND. *out of his disguise.*

Hip. So, so, all's as it should be, y'are your selfe.
Vind. How that great-villaine puts me to my shifts.
Hip. Hee that did lately in disguize reiect thee,
Shall now thou art thy selfe, as much respect thee.
Vind. Twill be the quainter fallacie; but brother,
Sfoote what vse will hee put me to now thinkst thou?
Hip. Nay you must pardon me in that, I know not:
H'as some employment for you: but what tis
Hee and his Secretary the Diuell knowes best.
Vind. Well I must suite my toung to his desires,
What colour so ere they be; hoping at last
To pile vp all my wishes on his brest.
Hip. Faith Brother he himselfe showes the way.
Vind. Now the Duke is dead, the realme is clad in claye:
His death being not yet knowne, vnder his name
The people still are gouernd; well, thou his sonne
Art not long liu'd, thou shalt not ioy his death:
To kill thee then, I should most honour thee;
For twould stand firme in euery mans beliefe,
Thou'st a kinde child, and onely dyedst with griefe.
Hip. You fetch about well, but lets talke in present,
How will you appeare in fashion different,
As well as in apparrell, to make all things possible?
If you be but once tript, wee fall for euer.
It is not the least pollicie to bee doubtfull;
You must change tongue:—familiar was your first.
Vind. Why Ile beare me in some straine of melancholie,
And string myselfe with heauy-sounding Wyre,
Like such an Instrument, that speakes merry things sadly.
Hip. Then tis as I meant,
I gaue you out at first in discontent.
Vind. Ile turne my selfe, and then——
Hip. Sfoote here he comes: hast thought vppont?
Vind. Salute him, feare not me.
Luss. *Hippolito.*
Hip. Your Lordship.
Luss. What's he yonder?
Hip. Tis *Vindici,* my discontented Brother,

Whom, cording to your will I'aue brought to Court.
Luss. Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence,
I wonder h'as beene from the Court so long.
Come neerer.
Hip. Brother, Lord *Lussurioso* the Duke sonne. *Snatches of his hat and makes legs to him.*
Luss. Be more neere to vs, welcome, neerer yet.
Vind. How don you? god you god den.
Luss. We thanke thee.
How ſtrangly such a course-homely salute,
Showes in the Pallace, where we greete in fire
Nimble and desperate tongues; should we name
God in a salutation, twould neere be ſtood on't,—heauen!
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy?
Vind. Why, going to Law.
Luss. Why will that make a man mellancholy?
Vind. Yes, to looke long vpon inck and black buckrom—I went mee to law in *Anno Quadragesimo secundo,* and I waded out of it, in *Anno sextagesimo tertio.*
Luss. What, three and twenty years in law?
Vind. I haue knowne those that haue beene fiue and fifty, and all about Pullin and Pigges.
Luss. May it bee possible such men should breath,
To vex the Tearmes so much?
Vin. Tis foode to some my Lord. There are olde men at the present, that are so poysoned with the affectation of law-words, (hauing had many suites canuaſt), that their common talke is nothing but Barbery lattin: they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sinnes may be remou'd, with a writ of Error, and their soules fetcht vp to heauen, with a sasarara.
Luss. It seemes moſt ſtrange to me,
Yet all the world meetes round in the same bent:
Where the hearts set, there goes the tongues consent.
How doſt apply thy ſtudies fellow?
Vind. Study? why to thinke how a great rich man lies a dying, and a poore Cobler toales the bell for him; how he cannot depart the world, and see the great cheſt ſtand before him, when hee lies speechlesse, how hee will point you readily to all the boxes, and when hee is paſt all memory, as the gosseps gesse, then thinkes hee of forffetures and obligations, nay when to all mens hearings he

whurles and rotles in the throate hee's bussie threatning his poore Tennants; and this would last me now some seauen yeares thinking or there abouts: but, I haue a Conceit a comming in picture vpon this, I drawe it my selfe, which ifaith la Ile present to your honor, you shall not chose but like it for your Lordship shall giue me nothing for it.

Luss. Nay you misstake me then,
For I am publisht bountifull inough,
Lets tast of your conceit.

Vin. In picture my Lord.

Luss. I, in picture.

Vin. Marry this it is—— *A vsuring Father to be boyling in hell, and his sonne and Heire with a Whore dancing ouer him.*

Hip. Has par'd him to the quicke.

Lus. The conceit's pritty ifaith,
But tak't vpon my life twill nere be likt.

Vind. No, why Ime sure the whore will be likt well enough.

Hip. I if she were out ath picture heede like her then himselfe.

Vin. And as for the sonne and heire, he shall be an eyesore to no young Reuellers, for hee shall bee drawne in cloth of gold breeches.

Luss. And thou hast put my meaning in the pockets,
And canst not draw that out; my thought was this,
To see the picture of a vsuring father
Boyling in hell, our richmen would nere like it.

Vin. O true I cry you heartly mercy. I know the reason, for some of 'em had rather be dambd indeed, then dambd in colours.

Lus. A parlous melancholy, has wit enough
To murder any man, and Ile giue him meanes.
I thinke thou art ill monied.

Vin. Money, ho, ho,
Tas beene my want so long, tis now my scoffe.
Iue ene forgot what colour siluers off.

Lus. It hits as I could wish.

Vin. I get good cloths
Of those that dread my humour, and for table-roome,
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me.

Lus. Somewhat to set thee vp withall.

Vin. O mine eyes.

Lus. How now man?

Vin. Almoſt ſtrucke blind.
This bright vnusuall shine, to me seemes proud,
I dare not looke till the sunne be in a cloud.
Lus. I thinke I shall afecte his melancholy;
How are they now?
Vin. The better for your asking.
Lus. You shall be better yet if you but faſten
Truly on my intent; now yare both present
I will vnbrace such a closse priuate villayne,
Vnto your vengfull swords, the like nere heard of,
Who hath disgrac'd you much and iniur'd vs.
Hip. Disgraced vs my Lord?
Lus. I *Hippolito.*
I kept it here till now that both your angers
Might meete him at once.
Vin. Ime couetuous
To know the villayne.
Lus. You know him—that slaue Pandar,
Piato whome we threatened laſt
With irons in perpetuall prisonment.
Vin. All this is I.
Hip. Iſt he my Lord?
Lus. Ile tell you, you firſt preferd him to me.
Vin. Did you brother?
Hip. I did indeed.
Lus. And the ingreatfull villayne,
To quit that kindnes, ſtrongly wrought with me,
Being as you see a likely man for pleasure,
With iewels to corrupt your virgin siſter.
Hip. Oh villaine.
Vin. He shall surely die that did it.
Lus. I far from thinking any Virgin harme,
Especially knowing her to be as chaſt
As that part which scarce suffers to be toucht,
Th' eye, would not endure him.
Vin. Would you not my Lord?
Twas wondrous honorably donne.
Lus. But with some fine frownes kept him out.
Vin. Out slaue.

Lus. What did me he but in reuenge of that,
Went of his owne free will to make infirme
Your sisters honor, whome I honor with my soule
For chast respect, and not preuayling there,
(As twas but desperate folly to attempt it,)
In meere spleene, by the way, way laies your mother,
Whose honor being a coward as it seemes,
Yeelded by little force.
Vind. Coward indeed.
Luss. He proud of their aduantage, (as he thought)
Brought me these newes for happy, but I, heauen forgiue mee [for't——
Vind. What did your honour?
Luss. In rage pusht him from mee,
Trampled beneath his throate, spurnd him, and bruizd:
Indeed I was too cruell to say troth.
Hip. Most Nobly managde.
Vind. Has not heauen an eare? Is all the lightning wasted?
Luss. If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be?
Vind. Full mad, he shall not liue
To see the Moone change.
Luss. He's about the Pallace,
Hippolito intice him this way, that thy brother
May take full marke of him.
Hip. Heart—that shall not neede my Lord,
I can direct him so far.
Luss. Yet for my hates sake,
Go, winde him this way; ile see him bleede my selfe.
Hip. What now brother?
Vind. Nay e'en what you will—y'are put to't brother.
Hip. An impossible taske, Ile sweare,
To bring him hither, thats already here. *Exit* HIPPO.
Luss. Thy name, I haue forgot it?
Vin. *Vindice* my Lord.
Luss. Tis a good name that.
Vind. I, a Reuenger.
Luss. It dos betoken courage, thou shouldst be valiant,
And kill thine enemies.
Vind. Thats my hope my Lord.

Luss. This slaue is one.
Vind. Ile doome him.
Luss. Then ile praise thee.
Do thou obserue me beſt, and Ile beſt raise thee. *Enter* HIP.
Vind. Indeed, I thanke you.
Luss. Now *Hippolito,* where's the slaue Pandar?
Hip. Your good Lordship
Would haue a loathsome sight of him, much offensiue.
Hee's not in case now to be seene my Lord,
The worſt of all the deadly sinnes is in him:
That beggerly damnation, drunkennesse.
Luss. Then he's a double-slaue.
Vind. Twas well conuaide, vpon a suddaine wit.
Luss. What, are you both
Firmely resolud? ile see him dead my selfe.
Vind. Or else, let not vs liue.
Luss. You may direct your brother to take note of him.
Hip. I shall.
Luss. Rise but in this, and you shall neuer fall.
Vind. Your honours Vassayles.
Luss. This was wisely carried,
Deepe policie in vs, makes fooles of such:
Then muſt a slaue die, when he knowes too much. *Exit* LUSS.
Vind. O thou almighty patience, tis my wonder,
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,
Should not be clouen as he ſtood:
Or with a secret winde burſt open!
Is there no thunder left, or iſt kept vp
In ſtock for heauier vengeance? there it goes!
Hip. Brother we loose our selues.
Vind. But I haue found it.
Twill hold, tis sure, thankes, thankes to any spirit,
That mingled it mongſt my inuentions.
Hip. What iſt?
Vind. Tis sound, and good, thou shalt pertake it,
I'me hir'd to kill my selfe.
Hip. True.
Vind. Pree-thee marke it,
And the old Duke being dead, but not conuaide,

For he's already miſt too, and you know
Murder will peepe out of the closeſt huske.
Hip. Most true.
Vind. What say you then to this deuice,
If we dreſt vp the body of the Duke?
Hip. In that disguise of yours.
Vind. Y'are quick, y'aue reacht it.
Hip. I like it wonderously.
Vind. And being in drinck, as you haue publisht him,
To leane him on his elbowe, as if sleepe had caught him:
Which claimes moſt intereſt in such sluggy men.
Hip. Good yet, but here's a doubt,
We, thought by'th Dukes sonne to kill that pandar,
Shall when he is knowne be thought to kill the Duke.
Vind. Neither, O thankes, it is subſtantiall.
For that disguize being on him, which I wore,
It wil be thought I, which he calls the Pandar, did kil the Duke, & fled away in his apparell, leauing him so disguiz'd, to auoide swift pursuite.
Hip. Firmer, and firmer.
Vind. Nay doubt not tis in graine, I warrant it hold collour.
Hip. Lets about it.
Vind. But by the way too, now I thinke on't, brother,
Let's coniure that base diuill out of our Mother. *Exeunt.*

[IV. iii.] *Enter the Dutches arme in arme with the Baſtard: he seemeth lasciuiously to her, after them, Enter* SUPERUACUO, *running with a rapier, his Brother ſtops him.*

Spuri. Madam, vnlock your selfe, should it be seene,
Your arme would be suspected.
Duch. Who iſt that dares suspect, or this, or these?
May not we deale our fauours where we please?
Spu. I'me confident, you may. *Exeunt.*
Amb. Sfoot brother hold.
Sup. Woult let the Baſtard shame vs?
Amb. Hold, hold, brother; there's fitter time then now.
Sup. Now when I see it.
Amb. Tis too much seene already.
Sup. Seene and knowne,

The Nobler she's, the baser is shee growne.
Amb. If she were bent lasciuiously, the fault
Of mighty women, that sleepe soft,—O death,
Muſt she needes chuse such an vnequall sinner
To make all worse?
Sup. A Baſtard, the Dukes Baſtard, Shame heapt on shame.
Amb. O our disgrace.
Moſt women haue small waſte the world through-out,
But there desires are thousand miles about. *Exeunt.*
Sup. Come ſtay not here, lets after, and preuent,
Or els theile sinne faſter then weele repent.

Enter VINDICE *and* HIPPOLITO, *bringing out there Mother one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with daggers in their hands.* [IV. iv.]

Vind. O thou? for whom no name is bad ynough.
Moth. What meanes my sonnes? what will you murder me?
Vind. Wicked, vnnaturall Parent.
Hip. Feend of women.
Moth. Oh! are sonnes turnd monſters? helpe.
Vind. In vaine.
Moth. Are you so barbarous to set Iron nipples
Vpon the breſt that gaue you suck?
Vind. That breſt,
Is turnd to Quarled poyson.
Moth. Cut not your daies for't, am not I your mother?
Vind. Thou doſt vsurpe that title now by fraud
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawde.
Moth. A bawde? O name far loathsomer then hell.
Hip. It should be so knewſt thou thy Office well.
Moth. I hate it.
Vind. Ah iſt possible, you [heavenly] powers on hie,
That women should dissemble when they die.
Mot. Dissemble.
Vind. Did not the Dukes sonne direct
A fellow, of the worlds condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee:
Made the vnciuilly forget thy selfe,
And worke our siſter to his luſt?
Moth. Who I?

That had beene monſtrous. I defie that man
For any such intent; none liues so pure,
But shall be soild with slander,—good sonne beleiue it not.
Vind. Oh I'me in doubt,
Whether I'me my selfe, or no.
Stay, let me looke agen vpon this face.
Who shall be sau'd when mothers haue no grace?
Hip. Twould make one halfe dispaire.
Vind. I was the man,
Defie me, now? lets see, do't modeſtly.
Moth. O hell vnto my soule.
Vind. In that disguize, I sent from the Dukes sonne,
Tryed you, and found you base mettell,
As any villaine might haue donne.
Mo. O no, no tongue but yours could haue bewitcht me so.
Vind. O nimble in damnation, quick in tune,
There is no diuill could ſtrike fire so soone:
I am confuted in a word.
Mot. Oh sonnes, forgiue me, to my selfe ile proue more true,
You that should honor me, I kneele to you.
Vind. A mother to giue ayme to her owne daughter.
Hip. True brother, how far beyond nature 'tis,
Tho many Mothers do't.
Vind. Nay and you draw teares once, go you to bed,
Wet will make yron blush and change to red:
Brother it raines, twill spoile your dagger, house it.
Hip. Tis done.
Vin. Yfaith tis a sweete shower, it dos much good.
The fruitfull grounds, and meadowes of her soule,
Has beene long dry: powre downe thou blessed dew;
Rise Mother, troth this shower has made you higher.
Mot. O you heauens! take this infectious spot out of my soule,
Ile rence it in seauen waters of mine eyes.
Make my teares salt ynough to taſt of grace.
To weepe, is to our sexe naturally giuen:
But to weepe truely thats a gift from heauen.
Vind. Nay Ile kisse you now: kisse her brother.
Lets marry her to our soules, wherein's no luſt,
And honorably loue her.

Hip. Let it be.
Vind. For honeſt women are so sild and rare,
Tis good to cherish those poore few that are.
Oh you of easie waxe, do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That Office would haue cling'd vnto your forehead.
All mothers that had any gracefull hue,
Would haue worne maskes to hide their face at you:
It would haue growne to this, at your foule name
Greene-collour'd maides would haue turnd red with shame.
Hip. And then our siſter full of hire, and bassenesse.
Vind. There had beene boyling lead agen,
The dukes sonnes great Concubine:
A drab of State, a cloath a siluer slut,
To haue her traine borne vp, and her soule traile i'th durt; great.
Hip. To be miserably great, rich to be eternally wretched.
Vind. O common madnesse:
Aske but the thriuingſt harlot in cold bloud,
Sheed giue the world to make her honour good,
Perhaps youle say but onely to th' Dukes sonne,
In priuate; why, shee firſt begins with one,
Who afterward to thousand prooues a whore:
„ Breake Ice in one place, it will crack in more.
Mother. Moſt certainly applyed.
Hip. Oh Brother, you forget our businesse.
Vind. And well remembred, ioye's a subtill elfe,
I thinke man's happieſt, when he forgets himselfe:
Farewell once dryed, now holy-watred Meade,
Our hearts weare Feathers, that before wore Lead.
Mother. Ile giue you this, that one I neuer knew
Plead better, for, and gainſt the Diuill, then you.
Vind. You make me proud ont.
Hip. Commend vs in all vertue to our Siſter.
Vind. I for the loue of heauen, to that true maide.
Mother. With my beſt words.
Vind. Why that was motherly sayd. *Exeunt.*
Mother. I wonder now what fury did transport me?
I feele good thoughts begin to settle in me.
Oh with what fore-head can I looke on her

Whose honor I'ue so impiouslie beset?
And here shee comes.
Cast. Now mother, you haue wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my aduancement, as to calme
The trouble of your tongue: I am content.
Mother. Content, to what?
Cast. To do as you haue wisht me,
To prostitute my brest to the Dukes sonne:
And put my selfe to common Vsury.
Mother. I hope you will not so.
Cast. Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you looke to be saued in.
Mother. Truth but it is.
Cast. Do not deceiue your selfe;
I am, as you een out of Marble wrought.
What would you now, are yee not pleasde yet with me?
You shall not wish me to be more lasciuious
Then I intend to be.
Mother. Strike not me cold.
Cast. How often haue you chargd me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman—when you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laide your cursse vpon me, that did more,
The mothers curse is heauy, where that fights,
Sonnes set in storme, and daughters loose their lights.
Moth. Good childe, deare maide, if there be any sparke
Of heauenly intellectuall fire within thee, oh let my breath
Reuiue it to a flame:
Put not all out, with womans wilfull follyes.
I am recouerd of that foule disease
That haunts too many mothers, kinde forgiue me,
Make me not sick in health—if then
My words preuailde when they were wickednesse,
How much more now when they are iust and good?
Cast. I wonder what you meane; are not you she
For whose infect perswasions I could scarce
Kneele out my prayers, and had much adoo
In three houres reading, to vntwist so much
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me?

Moth. Tis vnfruitfull, held tedious to repeate whats paſt;
Ime now your present Mother.
Caſt. Push, now 'tis too late.
Moth. Bethinke agen, thou knowſt not what thou sayſt.
Caſt. No? deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne?
Moth. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poyson me:
What will the deed do then?
Aduancement, true: as high as shame can pitch.
For Treasure; who ere knew a harlot rich?
Or could build by the purchase of her sinne,
An hospitall to keepe their baſtards in? The Dukes sonne,
Oh when woemen are yong Courtiers, they are sure to be old beggars,
To know the miseries moſt harlots taſte,
Thoudſt wish thy selfe vnborne, when thou art vnchaſt.
Caſt. O mother let me twine about your necke,
And kisse you till my soule melt on your lips,
I did but this to trie you.
Mot. O speake truth.
Caſt. Indeed I did not, for no tong has force to alter me from
If maydens would, mens words could haue no power. [honeſt.
A vergin honor is a chriſtall Tower,
Which being weake is guarded with good spirits,
Vntill she basely yeelds no ill inherits.
Mot. O happy child! faith and thy birth hath saued me,
Mongſt thousand daughters happieſt of all others,
Buy thou a glasse for maides, and I for mothers. *Exeunt.*

Enter VINDICE *and* HIPPOLITO.

Vin. So, so, he leanes well, take heede you wake him not brother.

Hip. I warant you my life for yours.

Vin. Thats a good lay, for I must kill my selfe.
Brother thats I: that sits for me: do you marke it,
And I must stand ready here to make away my selfe yonder—I must sit to bee kild, and stand to kill my selfe, I could varry it not so little as thrice ouer agen, tas some eight returnes like Michelmas [Tearme.

Hip. Thats enow a conscience.

Vind. But sirrah dos the Dukes sonne come single?

Hip. No, there's the hell on't, his faith's too feeble to go alone; hee brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzze against supper time, and hum for his comming out.

Vind. Ah the fly-flop of vengeance beate 'em to peeces; here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest houre, to haue made my reueng familiar with him, show him the body of the Duke his father, and how quaintly hee died like a Polititian in hugger-mugger, made no man acquainted with it, and in Catastrophe slaine him ouer his fathers brest, and oh I'me mad to loose such a sweete opportunity.

Hip. Nay push, pree-thee be content! there's no remedy present, may not hereafter times open in as faire faces as this?

Vind. They may if they can paint so well.

Hip. Come, now to auoide al suspition, lets forsake this roome,

and be going to meete the Dukes sonne.

Vind. Content, I'me for any wether; heart ſtep closse, here hee comes.

Enter Luss.

Hip. My honord Lord?

Lus. Oh me; you both present?

Vin. E'en newly my Lord, iuſt as your Lordship enterd now; about this place we had notice giuen hee should bee, but in some loathsome plight or other.

Hip. Came your honour priuate?

Luss. Priuate inough for this: onely a few
Attend my comming out.

Hip. Death rotte those few.

Luss. Stay, yonder's the slaue.

Vind. Masse there's the slaue indeed my Lord;
Tis a good child, he calls his Father slaue.

Luss. I, thats the villaine, the dambd villaine: softly,
Tread easie.

Vin. Puh, I warrant you my Lord, weele ſtifle in our breaths.

Luss. That will do well:
Base roague, thou sleepeſt thy laſt; tis policie
To haue him killd in's sleepe, for if he wakt
Hee would betray all to them.

Vind. But my Lord.

Luss. Ha, what sayſt?

Vind. Shall we kill him now hees drunke?

Lus. I beſt of all.

Vind. Why then hee will nere liue to be sober?

Lus. No matter, let him reele to hell.

Vind. But being so full of liquor, I feare hee will put out all the [fire.

Lus. Thou art a mad beaſt.

Vin. And leaue none to warme your Lordships Gols withall; For he that dyes drunke, falls into hell fire like a Bucket a water, qush, qush.

Lus. Come be ready, nake your swords, thinke of your wrongs; This slaue has iniur'd you.

Vind. Troth so he has, and he has paide well fort.

Lus. Meete with him now.

Vin. Youle beare vs out my Lord?

Lus. Puh, am I a Lord for nothing thinke you? quickly, now.
Vind. Sa, sa, sa: thumpe, there he lyes.
Lus. Nimbly done, ha? oh, villaines, murderers,
Tis the old Duke my father.
Vind. That's a ieſt.
Lus. What ſtiffe and colde already?
O pardon me to call you from your names:
Tis none of your deed,—that villaine *Piato*
Whom you thought now to kill, has murderd him,
And left him thus disguizd.
Hip. And not vnlikely.
Vind. O rascall was he not ashamde,
To put the Duke into a greasie doublet?
Luss. He has beene cold and ſtiff who knowes, how long?
Vind. Marry that do I.
Luss. No words I pray, off any thing entended.
Vind. Oh my Lord.
Hip. I would faine haue your Lordship thinke that we haue small reason to prate.
Lus. Faith thou sayſt true; ile forth-with send to Court,
For all the Nobles, Baſtard, Duchesse, all,
How here by miracle wee found him dead,
And in his rayment that foule villaine fled.
Vind. That will be the beſt way my Lord, to cleere vs all: lets caſt about to be cleere.
Luss. Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the reſt. *Enter all.*
1. My Lord.
2. My Lord.
Lus. Be wittnesses of a ſtrange spectacle:
Choosing for priuate conference that sad roome
We found the Duke my father gealde in bloud.
1. My Lord the Duke—run hie thee Nencio,
Startle the Court by signifying so much.
Vind. Thus much by wit a deepe Reuenger can:
When murders knowne, to be the cleereſt man.
We're fordeſt off, and with as bould an eye,
Suruay his body as the ſtanders by.
Luss. My royall father, too basely let bloud,
By a maleuolent slaue.

Hip. Harke? he calls thee slaue agen.
Vin. Ha's loſt, he may.
Lus. Oh sight, looke hether, see, his lips are gnawn with poyson.
Vin. How—his lips? by th' masse they bee.
Lus. O villaine—O roague—O slaue—O rascall.
Hip. O good deceite, he quits him with like tearmes.

[*Enter other Lords and the* DUCHESS.]

1. Where.
2. Which way.
Amb. Ouer what roofe hangs this prodigious Comet,
In deadly fire?
Lus. Behold, behold my Lords the Duke my fathers murderd by a vassaile, that owes this habit, and here left disguisde.
Duch. My Lord and husband.
2. Reuerend Maieſty.
1. I haue seene these cloths, often attending on him.
Vin. That Nobleman has bin ith Country, for he dos not lie.
Sup. Learne of our mother; lets dissemble to,
I am glad hee's vanisht; so I hope are you.
Amb. I you may take my word fort.
Spur. Old Dad, dead?
I, one of his caſt sinnes will send the Fates
Moſt hearty commendations by his owne sonne,
Ile tug in the new ſtreame, till ſtrength be done.
Lus. Where be those two, that did affirme to vs
My Lord the Duke was priuately rid forth?
1. O pardon vs my Lords, hee gaue that charge
Vpon our liues if he were miſt at Court,
To answer so; hee rode not any where,
We left him priuate with that fellow here.
Vind. Confirmde.
Lus. O heauens, that false charge was his death.
Impudent Beggars, durſt you to our face,
Maintaine such a false answer? beare him ſtraight to execution.
1. My Lord?
Luss. Vrge me no more.
In this the excuse, may be cal'd halfe the murther.
Vind. Yo'ue sentencde well.

Luss. Away see it be done.
Vind. Could you not ſtick? see what confession doth.
Who would not lie when men are hangd for truth?
Hip. Brother how happy is our vengeance.
Vin. Why it hits, paſt the apprehension of indifferent wits.
Luss. My Lord let poſt horse be sent,
Into all places to intrap the villaine.
Vin. Poſt-horse ha ha.
Nob. My Lord, we're som-thing bould to know our duety.
You fathers accidentally departed,
The titles that were due to him, meete you.
Lus. Meete me? I'me not at leisure my good Lord,
I'ue many greefes to dispatch out ath way:
Welcome sweete titles—talke to me my Lords,
Of sepulchers, and mighty Emperors bones,
Thats thought for me.
Vind. So, one may see by this,
How forraine markets goe:
Courtiers haue feete ath nines, and tongues ath twellues,
They flatter Dukes and Dukes flatter them-selues.
Nob. My Lord it is your shine muſt comfort vs.
Luss. Alas I shine in teares like the Sunne in Aprill.
Nobl. Your now my Lords grace.
Luss. My Lords grace? I perceiue youle haue it so.
Nobl. Tis but your owne.
Luss. Then heauens giue me grace to be so.
Vind. He praies wel for him-selfe.
Nobl. Madame all sorrowes,
Muſt runne their circles into ioyes, no doubt but time
Wil make the murderer bring forth him-selfe.
Vind. He were an Asse then yfaith.
Nob. In the meane season,
Let vs bethinke the lateſt-funerall honors
Due to the Dukes cold bodie,—and withall,
Calling to memory our new happinesse,
Spreade in his royall sonne,—Lords Gentlemen,
Prepare for Reuells.
Vind. Reuells.
Nobl. Time hath seuerall falls.

Greefes lift vp ioyes, feaſtes put downe funeralls.
Lus. Come then my Lords, my fauours to you all.
The Duchesse is suspected fowly bent,
Ile beginne Dukedome with her banishment.
Hip. Reuells.

Exeunt DUKE, NOBLES *and* DUCHESSE.

Vind. I, that's the word, we are firme yet,
Strike one ſtraine more, and then we crowne our wit. *Exeu.* BRO.
Spu. Well, haue the fayreſt marke,—(so sayd the Duke when
And if I misse his heart or neere about, [he begot me,)
Then haue at any; a Baſtard scornes to be out.
Amb. Not'ſt thou that *Spurio* brother?
Sup. Yes I note him to our shame.
Amb. He shall not liue, his haire shall not grow much longer; in this time of Reuells tricks may be set a foote; seeſt thou yon new Moone? it shall out-liue the new Duke by much, this hand shall dispossesse him, then we're mighty.
A maske is treasons licence, that build vpon;
Tis murders beſt face when a vizard's on. *Exit* AMBI.
Sup. Iſt so? 'tis very good,
And do you thinke to be Duke then, kinde brother?
Ile see faire play, drop one, and there lies tother. *Exit* SUPER.

Enter VINDICE & HIPPOLITO, *with* PIERO *and other Lords.* [v. ii.]

Vind. My Lords; be all of Musick, ſtrike old griefes into other
That flow in too much milke, and haue faint liuers, [countries
Not daring to ſtab home their discontents:
Let our hid flames breake out, as fire, as lightning,
To blaſt this villanous Dukedome vext with sinne;
Winde vp your soules to their full height agen.
Piero. How?
1. Which way?
3. Any way: our wrongs are such,
We cannot iuſtly be reuengde too much.
Vind. You shall haue all enough:—Reuels are toward,
And those few Nobles that haue long suppressd you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a Maske:
And do affect to make a pleasant taile ont,

The Masking suites are fashioning, now comes in
That which muſt glad vs all—wee to take patterne
Of all those suites, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an vndiſtinguisht hayre almoſt:
Then entring firſt, obseruing the true forme,
Within a ſtraine or two we shall finde leasure,
To ſteale our swords out handsomly,
And when they thinke their pleasure sweete and good,
In midſt of all their ioyes, they shall sigh bloud.
Pie. Weightily, effectually.
3. Before the tother Maskers come.
Vind. We're gone, all done and paſt.
Pie. But how for the Dukes guard?
Vind. Let that alone,
By one and one their ſtrengths shall be drunke downe.
Hip. There are fiue hundred Gentlemen in the action,
That will apply them-selues, and not ſtand idle.
Pier. Oh let vs hug your bosomes.
Vin. Come my Lords,
Prepare for deeds, let other times haue words. *Exeunt.*

[v. iii.] *In a dum shew, the possessing of the young Duke with all his Nobles: Then sounding Musick. A furnisht Table is brought forth: then enters the Duke & his Nobles to the banquet. A blasing-ſtar appeareth.*

Noble. Many harmonious houres, and choiseſt pleasures,
Fill vp the royall numbers of your yeares.
Lus. My Lords we're pleasd to thanke you.—tho we know,
Tis but your duety now to wish it so.
Nob. That shine makes vs all happy.
3. *Nob.* His Grace frounes?
2. *Nob.* Yet we muſt say he smiles.
1. *Nob.* I thinke we muſt.
Lus. That foule-Incontinent Duchesse we haue banisht;
The Baſtard shall not liue: after these Reuells
Ile begin ſtrange ones; hee and the ſtepsonnes,
Shall pay their liues for the firſt subsidies.
We muſt not frowne so soone, else t'ad beene now.
1. *Nob.* My gratious Lord, please you prepare for pleasure,
The maske is not far off.

Lus. We are for pleasure.
Beshrew thee, what art thou? madſt me ſtart?
Thou haſt committed treason,—A blazing ſtar.
1. *Nob.* A blazing ſtar, O where my Lord?
Lus. Spy out.
2. *Nob.* See, see, my Lords, a wondrous-dreadful one.
Lus. I am not pleasd at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing-flaring ſtar,—am not I Duke?
It should not quake me now: had it appeard
Before, it I might then haue iuſtly feard,
But yet they say, whom art and learning Weds,
When ſtars were locks, they threaten great-mens heads.
Is it so? you are read my Lords.
1. *Nob.* May it please your Grace,
It showes great anger.
Lus. That dos not please our Grace.
2. *Nob.* Yet here's the comfort my Lord, many times
When it seemes moſt it threatnes fardeſt off.
Lus. Faith and I thinke so too.
1. *Nob.* Beside my Lord,
You'r gracefully eſtablisht with the loues
Of all your subiects: and for naturall death,
I hope it will be threescore years a comming.
Lus. True? no more but threescore years?
1. *Nob.* Fourescore I hope my Lord.
2. *Nob.* And fiuescore, I.
3. *Nob.* But tis my hope my Lord, you shall nere die.
Lus. Giue me thy hand, these others I rebuke.
He that hopes so, is fitteſt for a Duke:
Thou shalt sit next me; take your places Lords,
We're ready now for sports, let 'em set on.
You thing? we shall forget you quite anon!
3. *Nob.* I heare 'em comming my Lord. *Enter the Maske of*
Lus. Ah tis well. *Reuengers the two Brothers, and*
Brothers, and Baſtard, you dance next in hell. *two Lords more.*

The Reuengers daunce.

At the end, ſteale out their swords, and these foure kill the foure at the Table, in their Chaires. It thunders.

Vind. Marke, Thunder?

Doſt know thy kue, thou big-voyc'ſt cryer?
Dukes groanes are thunders watch-words.
Hip. So my Lords, You haue ynough.
Vind. Come lets away, no lingring. *Exeunt.*
Hip. Follow, goe.
Vind. No power is angry when the luſt-ful die;
When thunder claps, heauen likes the tragedy. *Exit* VIN.
Lus. Oh, oh.

Enter the other Maske of entended murderers; Step-sons; Baſtard; and a fourth man, comming in dauncing, the Duke recouers a little in voyce, and groanes,—calls a guard, treason.
At which they all ſtart out of their measure, and turning towards the Table, they finde them all to be murdered.

Spur. Whose groane was that?
Lus. Treason, a guard.
Amb. How now? all murderd!
Super. Murderd!
4. And those his Nobles?
Amb. Here's a labour sau'd,
I thought to haue sped him. Sbloud how came this?
Spur. Then I proclaime my selfe, now I am Duke.
Amb. Thou Duke! brother thou lieſt.
Spu. Slaue so doſt thou! [*Stabs* AMBITIOSO.]
4. Base villayne haſt thou slaine my Lord and Maiſter.
[*Stabs* SPURIO.]

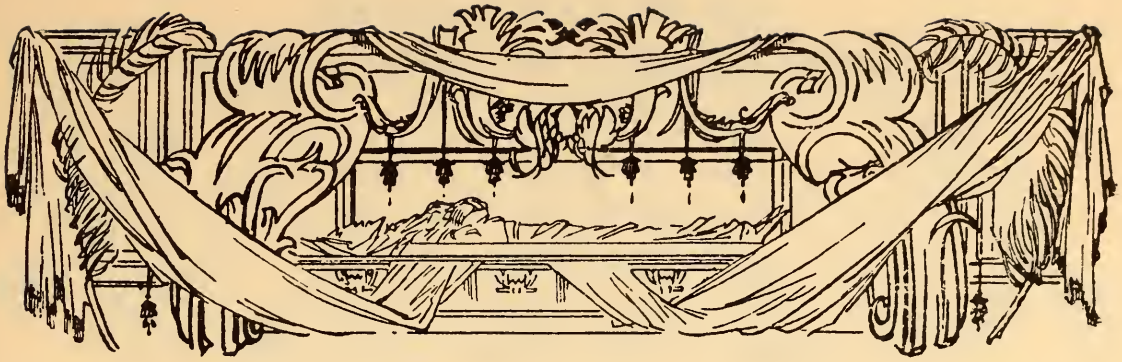
Enter the firſt men.

Vind. Piſtolls, treason, murder, helpe, guard my Lord the Duke.
Hip. Lay hold vpon this Traytor!
Lus. Oh.
Vind. Alasse, the Duke is murderd.
Hip. And the Nobles.
Vin. Surgeons, Surgeons,—heart dos he breath so long?
Ant. A piteous tragædy, able to make
An old-mans eyes bloud-shot.
Luss. Oh.
Vin. Looke to my Lord the Duke—a vengeance throttle him.
Confesse thou murdrous and vnhallowed man,
Didſt thou kill all these?

4. None but the Bastard I.
Vin. How came the Duke slaine then?
4. We found him so.
Luss. O villaine.
Vin. Harke.
Luss. Those in the maske did murder vs.
Vin. Law you now sir.
O marble impudence! will you confesse now?
4. Sbloud tis all false.
Ant. Away with that foule monſter,
Dipt in a Princes bloud.
4. Heart tis a lye.
Ant. Let him haue bitter execution.
Vin. New marrow! no I cannot be expreſt.
How faires my Lord the Duke?
Luss. Farewel to al;
He that climes higheſt has the greateſt fall.
My tong is out of office.
Vin. Ayre Gentlemen, ayre.
Now thoult not prate ont, twas *Vindice* murdred thee.
Luss. Oh.
Vin. Murdred thy Father.
Luss. Oh.
Vin. And I am he—tell no-body—so so, the Dukes departed.
Ant. It was a deadly hand that wounded him.
The reſt, ambitious who should rule and sway,
After his death were so made all away.
Vin. My Lord was vnlikely.
Hip. Now the hope
Of *Italy* lyes in your reuerend yeares.
Vin. Your hayre will make the siluer age agen,
When there was fewer but more honeſt men.
Anto. The burdens weighty and will presse age downe;
May I so rule that heauen may keepe the crowne.
Vin. The rape of your good Lady has beene quited,
With death on death.
Ant. Iuſt is the Lawe aboue
But of al things it puts me moſt to wonder,
How the old Duke came murdred.

Vin. Oh, my Lord.
Ant. It was the ſtrangelieſt carried, I not hard of the like.
Hip. Twas all donne for the beſt my Lord.
Vin. All for your graces good; we may be bould to speake it
Twas some-what witty carried tho we say it. [now,
Twas we two murdred him.
Ant. You two?
Vin. None else ifaith my Lord nay twas well managde.
Ant. Lay hands vpon those villaines.
Vin. How? on vs?
Ant. Beare 'em to speedy execution.
Vin. Heart waſt not for your good my Lord?
Ant. My good! away with 'em; such an ould man as he,
You that would murder him would murder me.
Vin. Iſt come about?
Hip. Sfoote brother you begun.
Vin. May not we set as well as the Dukes sonne?
Thou haſt no conscience, are we not reuengde?
Is there one enemy left aliue amongſt those?
Tis time to die, when we are our selues our foes.
When murders shut deeds closse, this curse does seale 'em,
If none disclose 'em they them selues reueale 'em!
This murder might haue slept in tonglesse brasse,
But for our selues, and the world dyed an asse;
Now I remember too, here was *Piato*
Brought forth a knauish sentance once—no doubt (said he) but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himselfe.
Tis well he died, he was a witch.
And now my Lord, since we are in for euer:
This worke was ours which else might haue beene slipt,
And if we liſt, we could haue Nobles clipt,
And go for lesse then beggers, but we hate
To bleed so cowardly; we haue ynough.
Yfaith, we're well, our Mother turnd, our Siſter true,
We die after a neſt of Dukes, adue. *Exeunt.*
Ant. How subtilly was that murder closde! beare vp
Those tragick bodies, tis a heauy season:
Pray heauen their bloud may wash away all treason. *Exit.*

FINIS.



A Funerall Poeme.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST WORTHIE AND TRVE SOVLDIER;

Sir *Francis Vere,* Knight.

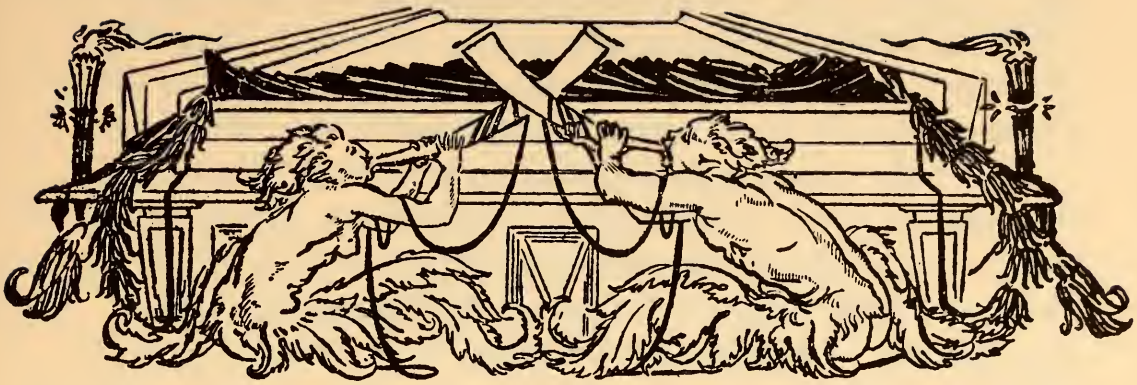
Captaine of *Portsmouth,* &c. L. Gouernour

of his Maiesties Cautionarie Towne

of *Briell* in HOLLAND, &c.

1609.

DEDICATED TO HIS
LIVING MEMORIE;
WHICH ASCENDS
TO THE INHERENT
HONOVR OF THE HEROYQVE
HOPE OF NOBILITIE, THE
EARLE OF OXFORD, *&c.*
FROM WHOSE NOBLE FAMILIE,
THIS IMMORTALL WOR-
THIE, HATH THE HO-
NOVR TO BE
Descended.



A Funerall Poeme.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST WORTHY AND TRVE SOVLDIER; SIR FRANCIS VERE, KNIGHT; CAPTAINE OF PORTSMOUTH, &c. LORD GOUERNOUR OF HIS MAIESTIES CAUTIONARIE TOWNE OF BRIELL IN HOLLAND, &c.

FUNERALL POEME [1–20]

THy *Earth's* return'd to *Earth,* from *whence* it came;
But from thy *Spirit* rizze thy worthy *Fame,*
Immortall Vere; and that shall neuer dye;
But with it liue to all *Posteritie.*
How can the *Memory* of such a Spirit,
Whose Actions eu'n of *Enuie* got his *Merit*
Acknowledgement, Subscription, *Approbation*;
And made it *clearely* shine through *Emulation,*
Which with *Contracted* Cloudes did interpose,
Betweene the world and him, to darken those
Illustrious honours of his noble worth,
Which his *essentiall Souldiership* brought forth;
Be euer ruin'd? Nor can *Death* or *Fate,*
Confine his *Fame* to an *expiring* date;
Since all they can doe, is to kill his *Earth*;
Whose *Dust* wip'd of his *Soule,* a second Birth
Regenerates the honour of his *Acts*
Vnto Eternity. He that detracts
The *dead* Mans good, defames his owne intent;
And makes obscured vertues, eminent.

But (Noble *Vere*) this *Monument* I raise,
With *vncorrupted purpose* to thy praise.
All that I speake, is *vnexacted, true* and *free*;
Drawne clearely from *vnalter'd* certaintee.
For heere I doe *ingenuously* professe,
The nature of this *Subiect* would oppresse
And trouble my reposed state of Soule,
With contemplating *that* which should controule
Our *Licences* of *Conscience,* if the due
Of this I attribute thee, were *vntrue.*
And *you* the *worthies* of our present daies,
Whose Iudgements and experience *knew* his waies;
Conuersed with his Actions and Intents,
In *priuate* and in *publique* managements;
To your true vnderstandings it is knowne,
That he might claime these honours for his owne.
His *Minde* was like an *Empire, rich* and *strong,*
In all *defensiue* pow'r against the wrong,
That ciuill *tumult* or inuasiue *Hate*
Might raise against the *peace* of her estate.
It was a *plentifull* and *fertile* ground,
Wherin all *needfull* riches did abound.
Labour increas'd what *natiuely* was bred;
No part was barren, or ill husbanded.
And with the paines of *Industrie* and *witt,*
In little time, He made such *Benefit*
Of *Conuersation* (the *Commerce* of *Mindes*;)
That what his hable obseruation findes
In other knowledges of *use,* and *good,*
Which in his owne was yet not vnderstood;
Through this rich *trade* (wherby al good is known)
Conuerts them home, and *plantes* them in his owne.
Which was so *sweet* and *temperate* a seate,
Without th' extremities of *cold* or *heate*;
That it could easily it selfe apply
To eu'ry usefull Nature, *properlie.*
And so did yeeld such prosperous increase
Of vertues *qualifi'd* for warre and peace;
That not a Mind wherewith He did conferre,

Could vtter speech of that particular,
Though in the *waies* which *other* men profess'd;
Wherewith his vnderſtanding was not bless'd.
And *whatsoeuer* He deliur'd forth,
In serious things, was of *a Solide* worth;
Commodiously materiall; Full of *vse*;
And free from *oſtentation* and *abuse.*
And as that *Empire* of his minde was *good*;
So was her *ſtate* as *ſtrong* wherein she ſtood.
Her *scituation* moſt *entirely* lay
Within it selfe; admitting not a way,
Nor any *open* place, *infirme* or *weake,*
By which *offensiue* purposes might *breake*
Into her *gouernment*; or haue accesse
Thorough the moſt *familiar* passages
That led vpon him, vnder *faire* pretence,
Without *discouering* they ment *offence,*
Before it was too late to giue retreate
To their *proceedings.* Nor could any *heate*
Or *violence* of such *inuasion,* make
His passions *mutin'*; or his pow'rs forsake
Their *proper* places. Nothing could disband
The *ſtrength* and *order* of his minds *commaund.*
For neuer mind her *nature* better *knew*;
Or could obserue a *discipline* more *due*
To such a *Nature*; or was *fortified*
With workes were more *ingeniously* applied,
To answere all *attempts* and iniuries,
In their *owne* kinde and *seu'rall* qualities.
And in *that scope,* (offences to auoide)
The *vse* of all those forces was *employ'de.*
Within his *Natures* lines it might be read;
He was a *Souldier* borne, aswell as bred.
And out of his owne *morall Character,*
He might haue learn'd his *Myſterie* of *Warre.*
Warre was the *Spheare* wherein his life did mooue;
And in that *course,* his *actions* did approoue,
How well his *worth* did his *employment* fit;
Th' *vnited prouinces* can witnesse it;

And will *acknowledge* gratefully, that *Fate*
Was graciously *propicious* to their *ſtate*;
When their moſt *happie Genius* gaue their *voice*
And did direct their *wisedomes* to make choice
Of one so hable and so fit in *all,*
To be that *worthy* Nations *Generall*;
On the *sufficiencie* of whose *commaund,*
The *chiefeſt* hopes of their *Successe* did ſtand.
And Noble *Willoughby* thy Iudgement knew,
And he hath *reallie* confirm'd it true;
That in his *life,* thy *memorie* should liue,
For the iudicious fauours thou didſt giue
To his *beginnings.* Which did ſtill produce
Some Action, promising of what *high* vse
His *generous courage, wit,* and *Induſtrie,*
Practiz'd with *Iudgement* and *dexteritie,*
Should be vnto that *State.* In whose braue *Warre,*
When he had brought his *seruices* so farre,
That they deseru'd the chiefeſt English charge;
His *spirit* with his *fortune* did *enlarge*
It selfe, according to his place. For as
His *former* carriages did *duely* passe
Through those *right* waies by which he should *obey*;
Now, he did *prooue* he knew as *right* a way
How to *commaund.* And suited all his *Course,*
With correspondent *order, life,* and *force.*
He put not on those *popular* aspects,
Which *Greatnes* oft *obsequiously* affectes,
To winne the *vulgar* fancie. For he knew,
That humour would *diſtract* him from the true
And *faithfull* Course wherein he should attend
The *publique* seruice; to a *priuate* ende.
And with too *easie* and *familiar sense*
Make *Fauour* apprehended. And *dispence*
With such *neglect* of dutie as proceedes
From that *presumption* which *remissnes* breedes.
But gaue himselfe vnto the *publique* cause;
And in the *due performance* of her *Lawes,*
His fauours had their *conſtant residence*;

To *th' end* he might attract mens *diligence*
Directly to their *dueties*; and aduance
The Armies seruice. For his *Countenance*
Respected men with a *Reseruednesse*
Refer'd to that wherewith he did expresse
His *exemplarie* actions. So that none
Could gather from him any *Signe* whereon
To raise themselues a *promise* or a hope
Of their *preferment,* but within the scope
Of their *peculiar* merites. And the waies
And *manner* by the which he vs'd to raise
Deseruing men, and did his fauours *spread*;
Were with as much *discretion* managed:
And *nourish'd* industrie no lesse. For whan
He did *bestow* preferment on a man;
The gift descended from no *second* hand,
That might *diuide* a generall commaund;
But from *himselfe,* as a proprietie
Reseru'd vnto his owne authoritie.
And often (vnrequested) singled forth
Some *priuate* men, whom for *desert* and worth,
He did *aduance* to some emploiment fit,
Before *they* sought it, or expected it.
Hence, did his troupes not onely vnderstand
Their *hopes* to rise depended on *his* hand;
But that he caried an *obseruing* eie
That would *informe* him how *deseruingly*
They *bore* themselues: which did aswell produce
Endeuour to doe *well,* as curbe *abuse.*
And made example, *Emulation* breed;
Which (leading vnto *gen'rous* ends) doth feede
The *actiue* disposition of the spirit,
With a *desire* to goe *beyond* in Merit.
In which *pursuit,* his Action still was wont
To *lead* the *way* to honour. And i' th' front
Of danger, *where* he did his deedes *aduance*;
In all his *gestures* and his *Countenance,*
He did so *pleasing* a consent expresse
Of Noble *Courage,* and free *Cherefulnesse*;

That his *assurance* had the pow'r to *raise*
The most *deiected* spirit into *praise*
And *imitation* of his *worth.* And thus,
By meanes *Heroique* and *iudicious,*
He did *incline* his armies *gen'rous* part
With *loue* vnto the *practise* of *Desart.*
And in that moouing Orbe of *actiue* warre;
His *high command* was the *transcendent Starre,*
Whose *influence,* for *production* of mens *worthes,*
Did *gouerne* at their *militarie* Birthes;
And *made* them *fit* for *Armes.* Witnesse the *merits,*
Eu'n of the *Chiefest ranckes* of warlike Spirits,
Who for our *Princes* Seruice doe *suruiue*;
Which from his *vertues* did their *worthes* deriue.
Then; to reduce th' affections of the *rude*
And ill dispos'd *licentious Multitude*;
His *wisedome* likewise did as *amplie* show.
Tradition and *experience* made him know,
That men in *Armies,* are more *apt* t'offend;
And faults to *greater* danger doe extend
There, then in *ciuill* gouernments; and are
More *difficult* to be *suppress'd* in warre
Then peace; and that there's nothing can restraine
Their *dissolute* affections, but the *Reine*
Of *strict* and *exemplarie* punishment.
Since of *necessitie,* such gouernement
Must bee; his *entrance* (therefore) was *seuere*:
Which did possesse them with a *timelie* Feare.
For when a Chiefe comes *first* into his place;
Then all mens *eies* are bent vpon the *Face*
Of his *Behauiour,* with a *fix'd* regard.
In which *Attention,* they are best *prepar'd*
To take *impression* what they ought to doe,
That he would haue them be *accustom'd* too.
For as his manners, *then,* report him; So
The *reputation* of his *Name* will goe.
And thus his *name* grew hable to *suppresse*
The strong'st *Commotions* of licenciousnes,
Euen in their *first* conceptions. Or if some

Were ſtill so bold to vndergoe his *Doome*;
Yet in the *terrour* of his *very* name
They were so long *proiecting* how to frame
And execute their practise safe and free,
Without the *danger* of seueritee;
That if their *doubtfulnes* did not diuert
And vtterly *disanimate* the heart
Of their proceedings; yet their *coldenesse* brought
The Act so *impotentlie* from the thought;
And made their ſtrong'ſt performances so *lame,*
That they were *ouertaken* ere they came
To *preiudice* the *publique* cause. And *now*;
When as the *few* complaints reported how
Effectually his labours prosper'd; and
His men grew well *conform'd* to his command;
With their *obedience,* he did *slacke* the bent
Of his *seueritie* in punishment.
Yet with so *wise* a *moderation,* that
His fame to be *seuere,* continu'd at
The *full* opinion. For the pardons gain'd,
Seem'd alwayes *difficult* to be obtain'd;
As if they rather came through *intercession,*
Then from the *purpose* of his owne remission.
And *lenitie,* (which commonly incites
A boldenes in disorder'd Appetites,
To more offence,) thus *wisely* managed;
Offensiue mindes were more *discouraged*
By *Mercie,* then by *Iuſtice.* For when they
That ſtood to die, by some *vnlook'd* for way
Were pardon'd, when they did *dispaire* to liue;
Th' *obseruing* Souldiers, inſtantly, did giue
Themselues perswasion, that vndoubtedly
The *next* offendour should be *sure* to die.
And that *opinion,* like a *Centinell*
Held *watch* vpon their Actions; did *repell*
Th' extrauagant eruptions of *offence*;
Enlarg'd the scope of care and diligence;
And did not *onely* hold a regular
And orderly *obedience* to the warre;

But likewise did as happily *preuent*
The iuſt necessitie of *punishment*
On *many* liues, which vnder a *milder* course
Presumption would *incurre*; and *law* (of force,
To cut off wayes to dang'rous consequence)
Muſt execute. Thus, that which in the sense
Of *vulgar* apprehension, seem'd to bee
A disposition vnto *crueltie*;
Appear'd a worke that wisedome did proiect
With *purpose* to a contrarie effect.
That which *malignant* Censure would suggeſt
To be a humour *cruellie* express'd;
That did mens liues *regardlesly* depriue;
Was of mens liues the beſt *preseruatiue.*
But to disprooue that *idle* imputation,
(That made it seeme a *vitious* inclination,
Inherent with his nature) and augment
The force of his *true* honours Argument.
Offences done againſt his *owne* eſtate,
(Which alwayes doth more ſtrongly *aggrauate*
The weight of iniurie to *priuate* sense,
Then *publique* apprehension of *offence*;
And *ſtirres* mens *passions* more;) haue oftentimes
Subduc'd the *Malefactors* for *those* crimes,
Into the *hands* of Iuſtice: *where* he might
With *approbation* and *consent* of *right,*
Haue *satisfied that Nature* to the full;
Aswell in *punishments* that iuſtly pull
On *Death,* as other grieuous *penalties.*
And yet his *hurt* that from those faults did rise,
And nearely *touch'd* him, neuer did *incense*
Or mooue his mind, (Since with no *reference*
They did *engage* him to the *publique* cause;)
To prosecute the *rigour* of the lawes.
But held himselfe sufficiently *content,*
To *learne* by *one, another* to *preuent.*
Nor neede I from his *martiall* scope, digresse;
T'approoue that, by his *morall* cari'ges:
Since if we doe proceede to note his course,

We shall obserue; where *Mildnes* was of force
To *propagate* the Armies seruice, *more*
Then *ſtern-nes*; with *conformitie* he bore
Himselfe. As in the *exercise* of Armes;
(Where *terrour* alwaies generally *harmes*;
And *dulles* the *apprehension* and conceipt:)
Hee hated *roughnes,* violence and heate;
And with a moſt *vnweari'd* patientnes,
Would labour to *insinuate* and impresse
His *demonſtrations. Hence* it might appeare;
He had a mind so *temperatelie* cleare
And free from passion, that he could *applie*
His *Methode* to his subiects *propertie.*
And *both* approoue, that his *seueritie*
Was *dedicated* to *vtilitie.*
Wherein his *Nature* did it selfe *expresse,*
Adapted vnto *publique* bus'nesses;
That had the *ſtrength* of patience to *dispise*
The bitter censures of *malignancies,*
In managements so subiect to *conſtruction*;
And *fixe* himselfe vpon the *right* conduction
Of his affaires, to *publique* vse dessign'd;
Nor *giuen,* nor *forc'd,* to any other end.
He was not of that *soft* and *seruile* mould,
That *all* impressions takes, and *none* doth hold;
But his *owne Reason* in himselfe did *raigne*;
What she *inspir'd,* he *firmely* did retaine.
Hee could not *flatter* Greatnes; *Zanie* humours;
Or be *obsequious* to aswage the *Tumours*
That in *corrupted* mindes did rise and swell
Againſt him: But did *residently* dwell
Vpon the purpose of a *true* intent;
In whose *successes* he was *confident.*
And as his *word* was, all his *deedes* were so;
——*Veritate, non obsequio.*
Thus did his *Armie* in *obedience* ſtand,
Vnder the *Count'nance* of a braue *Commaund.*
Which from the *force* his *wisedome* did applie,
Receiu'd more *ſtrength* then from's *Authoritie.*

And as the *disposition* of the *Mind,*
Was by his *gouernement* well *disciplin'd*;
So was the *Bodie* by his *exercise*:
Practis'd, and perfect in th' *actiuities*
And *postures,* on the which consist the right
Wayes of *Agilitie* and *skill* to *fight*
In *Armes,* and *Armies.* Where, his *hand* did show
As much as *Reason* and *Experience* know,
How *they* should *Marshall* them. How to *compose,*
Diuide, *transpose,* conuert, *open* or *close*;
Partes, bodies, *figures,* aspects, *distances*;
In *quarter, march, attempts, resistances*;
According as the *grounds capacity,*
Or the *condition* of an *enemy*
Requireth or *admits* the fittest course
Of *forme* or *change*; with *order, speede,* and *force*
And best *assurance* from *defensiue* art,
To th' most *aduantage* in th' *offensiue* part.
And all those other *partes,* whereof *consist*
The *gen'rall* worth of such a *Martialist*;
In him *vnited* their *habilities*;
And made him *compleate.* All his *industries,*
(Aswell in *actiues,* as *contemplatiues*;)
Were such as *those* whence *prouidence* deriues
Apt instruments to stand in *present* stead,
According to th' *occasion* offered;
Which either on the *principall* dessigne,
Or some *adherent* int'rests that entwine
And sway the principall; may fasten on
An *answerable* disposition:
And so worke way to prosperous euents;
Aswell in *vnexpected* accidents,
As things *proiected* and premeditate.
In *Councell,* he was of so *temperate*
And free a Mind, that *Reason* in his *Soule,*
Like an *imperiall presence,* did controule
And *scilence* all those *passions* that haue force
To *interrupt* the passage of *discourse.*
While to the cleare and vneclipsed *eye,*

Of his ſtrong *intellectuall* faculty,
His well informed *knowledge* did present
The *ſtate* and *Nature* of the Argument:
The *partes*; th' *entire*; and eu'ry *circumſtance*
That was *contingent,* or had *reference*
Materiall to the thing consulted on.
Which when his free *discourse* had pass'd vpon;
His *iudgement* in conclusion, did lay ope
The waies, the meanes, the reasons, and the scope,
What, how, whereby, and *when,* and *where* to doe;
And eu'ry *due respect* annex'd vntoo,
With such *demonſtratiue* and pregnant force;
That, *practise* without *speculatiue* discourse;
Nor *speculation* without *practise* tried;
Nor *both,* without great *prudence* amplified,
To know their *vses* and *applie* them well;
To his *aduise,* could make a *Paralell.*
Nor did his *knowledge* and *experience* ſtand
Vpon that onely *limit* of commaund,
That *Marshalleth* an armie fit to *fight*;
But had as perfect and profound a sight
Into the iudgement *how* it should be led,
And with the moſt *aduantage* managed,
Aswell through all the *Bodie* of a warre;
As in performance of *particular*
Dependent seruices. As *They* may note,
Who haue perused how his *Penne* did quote
The margent of our Ages great dessignes,
With his obseruing and iudicious *lines.*
And in those *obiects* of the iudgements *eie,*
(As if he kept a *key* of *Myſterie,*)
His *vnderſtanding* had so deepe a sight,
That in dessignes which were without the *light*
Of *practise* or *example,* he hath found
(Oft times) a way, which when he did propound,
Was of so *difficult* and high a ſtraine,
That eu'n *experienc'd* sense could hardl' attaine
To find it *probable* or fit; vnlesse
Approou'd by *demonſtration* and successe.

Yet (of true iudgement conſtant in pursuit,)
When *Action* did his *Counsaile* execute,
The progresse and *euent* subscrib'd in *Act,*
His way for *largeſt vse,* was *moſt exact.*
Nor was his iudgement, onely so *mature*
In purposes, whose *diſtance* could indure
Deliberate aduise; but did expresse
It selfe, as fully *ripe,* with *readines*
And *order,* where the *cause* would *not* admitt
The *Action* any time to *ſtudie* it.
And had so *present* a conceipt, (that did
Attend *occasion* as it offered;)
That when the *thunder* of a hotte *Alarme*
Hath cald him *sodainly* from *sleepe* to *arme*;
Vpon the *inſtant* of his *waking,* hee
Did with such *life,* and quick *dexteritie,*
His troupes *direct*; the seruice *execute*;
As practis'd Printers, *Sett* and *Diſtribute*
Their Letters: And more *perfectly* effected;
For what he did, was not to be *corrected.*
And as his *Counsailes* shew'd his *Iudgements* merit;
So did his *deedes* as infinite a *Spirit.*
In *Action,* both (*contracted*) did embrace;
What one perform'd, was to the others *grace.*
There, *wisedome* did his *Fortitude direct*;
And *Fortitude* his *wisedome* did *protect.*
For in the *Heart* of actiue seruices,
Where *sodaine* dangers with a *fierce* accesse,
Haue made *surprise* vpon him; vnremoov'd
His Iudgement ſtood; and *there,* was moſt approou'd.
His vnderſtandings greatnes did appeare
In *perturbations,* leaſt diſturb'd, *moſt cleare*;
And *then* gaue *ampleſt* witnesse of her *worth.*
All the *directions* he deliuer'd forth,
Were *then,* moſt *orderly, assur'd* and *sound.*
The *sense* of *terrour* neuer could *confound*
His *Iudgement. Reason* did such *freedome* find,
Within the gen'rous *greatnes* of his *Mind*;
And was so *guarded* by his Fortitude

From eu'ry violence that would *intrude.*
Which, in such dangers, doth precisely *trie*
The *true* and *natiue Magnanimitie.*
For nothing doth the *Iudgement* more *torment*
With rude *confusion* and astonishment,
Then *Feare*; which by *contraction* of the hart,
Doth force the *power's* of *soule* from eu'ry part,
Out of their *proper* seates and *offices,*
Into a *narrow* lymitt; where the *presse*
And vndistinguish'd *croude* of faculties,
Doth *interrupt* the passage of *aduise.*
Hence, not improperly, the word might rise,
That termes them *litle minds,* which *Cowardize*
Possesseth. *Where,* when feare of death doth *start*
The spirits, and makes them *flie* vnto the heart,
They want that *competent* required *space,*
For *eu'ry* power in a *distinguish'd* place,
To worke in *order.* Consequently thence,
It may be taken in as *apt* a sence;
Courage is termed *greatnes* of the *minde,*
Where *Reason* with her *faculties* doth find
Sufficient *roome,* wherein she may *dilate*
Their *seu'rall* properties, with *ordinate*
Distinction; (when *inuasiue terrours* rise
Vpon th' exteriour *senses,* to surprise
Those *passages*;) by making good their *grounds,*
Vnto the *largenes* of their *proper bounds.*
Yet may we not deseruedly *repute*
That nature worthy *this* great *attribute,*
Where *boundlesse Choler* doth *predominate.*
For that *extention's* rather *vast,* then great;
And by *extreamnes* in *another* kind,
As dang'rously *disturbes* the *powers* of mind.
As Feare *contrudes*; so choler doth *disperce.*
But *Fortitude,* nor violently fierce;
Nor coldly dull; as *prudence* doth require.
Holds them *distinguish'd, mutuall,* and *entire,*
For that which is a *vertue,* will admit
All vertue free *societie* with it.

And *this* was that *true valour* which the *spirit*
Of this *Heroique Worthy* did inherit.
Now if *malignant Censure* quarrels it,
And say it was a *Habite,* he did get
By *custome* with such *danger;* rather than
The *natiue* vertue of a *valiant* Man:
Let *enuie* please to turne her *clearer eye*
On his *Beginnings.* They will *satisfie*;
Or prooue her *false.* For when he *first* bore Armes;
Among the *first* that *press'd* to *front Alarmes*;
His Sword *thrust* formost. And his chiefe *desire*
From the *beginning,* labour'd to *aspire*
Through *enterprise* and *danger.* When the *face*
Of bloodie-handed *warre,* in it's *owne* place
Did *first* encounter him; and did appeare
In shapes of *terrour* to impresse a Feare:
He met it *smiling.* And did make it yeeld,
That he brought *Courage* with him to the field.
And when but in a *priuate ranque* he seru'd;
That vertue made him *publiquely* obseru'd.
And was th' *effectuall Cause* that did aduance
His fortunes to a *higher* countenance.
The *first* examples of his worth in *Act,*
Were like to *that* whose *valour* did attract
Th' impartiall Eye of *valiant Williams*; And
In honour of him *publish'd* with his hand,
In a discourse now extant, then put forth;
Where *he* to this effect, reports his worth.
Braue *Vere* was by his *Scarlet Cassock* known;
Who at th' *assaults* both of the *Fort* and *Towne,*
Stood alwaies in the *Head* of th' Armed Men.
Where, hauing *twice* beene hurt and *wounded,* when
My selfe (with other of his friends desire)
Requested him that *then* he would *retire*;
His *answere* was, that *He had rather die*
Tenne times vpon a breach; then once to lie
Vnder the hand of death *within a House.* &c.
Thus at the *first,* his *vndertaking* showes
It selfe; and no *occasion* doth omit,

That might giue *witnesse* of his worth in it.
And as his *Courage* then, was *true* to th' waies
Through which hee did's *deserued* fortunes raise;
To his *particular* and *priuate* good:
So for the *publique* seruice when he ſtood,
It euer was so *faithfull* to the lawes
Of that *integritie* he ought the cause
He seru'd; that when *occasion* did present
His *obseruation* with some accident
Within the *enemie,* that did *inuite*
The side he seru'd in, to *attempt* a fight;
With promise of *good seruice* to the ſtate;
Though dangers might make it *infortunate*
To his *particular*; and did obiect
Their terrours to disanimate th'effect.
And though the *presence* of *superiour* place,
Did show no *disposition* to embrace
The enterprise. When *nothing* did *enforce*
His *Courage,* but his *voluntarie* course;
If promise of *good seruice* did inuite;
Through *dangers* he *expos'd* himselfe to *fight,*
Againſt all *difficulties* that withſtood;
And *wonne* his *honour,* with his *losse* of *blood.*
And what his *sword* could not *directly* hit;
He *circumuented* by the power of *wit.*
Vsing that *licence* (only) which in *warre*
Hath *iuſt* allowance, though *irregular.*
Where he shew'd all wherewith *wit* can assiſt
The workings of a *Stratagematiſt*;
Without *conducting* them to their successe,
Through any passage of *perfidiousnes.*
And th' *vndertakings* of his indvſtrie
Were caried with such *dext'rous secrecie*;
That while the *Breath* of his *divulg'd pretence,*
Suited with fit *oſtentiall inſtruments,*
Transported *expectation* to that face;
And made him look'd for in *another* place;
His *expedition* ere it was *suspected,*
Set forth, ariu'd, attempted, and effected.

And *where* his *purposes* requir'd no *name*;
His *Actions* euer march'd *before* their *fame.*
And (for a *cloze*) to *crowne* his *worth*; *Bless'd Fate*
Did render all his Actions fortunate.
Witnes the *best* performances of warre;
Whereby th'vnited *Netherlanders,* are
Entirely of their *owne* prouinces *possest*;
With aduantageous *footing* on the rest.
Mongst which atchieuements, *Nieuport* and *Ostend*
(Those famous seruices) doe comprehend
Large *interest* in the deserts, *whereby*
They haue *attain'd* to that *prosperitie.*
And of *those* Actions, (They *themselues* confesse)
He was an *instrument* to the successe;
Elected by *Heau'ns* high *Omnipotence,*
To *manifest* his *gracious prouidence,*
In *fauour* of their cause. Nor did he *lesse,*
In *any* of his *other* seruices.
And when the GLORY of the *Warre* did *cease*;
Retir'd with *Honour.* And *expir'd* in *peace.*
Leauing his deathlesse memory and Fame,
To be an honour to that *Noble* Name
And *familie,* from whence *he* had *descent*:
Which by his *luster's* made more *eminent.*
And now, *Great Britaine,* though thou dost possesse
The SOVERAIGNE *Ioy* of *Peace* and happinesse;
And *feel'st* no Reason why thou should'st disperse
Or spend a *teare* vpon a *Souldiers* Hearse;
Yet for the sake eu'n of thy *blessed Peace,*
Thou maist *lament* this *worthy Mans* decease.
For *Warre's* a subiect, that may *comprehend*
The *greatest* wisedome, Nature can extend
Vntoo; to *manage* it. Whose *Noblest* wayes,
Proou'd Him a *Worthy*; *Heroe* of his dayes.
His praise may *iustly* (then) extend thus farre;
Hee was a *Man,* fit both for *Peace* and *Warre.*
Whose *Monument,* while *Historie* doth last;
Shall neuer be forgotten or defac'd.

Cyril Tourneur.

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE:

OR THE HONEST MAN'S REUENGE.

1611.

THE NAMES AND QUALITIES OF THE ACTORS.

MONTFERRERS, a Baron.
BELFOREST, a Baron.
D'AMVILLE, brother to *Montferrers.*
LEUIDULCIA, Lady to *Belforest.*
CASTABELLA, Daughter to *Belforest.*
CHARLEMONT, sonne to *Montferrers.*
ROUSARD, elder Sonne to *D'amville.*
SEBASTIAN, younger Sonne to *D'amville.*
LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE, a Puritane; Chaplaine to *Belforest.*
BORACHIO, *D'amvilles* instrument.
CATAPLASMA, a maker of Periwigges and Attires.
SOQUETTE, a seeming Gentlewoman to *Cataplasma.*
FRESCO, Seruant to *Cataplasma.*
Other seruants.
Serieant in warre.
Souldiers.
Watchmen.
Officers.
[Doctor.]
Iudges.

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE.

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA.

Enter D'AMUILLE, BORACHIO, *attended.*

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE I. I [1–23]

D'amuille.

I Saw my Nephew *Charlemont,* but now
Part from his Father. Tell him I desire
To speake with him. *Exit* Seruant.
Borachio, thou art read
In Nature and her large Philosophie.
Obseru'ſt thou not the very selfe same course
Of reuolution both in Man and Beaſt?
Bor. The same. For birth, growth, ſtate, decay and death:
Onely, a Man's beholding to his Nature
For th' better composition o' the two.
D'am. But where that fauour of his Nature, is
Not full and free; you see a man becomes
A foole, as little-knowing as a beaſt.
Bor. That showes there's nothing in a Man, aboue
His nature; if there were, consid'ring t'is
His beings excellencie, t'would not yeeld
To Natures weakenesse.
D'am. Then if Death caſts vp
Our totall summe of ioy and happinesse;
Let me haue all my sences feaſted in
Th' abundant fulnesse of delight at once,

And with a sweet insensible increase
Of pleasing surfet melt into my duſt.
Bor. That reuolution is too short me thinkes.
If this life comprehends our happinesse,
How foolish to desire to dye so soone?
And if our time runnes home vnto the length
Of Nature, how improuident it were
To spend our subſtance on a minutes pleasure,
And after liue an age in miserie?
D'am. So thou conclud'ſt that pleasure onely flowes
Vpon the ſtreame of riches.
Bor. Wealth is Lord
Of all felicitie.
D'am. T'is Oracle.
For what's a man that's honeſt without wealth?
Bor. Both miserable and contemptible.
D'am. Hee's worse *Borachio.* For if Charitie
Be an essentiall part of Honeſtie,
And should be practis'd firſt vpon our selues;
Which muſt be graunted; then your honeſt man
That's poore, is moſt dishoneſt, for hee is
Vncharitable to the Man, whom hee
Should moſt respect. But what doth this touch me,
That seeme to haue enough? Thankes induſtrie.
T'is true. Had not my Body spredde it selfe
Into poſteritie; perhaps I should
Desire no more increase of subſtance, then
Would hold proportion with mine owne dimentions.
Yet euen in that sufficiencie of ſtate,
A man has reason to prouide and adde.
For what is he hath such a present eye,
And so prepar'd a ſtrength; that can fore-see,
And fortifie his subſtance and himselfe,
Againſt those accidents, the leaſt whereof
May robbe him of an ages husbandry?
And for my children; they are as neere to me,
As branches to the tree whereon they grow;
And may as numerously be multiplied.
As they increase, so should my prouidence;

For from my substance they receiue the sap,
Whereby they liue and flowrish.
Bor. Sir enough,
I vnderstand the marke whereat you aime.

Enter CHARLEMONT.

D'am. Silence. W'are interrupted. *Charlemont!*
Char. Good morrow Vncle.
D'am. Noble *Charlemont*;
Good morrow. Is not this the honour'd day
You purpos'd to set forward to the warre?
Char. My inclination did intend it so.
D'am. And not your resolution?
Char. Yes my Lord;
Had not my Father contradicted it.
D'am. O noble warre! Thou first originall
Of all man's honour. How deiectedly,
The baser Spirit of our present time
Hath cast it selfe below the ancient worth
Of our forefathers! From whose noble deedes
Ignobly we deriue our pedigrees.
Charl. Sir; taxe not me for his vnwillingnesse.
By the command of his authoritie,
My disposition's forc'd against it selfe.
D'am. Nephew, you are the honour of our bloud.
The troope of Gentry, whose inferiour worth
Should second your example, are become
Your Leaders: and the scorne of their discourse,
Turnes smiling backe vpon your backewardnesse.
Charl. You neede not vrge my spirit by disgrace,
T'is free enough. My Father hinders it.
To curbe me, hee denyes me maintenance
To put me in the habite of my ranque.
Vnbinde me from that strong necessitie,
And call me Coward if I stay behind.
D'am. For want of meanes? *Borachio!* Where's the gold?
I'de disinherite my posteritie
To purchase honour. T'is an interest
I prize aboue the principall of wealth.

I'm glad I had th'occasion to make knowne
How readily my subſtance shall vnlocke
It selfe to serue you. Here's a thousand Crownes.
Charl. My worthy vncle; in exchange for this,
I leaue my bond. So I am doubly bound;
By that for the repayment of this gold,
And by this gold to satisfie your loue.
D'am. Sir; t'is a witnesse (onely) of my loue;
And loue doth alwayes satisfie it selfe.
Now to your Father; labour his consent.
My importunitie shall second yours.
Wee will obtaine it.
Charl. If intreatie faile,
The force of reputation shall preuaile. *Exit.*
D'am. Goe call my Sonnes, that they may take their leaues
Of noble *Charlemont.* Now my *Borachio* !
Bor. The subſtance of our former argument
Was wealth.
D'am. The queſtion how to compasse it.
Bor. Young *Charlemont* is going to the warre.
D'am. O, thou begin'ſt to take me.
Bor. Marke me then.
Me thinkes, the pregnant wit of Man, might make
The happy absence of this *Charlemont,*
A subiect for commodious prouidence.
He has a wealthy Father; ready eu'n
To drop into his graue. And no mans power
When *Charlemont* is gone, can interpose
'Twixt you and him.
D'am. Th'aſt apprehended; both
My meaning and my loue. Now let thy truſt,
For vndertaking and for secrecie,
Hold measure with thy amplitude of wit;
And thy reward shall paralell thy worth.
Bor. My resolution has already bound
Mee to your seruice.
D'am. And my heart to thee.

Enter ROUSARD *and* SEBASTIAN.

Here are my Sonnes.——
There's my eternitie. My life in them;
And their succession shall for euer liue.
And in my reason dwels the prouidence,
To adde to life as much of happinesse.
Let all men lose, so I increase my gaine,
I haue no feeling of anothers paine. *Exeunt.*

Enter old MONTFERRERS *and* CHARLEMONT. [1. ii.]

Mont. I prithee let this current of my teares,
Diuert thy inclination from the warre.
For of my children thou art onely left,
To promise a succession to my house.
And all the honour thou canſt get by armes,
Will giue but vaine addition to thy name;
Since from thy aunceſtours thou doſt deriue
A dignitie sufficient; and as great
As thou haſt subſtance to maintaine and beare.
I prithee ſtay at home.
Charl. My noble Father.
The weakeſt sigh you breath, hath power to turne
My ſtrongeſt purpose; and your softeſt teare
To melt my resolution to as soft
Obedience. But my affection to the warre,
Is as heriditary as my bloud,
To eu'ry life of all my anceſtry.
Your predecessours were your presidents;
And you are my example. Shall I serue
For nothing but a vaine Parenthesis,
I' th' honour'd ſtory of your Familie?
Or hang but like an emptie Scutcheon,
Betweene the trophee's of my predecessours,
And the rich Armes of my poſteritie?
There's not a French-man of good bloud and youth,
But eyther out of spirit or example,
Is turn'd a Souldier. Onely *Charlemont*
Muſt be reputed that same heartlesse thing,
That Cowards will be bold to play vpon.

Enter D'AMVILLE, ROUSARD *and* SEBASTIAN.

D'am. Good morrow my Lord.
Mont. Morrow good brother.
Charl. Good morrow Vncle.
D'am. Morrow kinde Nephew.
What? ha' you wash'd your eyes wi' teares this morning?
Come: by my soule his purpose does deserue
Your free consent. Your tendernesse disswades him.
What to the Father of a Gentleman,
Should be more tender then the maintenance
And the increase of honour to his house?
My Lord; here are my Boyes. I should be proud
That eyther this were able, or that inclin'd
To be my Nephewes braue competitor.
Mont. Your importunities haue ouercome.
Pray God my forc'd graunt proue not ominous.
D'am. We haue obtain'd it—Ominous? in what?
It cannot be in any thing but death.
And I am of a confident beliefe,
That eu'n the time, place, manner of our deathes,
Doe follow Fate with that necessitie;
That makes vs sure to dye. And in a thing
Ordain'd so certainly vnalterable,
What can the vse of prouidence preuaile?

[*Enter*] BELFOREST, LEUIDULCIA, CASTABELLA, *attended.*

Bel. Morrow my Lord *Montferrers,* Lord *D'amville.*
Good morrow Gentlemen. Couzen *Charlemont* !
Kindly good morrow. Troth I was afeard
I should ha' come too late, to tell you that
I wish your vndertakings a successe
That may deserue the measure of their worth.
Char. My Lord; my dutie would not let me goe,
Without receiuing your commandements.
Bel. Accomplements are more for ornament,
Then vse. Wee should imploy no time in them,
But what our serious businesse will admit.
Mont. Your fauour had by his duty beene preuented,
If we had not with-held him in the way.

D'am. Hee was o'comming to present his seruice.
But now no more. The Cooke inuites to breakfaſt.
Wilt please your Lordship enter.—Noble Lady.

Manent CHARLEMONT *and* CASTABELLA.

Charl. My noble Miſtresse ! this accomplement
Is like an elegant and mouing speech,
Compos'd of many sweete perswasiue points,
Which second one onother, with a fluent
Increase, and confirmation of their force,
Reseruing ſtill the beſt vntill the laſt,
To crowne the ſtrong impulsion of the reſt
With a full conqueſt of the hearers sense:
Because th' impression of the laſt we speake
Doth alwayes longeſt and moſt conſtantly
Possesse the entertainment of remembrance.
So all that now salute my taking leaue,
Haue added numerously to the loue,
Wherewith I did receiue their courtesie.
But you (deare Miſtresse) being the laſt and beſt
That speakes my farewell; like th' imperious cloze
Of a moſt sweete Oration, wholy haue
Possess'd my liking, and shall euer liue
Within the soule of my true memory.
So (Miſtresse) with this kisse I take my leaue.

Caſta. My worthy Seruant ! you miſtake th' intent
Of kissing. T'was not meant to separate
A paire of Louers; but to be the seale
Of Loue; importing by the ioyning of
Our mutuall and incorporated breathes,
That we should breath but one contracted life.
Or ſtay at home, or let me goe with you.

Charl. My *Caſtabella* ! for my selfe to ſtay,
Or you to goe, would either taxe my youth
With a dishonourable weakenesse, or
Your louing purpose with immodeſtie.

Enter LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE.

And for the satisfaction of your loue,
Heere comes a man whose knowledge I haue made

A witnesse to the contract of our vowes,
Which my returne by marriage shall confirme.

Lang. I salute you both with the spirit of copulation, I am already informed of your matrimoniall purposes, and will be a testimonie to the integritie of your promises.

Casta. O the sad trouble of my fearefull soule !
My faithfull seruant ! did you neuer heare,
That when a certaine great man went to th' warre,
The louely face of heau'n was masqu'd with sorrow,
The sighing windes did moue the breast of earth,
The heauie cloudes hung downe their mourning heads,
And wept sad showers the day that hee went hence,
As if that day presag'd some ill successe,
That fatallie should kill his happinesse;
And so it came to passe. Methinkes my eyes
(Sweet Heau'n forbid) are like those weeping cloudes,
And as their showers presag'd so doe my teares,
Some sad euent will follow my sad feares.

Charl. Fie, superstitious? is it bad to kisse?

Casta. May all my feares hurt me no more then this.

Lang. Fie, fie, fie, these carnall kisses doe stirre vp the Concupisences of the flesh.

Enter BELFOREST *and* LEUIDULCIA.

Leuid. O ! heer's your daughter vnder her seruants lips.

Charl. Madame, there is no cause you should mistrust
The kisse I gaue, t'was but a parting one.

Leuid. A lustie bloud ! Now by the lip of Loue
Were I to choose, your ioyning one for mee.

Bel. Your Father stayes to bring you on the way.
Farewell. The great commander of the warre
Prosper the course you vndertake. Farewell.

Charl. My Lord ! I humbly take my leaue.——Madame !
I kisse your hand.——And your sweet lip.——Farewell.

Manent CHARLEMONT *and* LANGUEBEAU.

Her power to speake is perish'd in her teares.
Something within me would perswade my stay,
But Reputation will not yeeld vnto't.

Deare Sir, you are the man whose honeſt truſt
My confidence hath chosen for my friend.
I feare my absence will discomfort her.
You haue the power and opportunitie
To moderate her passion. Let her griefe
Receiue that friendship from you; and your Loue
Shall not repent it selfe of courtesie.

Lang. Sir, I want words and proteſtation to insinuate into your credit; but in plainnesse and truth, I wil quallifie her griefe with the spirit of consolation.

Charl. Sir, I will take your friendship vp at vse.
And feare not that your profit shall be small;
Your intereſt shall exceede your principall. *Exit.* CHARL.

Enter D'AMVILLE *and* BORACHIO.

D'am. Mounsieur *Languebeau*! Happily encountred. The honeſtie of your conuersation, makes me requeſt more int'reſt in your familiaritie.

Lang. If your Lordship will be pleased to salute me without ceremonie, I shall be willing to exchange my seruice for your fauour; but this worshipping kinde of entertainment, is a superſtitious vanitie; in plainnesse and truth I loue it not.

D'am. I embrace your disposition; and desire to giue you as liberall assurance of my loue, as my Lord *Belforeſt* your deserued fauourer.

Lan. His Lordship is pleased with my plainnesse and truth of conuersation.

D'am. It cannot displease him. In the behauiour of his noble daughter *Caſtabella*; a man may read her worth and your inſtructiõn.

Lang. That Gentlewoman is moſt sweetly modeſt, faire, honeſt, handsome, wise, well-borne, and rich.

D'am. You haue giuen me her picture in small.

Lang. Shee's like your Dyamond; a temptation in euery mans eye, yet not yeelding to any light impression her selfe.

D'am. The praise is hers; but the comparison your owne.
Giues him the Ring.

Lan. You shall forgiue me that, Sir.

D'am. I will not doe so much at your requeſt as forgiue you it. I will onely giue you it Sir. By——You will make mee sweare.

Lan. O ! by no meanes. Prophane not your lippes with the foulnesse of that sinne. I will rather take it. To saue your oath, you shall lose your Ring.—Verily my Lord, my praise came short of her worth. Shee exceedes a Iewell. This is but onely for ornament; Shee both for ornament and vse.

D'am. Yet vnprofitably kept without vse. Shee deserues a worthy Husband, Sir. I haue often wish'd a match betweene my elder Sonne and her. The marriage would ioyne the houses of *Belforest* and *Damville* into a noble alliance.

Lan. And the vnitie of Families is a worke of loue and charitie.

D'am. And that worke an imployment well becomming the goodnesse of your disposition.

Lan. If your Lordship please to impose it vpon mee; I will carry it without any second end, the surest way to satisfie your wish.

D'am. Most ioyfully accepted.—*Rousard* ! Here are Letters to my Lord *Belforest* touching my desire to that purpose.

Enter ROUSARD *sickely.*

Rousard ! I send you a suitor to *Castabella.* To this Gentlemans discretion I commit the managing of your suite. His good successe shall be most thankefull to your trust. Follow his instructions, he will be your leader.

Lan. In plainnesse and truth.

Rous. My leader? does your Lordship thinke mee too weake to giue the on-set my selfe.

Lan. I will onely assist your proceedings.

Rous. To say true; so I thinke you had neede, for a sicke man can hardly get a womans good will without help.

Lan. *Charlemont* ! thy gratuitie and my promises were both but words; and both like words shall vanish into ayre.—
For thy poore empty hand I must be mute:
This giues mee feeling of a better suite.

Exeunt LANGUEBEAU *and* ROUSARD.

D'am. *Borachio !* didst precisely note this man?

Bor. His owne profession would report him pure.

D'am. And seemes to know if any benefit,
Arises of religion after death;
Yet but compare's profession with his life;
They so directly contradict themselues,

As if the end of his instructions were
But to diuert the world from sinne, that hee
More easily might ingrosse it to himselfe.
By that I am confirm'd an Atheist.
Well ! *Charlemont* is gone. And here thou seest,
His absence the foundation of my plot.
Bor. Hee is the man whom *Castabella* loues.
D'am. That was the reason I propounded him
Employment fix'd vpon a forraine place,
To draw his inclination out o' th' way.
Bor. T'has left the passage of our practise free.
D'am. This *Castabella* is a wealthy heire,
And by her marriage with my elder Sonne;
My house is honour'd, and my state increas'd.
This worke alone deserues my industry:
But if it prosper, thou shalt see my braine
Make this but an induction to a point
So full of profitable policie;
That it would make the soule of honestie
Ambitious to turne villaine.
Bor. I bespeake
Employment in't. I'le be an instrument
To grace performance with dexteritie.
D'am. Thou shalt. No man shall rob thee of the honour.
Goe presently and buy a crimson Scarfe,
Like *Charlemonts*. Prepare thee a disguise,
I' th' habite of a Souldiour, hurt and lame;
And then be ready at the wedding feast,
Where thou shalt haue imployment in a worke
Will please thy disposition.
Bor. As I vow'd;
Your instrument shall make your proiect proud.
D'am. This marriage will bring wealth. If that succeede,
I will increase it though my Brother bleed. *Exeunt.*

Enter CASTABELLA *auoiding the importunitie of* ROUSARD. [I. iii.]

Casta. Nay good Sir; in troth if you knew how little it pleases mee, you would forbeare it.
Rous. I will not leaue thee, till th'ast entertain'd mee for thy seruant.

Casta. My seruant? You are sicke you say. You would taxe mee of indiscretion to entertaine one that is not able to doe me seruice.

Rous. The seruice of a Gentlewoman consists most in chamber worke, and sicke men are fittest for the chamber. I pr'ithee giue me a fauour.

Casta. Mee thinkes you haue a very sweet fauour of your owne.

Rous. I lacke but your blacke eye.

Casta. If you goe to buffets among the Boyes, they'l giue you one.

Rous. Nay if you grow bitter, Ile dispraise your blacke eye. The gray eie'd Morning makes the fairest day.

Casta. Now that you dissemble not, I could be willing to giue you a fauour. What fauour would you haue?

Rous. Any toy: any light thing.

Casta. Fie. Will you be so vnciuill to aske a light thing at a Gentlewomans hand?

Rous. Wilt giue mee a bracelet o' thy haire then?

Casta. Doe you want haire Sir?

Rous. No faith Ile want no haire, so long as I can haue it for mony.

Casta. What would you doe with my haire then?

Rous. Weare it for thy sake sweet hart.

Casta. Doe you thinke I loue to haue my haire worne off?

Rous. Come you are so witty now, and so sensible.

Kisses her.

Casta. Tush. I would I wanted one o' my sences now.

Rous. Bitter againe? What's that? Smelling?

Casta. No, no, no. Why now y'are satisfied I hope. I haue giuen you a fauour.

Rous. What fauour? a kisse? I prithee giue mee another.

Casta. Shew mee that I gaue you then.

Rous. How should I shew it?

Casta. You are vnworthie of a fauour if you will not bestow the keeping of it one minute.

Rous. Well in plaine termes, doest loue mee? That's the purpose of my comming.

Casta. Loue you? Yes. Very well.

Rous. Giue mee thy hand vpon't.

Casta. Nay, you mistake mee. If I loue you very well, I must not loue you now. For now you are not very well, y'are sicke.

Rous. This Equiuocation is for the iest now.

Casta. I speak't as t'is now in fashion, in earnest. But I shall not be in quiet for you I perceiue, till I haue giuen you a fauour. Doe you loue mee?

Rous. With all my hart.

Casta. Then with all my hart, Ile giue you a Iewell to hang in your eare.——Harke yee——I can neuer loue you. *Exit.*

Rous. Call you this a Iewell to hang in mine eare? T'is no light fauour, for Ile be sworne it comes somewhat heauily to mee. Well, I will not leaue her for all this. Mee thinkes it animates a man to stand too't, when a woman desires to be rid of him at the first sight. *Exit.*

Enter BELFOREST *and* LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE. [I. iv.]

Bel. I entertaine the offer of this match;
With purpose to confirme it presently.
I haue already moou'd it to my daughter;
Her soft excuses sauour'd at the first
(Methought) but of a modest innocence
Of bloud; whose vnmoou'd streame was neuer drawne
Into the current of affection. But when I
Replyed with more familiar arguments,
Thinking to make her apprehension bold;
Her modest blush fell to a pale dislike,
And shee refus'd it with such confidence,
As if shee had beene prompted by a loue
Inclining firmely to some other man,
And in that obstinacie shee remaines.

Lan. Verily that disobedience doth not become a Childe. It proceedeth from an vnsanctified libertie. You will be accessarie to your owne dishonour if you suffer it.

Bel. Your honest wisedome has aduis'd mee well.
Once more Ile moue her by perswasiue meanes.
If shee resist; all mildenesse set apart,
I will make vse of my authoritie.

Lan. And instantly, least fearing your constraint; her contrary affection teach her some deuise that may preuent you.

Bel. To cut off eu'ry opportunitie,
Procraſtination may assiſt her with;
This inſtant night shee shall be marryed.
Lan. Beſt.

Enter CASTABELLA.

Caſta. Please it your Lordship, my mother attends
I' th' Gallerie, and desires your conference.

Exit BELFOREST.

This meanes I vs'd to bring mee to your eare.
Time cuts off circumſtance; I muſt be briefe.
To your integritie did *Charlemont*
Commit the contract of his loue and mine.
Which now so ſtrong a hand seekes to diuide:
That if your graue aduise assiſt me not,
I shall be forc'd to violate my faith.
Lan. Since *Charlemont's* absence, I haue waighed his loue with the spirit of consideration; and in sinceritie I finde it to be friuolous and vaine. With-draw your respect; his affection deserueth it not.
Caſta. Good sir; I know your heart cannot prophane
The holinesse you make profession of,
With such a vitious purpose, as to breake
The vow, your owne consent did help to make.
Lan. Can he deserue your loue, who in neglect
Of your delightfull conuersation,
And in obſtinate contempt of all your prayers
And teares; absents himselfe so far from your
Sweet fellowship, and with a purpose so
Contracted to that absence, that you see
Hee purchases your separation with
The hazard of his bloud and life; fearing
To want pretence to part your companies?—
T'is rather hate that doth diuision moue;
Loue ſtill desires the presence of his Loue.—
Verily, hee is not of the Familie of Loue.
Caſta. O doe not wrong him. T'is a generous minde
That ledde his disposition to the warre:
For gentle loue and noble courage are
So neare allyed; that one begets another:

Or, Loue is Sister, and Courage is the Brother.
Could I affect him better then before,
His Souldiers heart would make me loue him more.
Lan. But *Castabella.*—— *Enter* LEUIDULCIA.
Leu. Tush, you mistake the way into a woman,
The passage lyes not through her reason, but her bloud.
Exit LANGUEBEAU, CASTABELLA *about to follow.*
Nay, stay ! How wouldst thou call the childe,
That being rais'd with cost and tendernesse,
To full habilitie of body and meanes;
Denies reliefe vnto the parents, who
Bestow'd that bringing vp?
Casta. Vnnaturall.
Leu. Then *Castabella* is vnnaturall.
Nature the louing mother of vs all,
Brought forth a woman for her owne reliefe;
By generation to reuiue her age.
Which now thou hast habilitie and meanes
Presented; most vnkindly dost deny.
Casta. Belieue me Mother; I doe loue a man.
Leu. Preferr'st th' affection of an absent Loue,
Before the sweet possession of a man;
The barren minde before the fruitfull body;
Where our creation has no reference
To man; but in his body: being made
Onely for generation; which (vnlesse
Our children can be gotten by conceit)
Must from the body come. If Reason were
Our counsellour, wee would neglect the worke
Of generation, for the prodigall
Expence it drawes vs too, of that which is
The wealth of life. Wise Nature (therefore) hath
Reseru'd for an inducement to our sence,
Our greatest pleasure in that greatest worke.
Which being offer'd thee; thy ignorance
Refuses, for th' imaginarie ioy
Of an vnsatisfied affection, to
An absent man. Whose bloud once spent i' th' warre;
Then hee'l come home, sicke, lame and impotent;

And wed thee to a torment; like the paine
Of *Tantalus,* continuing thy desire,
With fruitlesse presentation of the thing
It loues; ſtill moou'd and ſtill vnsatisfied.

Enter BELFOREST, D'AMVILLE, ROUSARD, SEBASTIAN, LANGUEBEAU, &C.

Bel. Now *Leuidulcia!* Haſt thou yet prepar'd
My Daughters loue to entertaine this Man?
Her husband here?
Leu. I'm but her mother i' law;
Yet if shee were my very flesh and bloud,
I could aduise no better for [her] good.
Rous. Sweet wife! Thy ioyfull husband thus salutes
Thy cheeke.
Caſta. My husband? O! I am betraid.—
Deare friend of *Charlemont*! your puritie
Professes a diuine contempt o' th' world;
O be not brib'd by that you so negleſt,
In being the worlds hated inſtrument,
To bring a iuſt negleſt vpon your selfe!—— *Kneele from one to another.*
Deare Father! let me but examine my
Affection.——Sir, your prudent iudgement can
Perswade your sonne that t'is improuident
To marry one whose disposition, he
Did ne'er obserue.——Good sir, I may be of
A nature so vnpleasing to your minde;
Perhaps you'l curse the fatall houre wherein
You rashly marryed me.
D'am. My Lord *Belforeſt!*
I would not haue her forc'd againſt her choise.
Bel. Passion o' me thou peeuish girle. I charge
Thee by my blessing, and th' authoritie
I haue to claime th' obedience; marry him.
Caſta. Now *Charlemont!* O my presaging teares!
This sad euent hath follow'd my sad feares.
Seba. A rape, a rape, a rape!
Bel. How now?
D'am. What's that?

Seba. Why what is't but a Rape to force a wench to marry, since it forces her to lie with him she would not?

Lan. Verily, his Tongue is an vnsanctified member.

Seba. Verily, your grauitie becomes your perish'd soule, as hoary mouldinesse does rotten fruit.

Bel. Couzen, y'are both vnciuill and prophane.

D'am. Thou disobedient villaine; get thee out of my sight. Now by my Soule Ile plague thee for this rudenesse.

Bel. Come; set forward to the Church. *Exeunt.*

Manet SEBASTIAN.

Seba. And verifie the Prouerbe. The nearer the Church; the further from God.—— Poore wench. For thy sake, may his habilitie die in his appetite; that thou beest not troubled with him thou louest not. May his appetite moue thy desire to another man: so hee shall helpe to make himselfe Cuckold. And let that man be one that he payes wages too: so thou shalt profit by him thou hatest. Let the Chambers be matted, the hinges oyl'd, the curtaine rings silenced, and the chamber-maid hold her peace at his owne request, that he may sleepe the quietlier. And in that sleepe let him be soundly cuckolded. And when hee knowes it, and seekes to sue a diuorce; let him haue no other satisfaction then this: *Hee lay by and slept: the Law will take no hold of her, because he wink'd at it.* *Exit.*

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA.

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE II. I [1–17]

Musicke. A banquet. In the night.

Enter D'AMVILLE, BELFOREST, LEUIDULCIA, ROUSARD, CASTABELLA, LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE, *at one doore. At the other doore,* CATAPLASMA *and* SOQUETTE, *usher'd by* FRESCO.

Leuidulcia.

Mistresse *Cataplasma!* I expected you an houre since.

Cata. Certaine Ladies at my house (Madame) detain'd mee; otherwise I had attended your Ladiship sooner.

Leu. Wee are beholding to you for your companie. My Lord; I pray you bid these Gentlewomen welcome: th' are my inuited friends.

D'am. Gentlewomen, y'are welcome, pray sit downe.

Leu. Fresco! by my Lord *D'amville's* leaue I prithee goe into the Buttry. Thou sha't finde some o' my men there; if they bid thee not welcome, they are very Loggerheads.

Fres. If your Loggerheads will not, your Hoggesheads shall Madame, if I get into the Buttry. *Exit.*

D'am. That fellowes disposition to mirth should be our present example. Let's be graue and meditate, when our affaires require our seriousnes. T'is out of season to be heauily disposed.

Leu. We should be all wound vp into the key of Mirth.

D'am. The Musicke there.

Bel. Where's my Lord *Montferrers*? Tell him here's a roome attends him. *Enter* MONTFERRERS.

Mont. Heauen giue your marriage that I am depriu'd of, ioy.

D'am. My Lord *Belforeſt! Caſtabella's* health.

D'AMVILLE *drinkes.*

Set ope' the Sellar dores, and let this health
Goe freely round the house.——Another to
Your Sonne, my Lord; To noble *Charlemont.*
Hee is a Souldier. Let the Inſtruments
Of warre congratulate his memorie.—— *Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter a SERUANT.

Ser. My Lord, here's one i' th' habite of a Souldier saies hee is newly return'd from Oſtend, and has some businesse of import to speake.

D'am. Oſtend! let him come in. My soule fore-tels
Hee brings the newes will make our Musicke full.
My brothers ioy would doe't: and here comes hee
Will raise it.

Enter BORACHIO *disguised.*

Mont. O my spirit, it does disswade
My tongue to queſtion him, as if it knew
His answere would displease.

D'am. Souldier! what newes?
Wee heard a rumour of a blow you gaue
The enemie.

Bor. T'is very true my Lord.

Bel. Canſt thou relate it?

Bor. Yes.

D'am. I Prithee doe.

Bor. The enemie, defeated of a faire
Aduantage by a flattring ſtratagem;
Plants all th' Artillerie againſt the Towne.

Whose thunder and lightning made our bulwarkes shake;
And threatned in that terrible report,
The ſtorme wherewith they meant to second it.
Th' assault was generall. But for the place
That promis'd moſt aduantage to be forc'd;
The pride of all their Army was drawne forth,
And equally diuided into Front,
And Rere. They march'd. And comming to a ſtand,
Ready to passe our Channell at an ebbe,
W' aduis'd it for our safeſt course, to draw
Our sluices vp and mak't vnpassable.
Our Gouernour oppos'd; and suffered 'em
To charge vs home e'en to the Rampiers foot.
But when their front was forcing vp our breach,
At push o' pike, then did his pollicie
Let goe the sluices, and trip'd vp the heeles
Of the whole bodie of their troupe, that ſtood
Within the violent current of the ſtreame.
Their front beleaguer'd twixt the water and
The Towne; seeing the floud was growne too deepe,
To promise them a safe retreate; expos'd
The force of all their spirits, (like the laſt
Expiring gaspe of a ſtrong harted man)
Vpon the hazard of one charge; but were
Oppress'd and fell. The reſt that could not swimme,
Were onely drown'd; but those that thought to scape
By swimming, were by murtherers that flankerd,
The leuell of the floud, both drown'd and slaine.

D'am. Now by my soule (Souldier) a braue seruice.

Mont. O what became of my deare *Charlemont*?

Bor. Walking next day vpon the fatall shore,
Among the slaughter'd bodies of their men,
Which the full-ſtomack'd Sea had caſt vpon
The sands, it was m' vnhappy chance to light
Vpon a face, whose fauour when it liu'd
My aſtonish'd minde inform'd me I had seene.
Hee lay in's Armour; as if that had beene
His Coffine, and the weeping Sea, (like one;
Whose milder temper doth lament the death

Of him whom in his rage he slew) runnes vp
The Shoare; embraces him; kisses his cheeke,
Goes backe againe and forces vp the Sandes
To burie him; and eu'rie time it parts,
Sheds teares vpon him; till at laſt (as if
It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slaine, yet loath to leaue him;) with
A kinde of vnresolu'd vnwilling pace,
Winding her waues one in another, like
A man that foldes his armes, or wrings his hands
For griefe; ebb'd from the body and descends:
As if it would sinke downe into the earth,
And hide it selfe for shame of such a deede.
D'am. And Souldier; who was this?
Mont. O *Charlemont!*
Bor. Your feare hath told you that whereof my griefe
Was loath to be the messenger.
Caſta. O God. *Exit* CASTABELLA.
D'am. *Charlemont* drown'd? Why how could that be? since
It was the aduerse partie that receiued
The ouerthrow.
Bor. His forward spirit press'd into the front;
And being engag'd within the enemie,
When they retreated through the rising ſtreame;
I' the violent confusion of the throng
Was ouerborne and perish'd in the floud.
And here's the sad remembrance of his life, —*The Scarfe.*
Which for his sake I will for euer weare.
Mont. Torment me not with witnesses of that,
Which I desire, not to beleeue; yet muſt.
D'am. Thou art a Scrichowle; and doſt come i' night
To be the cursed messenger of death.
Away. Depart my house; or (by my soule)
You'l finde me a more fatall enemie,
Then euer was Oſtend. Be gone. Dispatch.
Bor. Sir t'was my loue.
D'am. Your loue to vexe my heart with that I hate?
Harke, doe you heare? you, knaue?——
O th' art a moſt delicate sweete eloquent villaine!

Bor. Was't not well counterfaited?
D'am. Rarely.——Be gone. I will not here reply.
Bor. Why then farewell: I will not trouble you.

Exit.

D'am. So. The foundation's laid. Now by degrees,
The worke will rise and soone be perfected.
O this vncertaine ſtate of mortall man!
Bel. What then? it is th' ineuitable fate
Of all things vnderneath the Moone.
D'am. T'is true.
Brother for healths sake ouercome your griefe.
Mont. I cannot sir. I am vncapable
Of comfort. My turne will be next. I feele
My selfe not well.
D'am. You yeeld too much to griefe.
Lang. All men are mortall. The houre of death is vncertaine. Age makes sicknesse the more dangerous. And griefe is subiect to diſtraction. You know not how soone you may be depriu'd of the benefit of sense. In my vnderſtanding (therefore) you shall doe well if you be sicke to set your ſtate in present order. Make your Will.
D'am. I haue my wish.——Lights for my Brother.
Mont. Ile withdraw a while;
And craue the honeſt counsell of this man.
Bel. With all my heart. I pray attend him sir.

Exeunt MONTFERRERS *and* SNUFFE.

This next roome please your Lordship.
D'am. Where you will.

Exeunt BELFOREST *and* D'AMVILLE.

Leuid. My Daughter's gone. Come Sonne. Miſtresse *Cataplasma,* come; wee'l vp into her chamber. I'de faine see how she entertaines the expectation of her husbands bedfellowship.
Rou. 'Faith howsoeuer shee entertaines it; I shall hardly please her; therefore let her reſt.
Leuid. Nay, please her hardly and you please her beſt.

Exeunt.

Enter 3. Seruants *drunke, drawing in* FRESCO. [II. ii.]

1 *Ser.* Boy ! fill some drinke Boy.

Fresco. Enough good Sir; not a drop more by this light.

2. Not by this light? Why then put out the candles and wee'l drinke i' the darke and t'wut old Boy.

Fres. No, no, no, no, no.

3. Why then take thy liquour. A health *Fresco.* *kneele.*

Fres. Your health will make me sicke sir.

1. Then t'will bring you o' your knees I hope sir.

Fres. May I not ſtand and pledge it sir?

2. I hope you will doe as wee doe.

Fres. Nay then indeed I muſt not ſtand, for you cannot.

3. Well said old boy.

Fres. Old boy, you'l make me a young childe anon: for if I continue this, I shall scarce be able to goe alone.

1. My body is as weake as water, *Fresco.*

Fres. Good reason sir, the beere has sent all the malt vp into your braine, and left nothing but the water in your body.

Enter D'AMVILLE *and* BORACHIO *closely obseruing their drunkennesse.*

D'am. Borachio ! seeſt those fellowes?

Bor. Yes my Lord.

D'am. Their drunkennesse that seemes ridiculous,
Shall be a serious inſtrument, to bring
Our sober purposes to their successe.

Bor. I am prepar'd for th' execution, sir.

D'am. Caſt off this habite, and about it ſtraight.

Bor. Let them drinke healthes, & drowne their braines i' the [floud;
Ile promise them they shall be pledg'd in bloud. *Exit.*

1. You ha' left a damnable snuffe here.

2. Doe you take that in snuffe Sir?

1. You are a damnable rogue then. ——*together by th' eares.*

D'am. Fortune I honour thee. My plot ſtill rises,
According to the modell of mine owne desires.——
Lights for my Brother.——What ha' you drunke your selues mad you knaues.

1. My Lord the Iackes abus'd mee.

D'am. I thinke they are the Iackes indeed that haue abus'd thee. Doſt 'heare? that fellow is a proud knaue. Hee has abus'd thee. As thou goeſt ouer the fields by and by, in lighting my brother home, Ile tell thee what' sha't doe. Knocke him ouer the pate with thy torch, Ile beare the out in't.

1. I will sindge the goose by this torch. *Exit.*

D'am. Doeſt heare; fellow. Seeſt thou that proud knaue, I haue giuen him a lesson for his sawcinesse. H'as wrong'd thee. Ile tell thee what 'sha't doe: As we goe ouer the fields by and by, clap him sodainely o'er the coxe-combe with thy torch, Ile beare thee out in't.

2. I will make him vnderſtand as much. *Exit.*

Enter LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE.

D'am. Now Mounsieur Snuffe! What has my brother done?

Lan. Made his Will; and by that Will made you his heyre; with this prouiso, that as occasion shall hereafter moue him; hee may reuoke or alter it when he pleases.

D'am. Yes. Let him if he can.——Ile make it sure from his reuoking. *Aside.*

Enter MONTFERRERS *and* BELFOREST, *attended with lights.*

Mont. Brother now good night.

D'am. The skie is darke, wee'l bring you o'er the fields.
Who can but ſtrike, wants wisedome to maintaine:
Hee that ſtrikes safe and sure, has heart and braine.

Exeunt.

[II. iii.] *Enter* CASTABELLA *alone.*

Caſta. O Loue! thou chaſt affection of the Soule,
Without th' adultrate mixture of the bloud;
That vertue which to goodnesse addeth good:
The minion of heauens heart. Heauen! is't my fate
For louing that thou lou'ſt to get thy hate?
Or was my *Charlemont* thy chosen Loue?
And therefore haſt receiu'd him to thy selfe?
Then I confesse thy anger's not vniuſt.
I was thy riuall. Yet to be diuorc'd
From loue, has beene a punishment enough,

(Sweete heauen) without being marryed vnto hate,
Hadſt thou beene pleas'd: O double miserie!
Yet since thy pleasure hath inflicted it,
If not my heart, my dutie shall submit.

Enter LEUIDULCIA, ROUSARD, CATAPLASMA, SOQUETTE, *and* FRESCO *with a lanthorne.*

Leu. Miſtresse *Cataplasma,* good night. I pray when your Man has brought you home, let him returne and light me to my house.

Cata. He shall inſtantly waite on your Ladiship.

Leu. Good Miſtresse *Cataplasma*; for my seruants are all drunke; I cannot be beholding to 'em for their attendance.

Exeunt CATAPLASMA, SOQUETTE, *and* FRESCO.

O here's your Bride.

Rous. And melancholique too, me thinkes.

Leu. How can shee choose? your sicknesse will
Diſtaſte th' expected sweetnesse o' the night.
That makes her heauie.

Rou. That should make her light.

Leu. Looke you to that.

Caſta. What sweetnesse speake you of?
The sweetnesse of the night consiſts in reſt.

Rou. With that sweetnesse thou shalt be surely bleſt,
Vnlesse my groning wake thee. Doe not moane.

Leu. Sh'ad rather you would wake, and make her grone.

Rou. Nay 'troth sweete heart, I will not trouble thee.
Thou shalt not lose thy maiden-head too night.

Caſta. O might that weakenesse euer be in force;
I neuer would desire to sue diuorce!

Rou. Wilt goe to bed?

Caſta. I will attend you, Sir.

Rou. Mother, good night.

Leu. Pleasure be your bed-fellow.

Exeunt ROUSARD *and* CASTABELLA.

Why sure their Generation was asleepe,
When shee begot those Dormice; that shee made
Them vp so weakely and imperfectly.
One wants desire; the tother habilitie.

When my affection euen with their cold blouds
(As snow rub'd through an actiue hand, does make
The flesh to burne) by agitation is
Inflam'd. I could imbrace, and entertaine
The ayre to coole it.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seba. That but mitigates
The heate; rather imbrace and entertaine
A younger brother; he can quench the fire.
Leu. Can you so, sir? now I beshrew your eare.
Why bold *Sebastian,* how dare you approach
So neare the presence of your displeas'd Father?
Seba. Vnder the protection of his present absence.
Leu. Belike you knew he was abroad then.
Seba. Yes.
Let me encounter you so: Ile perswade
Your meanes to reconcile me to his loue.
Leu. Is that the way? I vnderstand you not.
But for your reconcilement, meete m'at home;
Ile satisfie your suite.
Seba. Within this halfe houre?

Exit SEBASTIAN.

Leu. Or within this whole houre. When you will.——
A lusty bloud! has both the presence and the spirit of a man.
I like the freedome of his behauiour.——Ho——*Sebastian!*
Gone?—Has set my bloud o'boyling i' my veynes. And now (like water pour'd vpon the ground, that mixes it selfe with eu'ry moysture it meetes) I could claspe with any man.

Enter FRESCO *with a Lanthorne.*

O *Fresco!* Art thou come? If tother faile, then thou art entertaind.
Lust is a Spirit, which whosoe'er doth raise;
The next man that encounters boldly, layes. *Exeunt.*

[II. iv.] *Enter* BORACHIO *warily and hastily ouer the Stage, with a stone in eyther hand.*

Bor. Such stones men vse to raise a house vpon;
But with these stones I goe to ruine one. *Descends.*

Enter two Seruants drunke fighting with their torches, D'AMVILLE, MONTFERRERS, BELFOREST, *and* LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE.

Bel. Passion o' me you drunken knaues, you'l put
The lights out.
D'am. No my Lord; th' are but in ieaſt.
1. Mine's out.
D'am. Then light it at his head, that's light enough.——
Foregod, th' are out. You drunken Rascals backe
And light 'em.
Bel. T'is exceeding darke. *Exeunt Seruants.*
D'am. No matter.
I am acquainted with the way. Your hand.
Let's easily walke. Ile lead you till they come.
Mont. My soule's oppreſt with griefe. T'lies heauie at
My heart. O my departed Sonne! ere long
I shall be with thee.

D'AMVILLE *thruſts him downe into the grauell pit.*

D'am. Marry God forbid.
Mont. O, o, o.
D'am. Now all the hoſte of heauen forbid. Knaues, Rogues.
Bel. Pray God hee be not hurt! hee's falne into the grauell pit.
D'am. Brother! deare Brother! Rascals, villaines, knaues.

Enter the Seruants with lights.

Eternall darkenesse damne you; come away.
Goe round about into the grauell pit,
And helpe my Brother vp. Why what a ſtrange
Vnlucky night is this? Is't not my Lord?
I thinke that Dogge that howl'd the newes of griefe,
That fatall Scrichowle vsherd on this mischiefe.

Enter with the murdred body.

Lan. Mischiefe indeed my Lord. Your Brother's dead.
Bel. Hee's dead.
Ser. Hee's dead.
D'am. Dead be your tongues. Drop out
Mine eye-bals, and let enuious Fortune play
At tennis with 'em. Haue I liu'd to this?

Malicious Nature ! hadſt thou borne me blinde;
Th'adſt yet been something fauourable to me.
No breath? No motion? 'prithee tell me heauen !
Haſt shut thine eye to winke at murther; or
Haſt put this sable garment on, to mourne
At's death?
Not one poore sparke in the whole spatious skye,
Of all that endlesse number would vouchsafe
To shine? You vize-royes to the King of nature !
Whose conſtellations gouerne mortall births;
Where is that fatall Planet rul'd at his
Natiuitie? That might ha' pleas'd to light
Him out, as well into th' world; vnlesse
It be asham'd t'haue beene the inſtrument
Of such a good mans cursed deſtinie.——

Belf. Passions transports you. Recollect your selfe.
Lament him not. Whether our deaths be good
Or bad; it is not death but life that tryes;
Hee liu'd well, (therefore) queſtionlesse, well dyes.

D'am. I. Tis an easie thing for him that has
No paine to talke of patience. Doe you thinke
That Nature has no feeling?

Belf. Feeling? Yes.
But has she purpos'd any thing for nothing?
What good receiues this body by your griefe?
Whether is't more vnnaturall not to grieue
For him you cannot helpe with it; or hurt
Your selfe with grieuing and yet grieue in vaine?

D'am. Indeede had hee beene taken from mee like
A piece o' dead flesh, I should neither ha' felt it,
Nor grieued for't. But come hether, 'pray looke heere.
Behold the liuely tincture of his bloud !
Neither the Dropsie nor the Iaundies in't.
But the true freshnesse of a sanguine red;
For all the fogge of this blacke murdrous night
Has mix'd with it. For any thing I know,
Hee might ha' liu'd till doomesday, and ha' done
More good then either you or I. O Brother !
He was a man of such a natiue goodnesse;

As if Regeneration had beene giuen
Him in his mothers wombe. So harmeles,
That rather then ha' trod vpon a worme,
Hee would ha' shun'd the way. So deerely pittifull,
That e're the poore could aske his charity
With dry eyes, hee gaue 'em reliefe wi' teares
—With teares——yes faith with teares.
Belf. Take vp the Corps.
For wisedom's sake let reason fortifie
This weakenesse.
D'am. Why what would you ha' mee doe?
Foolish Nature will haue her course in spight
O' wisedome. But I haue e'en done. All these
Wordes were but a great winde, and now
This showre of teares has layd it, I am calme
Againe. You may set forward when you will.
Ile follow you, like one that must and would not.
Lang. Our opposition will but trouble him.
Belf. The griefe that melts to teares, by it selfe is spent,
Passion resisted, growes more violent. *Exeunt.*

Manet D'AMVILLE. BORACHIO *ascends.*

D'am. Here's a sweete Comedie. T'begins with O
Dolentis, and concludes with ha, ha, he.
Bor. Ha, ha, he.
D'am. O my eccho! I could stand
Reuerberating this sweete musicall ayre
Of ioy, till I had perish'd my sound lungs
With violent laughter. Louely Night-Rauen!
Th'ast seaz'd a carkasse.
Bor. Put him out on's paine.
I lay so fitly vnderneath the bancke
From whence he fell; that e'er his faltring tongue
Could vtter double Oo; I knock'd out's braines
With this faire Rubie. And had another stone
Iust of this forme and bignesse ready: that
I laid i' the broken skull vpo' the ground
For's pillow; against the which they thought he fell
And perish'd.

D'am. Vpon this ground Ile build my Manour-house;
And this shall be the chiefeſt corner ſtone.
Bor. T'has crown'd the moſt iudicious murder, that
The braine of man was e'er deliuer'd of.
D'am. I. Marke the plot. Not any circumſtance
That ſtood within the reach of the designe,
Of persons, dispositions, matter, time
Or place, but by this braine of mine, was made
An Inſtrumentall help; yet nothing from
Th' induction to th' accomplishment seem'd forc'd,
Or done o' purpose, but by accident.
Bor. Firſt, my report that *Charlemont* was dead,
Though false; yet couer'd with a masque of truth.
D'am. I, and deliuer'd in as fit a time.
When all our mindes so wholy were possess'd
With one affaire, that no man would suspect
A thought imploi'd for any second end.
Bor. Then the Precisian to be ready, when
Your brother spake of death, to moue his Will.
D'am. His businesse cal'd him thither; and it fell
Within his office; vnrequeſted to't.
From him it came religiously; and sau'd
Our proiect from suspition: which if I
Had mou'd had beene endanger'd.
Bor. Then your healths.
Though seeming but the ordinarie rites,
And ceremonies due to feſtiuals:——
D'am. Yet vs'd by me to make the seruants drunke.
An inſtrument the plot could not haue miss'd.
T'was easie to set drunkards by the eares:
Th'ad nothing but their torches to fight with;
And when those lights were out—
Bor. Then darkenesse did
Protect the execution of the worke,
Both from preuention and discouerie.
D'am. Here was a murther brauely carryed, through
The eye of obseruation, vnobseru'd.
Bor. And those that saw the passage of it, made
The Inſtruments yet knew not what they did.

D'am. That power of rule Philosophers ascribe
To him they call the supreame of the Starres;
Making their influences gouernours
Of Sublunarie Creatures; when their selues
Are senselesse of their operations.

Thunder and Lightning.

What!
Doest start at thunder? Credit my beliefe,
T'is a meere effect of nature. An
Exhalation hot and dry, inuolu'd
Within a watrie vapour i' the middle
Region of the ayre. Whose coldnesse
Congealing that thicke moysture to a cloud;
The angry exhalation shut within
A prison of contrary qualitie,
Striues to be free; and with the violent
Eruption through the grossenesse of that cloud;
Makes this noyse we heare.

Bor. T'is a fearefull noyse.

D'am. T'is a braue noyse.
And mee thinkes graces our accomplish'd
Proiect, as a peale of Ordnance
Does a triumph. It speakes encouragement.
Now Nature showes thee how it fauour'd our
Performance; to forbeare this noyse when wee
Set forth, because it should not terrifie
My brothers going home; Which would haue dash'd
Our purpose: To forbeare this lightning
In our passage, least it should ha' warn'd him
O' the pitfall. Then propitious Nature winck'd
At our proceedings; now it doth expresse,
How that forbearance fauour'd our successe.

Bor. You haue confirm'd mee. For it followes well;
That Nature (since her selfe decay doth hate)
Should fauour those that strengthen their estate.

D'am. Our next endeauour is; since on the false
Report that *Charlemont* is dead, depends
The fabrique of the worke; to credit that
With all the countenance wee can.

Bor. Faith Sir,
Euen let his owne inheritance, whereof
Y'aue dispossess'd him, countenance the act.
Spare so much out of that, to giue him a
Solempnitie of funerall. T'will quit
The cost; and make your apprehension of
His death appeare more confident and true.

D'am. Ile take thy counsell. Now farewell blacke night;
Thou beauteous Mistresse of a murderer:
To honour thee, that hast accomplish'd all;
Ile weare thy colours at his funerall. *Exeunt.*

[II. v.] *Enter* LEUIDULCIA *into her chamber man'd by* FRESCO.

Leu. Th'art welcome into my chamber, *Fresco.* Prithee shut the dore.——Nay thou mistakest me. Come in and shut it.

Fres. T'is somewhat late Madame.

Leu. No matter. I haue somewhat to say to thee. What? is not thy mistresse towards a husband yet?

Fres. Faith Madame, shee has suitors. But they will not suite her me thinkes. They will not come off lustily it seemes.

Leu. They will not come on lustily, thou wouldst say.

Fres. I meane (Madame) they are not rich enough.

Leu. But I (*Fresco*) they are not bold enough. Thy Mistresse is of a liuely attractiue bloud *Fresco.* And in troth shee's o' my minde for that. A poore spirit is poorer then a poore purse. Giue me a fellow that brings not onely temptation with him, but has the actiuitie of wit, and audacitie of spirit to apply euery word and gesture of a womans speech and behauiour to his owne desire; and make her beleeue shee's the suitor her selfe. Neuer giue backe till he has made her yeeld to it.

Fres. Indeede among our equals Madame; but otherwise we shall be put horribly out o' countenance.

Leu. Thou art deceiu'd, *Fresco.* Ladyes are as courteous as Yeomens wiues, and me thinkes they should be more gentle. Hot diet and soft ease makes 'em (like waxe alwaies kept warme) more easie to take impression.——Prithee vntie my shooe.——What? art thou shamefac'd too? Goe roundly to worke man. My legge is not goutie: t'will endure the feeling I warrant thee. Come

hither *Fresco*; thine eare.——S'daintie; I miſtooke the place. I miss'd thine eare and hit thy lip.

Fres. Your Ladiship has made me blush.

Leu. That showes th'art full o' luſtie bloud, and thou knoweſt not how to vse it. Let mee see thy hand. Thou shouldſt not be shamefac'd by thy hand, *Fresco.* Here's a brawny flesh and a hairy skinne: both signes of an able body. I doe not like these fleg-maticke, smooth-skinn'd, soft-flesh'd fellowes. They are like candied Suckets, when they begin to perish; which I would alwayes emptie my Closet off, and giue 'em my chamber-maid.—— I haue some skill in Palmeſtry: by this line that ſtands directly againſt mee; thou shouldſt be neare a good fortune, *Fresco,* if thou hadſt the grace to entertaine it.

Fres. O what is that Madame? I pray!

Leu. No lesse then the loue of a faire Lady, if thou doeſt not lose her with faint-heartednesse.

Fres. A Lady, Madame? alas a Lady is a great thing, I cannot compasse her.

Leu. No? Why? I am a Lady. Am I so great I cannot be compassed? Claspe my waſt and try.

Fres. I could finde i' my heart Madame.

SEBASTIAN *knockes within.*

Leu. Vds body; my Husband! Faint-hearted foole! I thinke thou wert begotten betweene the North-pole, and the con-geal'd passage. Now like an ambitious Coward that betrayes himselfe with fearefull delay: you muſt suffer for the treason you neuer committed. Goe hide thy selfe behind yound'arras, inſtantly.

FRESCO *hides himselfe. Enter* SEBASTIAN.

Sebaſtian! What doe you here so late?

Seba. Nothing yet; but I hope I shall.—— *Kisses her.*

Leu. Y'are very bold.

Seba. And you very valiant; for you met mee at full Cariere.

Leu. You come to ha' me moue your fathers reconciliation. Ile write a word or two i' your behalfe.

Seba. A word or two, Madame? that you doe for mee, will not be contain'd in lesse then the compasse of two sheetes. But in plaine termes, shall wee take the opportunitie of priuatenesse?

Leu. What to doe?

Seba. To dance the beginning of the world after the English manner.

Leu. Why not after the French or Italian?

Seba. Fie. They dance it preposterously; backward.

Leu. Are you so actiue to dance?

Seba. I can shake my heeles.

Leu. Y'are well made for't.

Seba. Measure me from top to toe; you shall not finde mee differ much from the true standard of proportion.

BELFOREST *knockes within.*

Leu. I thinke I am accurs'd. *Sebastian!* There's one at the doore has beaten opportunitie away from vs. In briefe, I loue thee. And it shall not be long before I giue thee a testimony of it. To saue thee now from suspition; doe no more but draw thy Rapier; chafe thy selfe; and when hee comes in, rush by without taking notice of him. Onely seeme to be angry, and let me alone for the rest.

Enter BELFOREST.

Seba. Now by the hand of *Mercurie.*

Exit SEBASTIAN.

Bel. What's the matter wife?

Leu. Ooh, Ooh, Husband!

Bel. Prithee what ail'st thou woman?

Leu. O feele my pulse. It beates I warrant you. Be patient a little sweet Husband; tarry but till my breath come to me againe, and Ile satisfie you.

Bel. What ailes *Sebastian,* he lookes so distractedly?

Leu. The poore Gentleman's almost out on's wits I thinke. You remember the displeasure his Father tooke against him about the liberty of speech he vs'd euen now when your daughter went to be marryed.

Bel. Yes, what of that?

Leu. T'has craz'd him sure: he met a poore man i' the street euen now. Vpon what quarrell I know not: but hee pursued him so violently, that if my house had not beene his rescue; he had surely kild him.

Bel. What a strange desperate young man is that!

Leu. Nay husband, hee grew so in rage when hee saw the man was conueyed from him, that he was ready euen to haue drawne his naked weapon vpon mee. And had not your knocking at the doore preuented him; surely h'ad done something to mee.

Bel. Where's the man?

Leu. Alas here. I warrant you the poore fearefull soule is scarce come to himselfe againe yet.——If the foole haue any wit hee will apprehend mee.——Doe you heare sir! You may be bold to come forth; the Fury that haunted you is gone.

FRESCO *peepes fearefully forth from behinde the Arras.*

Fres. Are you sure hee is gone?

Bel. Hee's gone; hee's gone, I warrant thee.

Fres. I would I were gone too. Has shooke mee almoſt into a dead palsie.

Bel. How fell the difference betweene you?

Fres. I would I were out at the backe doore.

Bel. Th'art safe enough. Prithee tell's the falling out.

Fres. Yes sir, when I haue recouered my spirits. My memory is almoſt frighted from mee.——Oh, so, so, so.——Why Sir, as I came along the ſtreete Sir;—this same Gentleman came ſtumbling after mee, and trod o' my heele,——I cryed O. Doe you cry sirrah? saies hee. Let mee see your heele; if it be not hurt, Ile make you cry for something. So he claps my head betweene his legges, and pulles off my shooe. I hauing shifted no sockes in a sea' night, the Gentleman cryed foh; and said my feete were base and cowardly feete, they ſtuncke for feare. Then hee knock'd my shooe about my pate, and I cryed O, once more. In the meane time comes a shag-hair'd dogge by, and rubbes againſt his shinnes. The Gentleman tooke the dog in shagge-haire to be some Watch-man in a rugge gowne; and swore hee would hang mee vp at the next doore with my lanthorne in my hand, that passengers might see their way as they went without rubbing againſt Gentlemens shinnes. So, for want of a Cord, hee tooke his owne garters off; and as he was going to make a nooze, I watch'd my time and ranne away. And as I ranne (indeede) I bid him hang himselfe in his owne garters. So hee in choler, pursued mee hither as you see.

Bel. Why this sauours of diſtraction.

Leu. Of meere diſtraction.

Fres. Howsoeuer it sauours, I am sure it smels like a lye.

Bel. Thou maiſt goe forth at the backe doore (honeſt fellow) the way is priuate and safe.

Fres. So it had neede, for your fore-doore (here) is both common and dangerous. *Exit* BELFOREST.

Leu. Good night honeſt *Fresco.*

Fres. Good night Madame; if you get mee kissing o' Ladies againe.—— *Exit* FRESCO.

Leu. This fals out handsomely.
But yet the matter does not well succeed;
Till I haue brought it to the very deede. *Exit.*

[II. vi.] *Enter* CHARLEMONT *in Armes, a Musquetier, and a Serieant.*

Charl. Serieant! what houre o' the night is't?

Ser. About one.

Charl. I would you would relieue me; for I am
So heauie, that I shall ha' much adoe
To ſtand out my perdu. *Thunder and Lightning.*

Ser. Ile e'en but walke
The round (sir) and then presently returne.

Soul. For God's sake Serieant relieue me. Aboue fiue houres together in so foule a ſtormy night as this?

Ser. Why t'is a musique Souldier. Heauen and earth are now in consort, when the Thunder and the Canon play one to another. *Exit Serieant.*

Charl. I know not why I should be thus inclin'd
To sleepe, I feele my disposition press'd
With a necessitie of heauines.
Souldier! if thou haſt any better eyes,
I prithee wake mee when the Serieant comes.

Soul. Sir, t'is so darke and ſtormy that I shall
Scarce eyther see or heare him e'er he comes
Vpon mee.

Charl. I cannot force my selfe to wake.——*Sleepes.*

Enter the ghoſt of MONTFERRERS.

Mont. Returne to France; for thy old Father's dead;
And thou by murther, disinherited.
Attend with patience the successe of things;
But leaue reuenge vnto the King of kings. *Exit.*

CHARLEMONT *starts and wakes.*

Charl. O my affrighted soule ! what fearefull dreame
Was this that wak'd mee? Dreames are but the rais'd
Impressions of premeditated things,
By serious apprehension left vpon
Our mindes, or else th' imaginary shapes
Of obiects proper to th' complexion, or
The dispositions of our bodyes. These
Can neyther of them be the cause, why I
Should dreame thus; for my mind has not been mou'd
With any one conception of a thought
To such a purpose; nor my nature wont
To trouble me with phantasies of terror.
It must be something that my *Genius* would
Informe me of. Now gratious heauen forbid !
O ! let my Spirit be depriu'd of all
Fore-sight and knowledge, ere it vnderstand
That vision acted; or diuine that act
To come. Why should I thinke so? Left I not
My worthy Father i' the kind regard
Of a most louing Vncle? Souldier ! sawst
No apparition of a man?

Soul. You dreame
Sir; I saw nothing.

Charl. Tush. These idle dreames
Are fabulous. Our boyling phantasies
Like troubled waters falsifie the shapes
Of things retain'd in them; and make 'em seeme
Confounded, when they are distinguish'd. So
My actions daily conuersant with warre;
(The argument of bloud and death) had left
(Perhaps) th' imaginary presence of
Some bloudy accident vpon my minde:
Which mix'd confusedly with other thoughts,
(Whereof th' remembrance of my Father, might
Be one) presented all together, seeme
Incorporate; as if his body were
The owner of that bloud, the subiect of
That death; when hee's at Paris, and that bloud

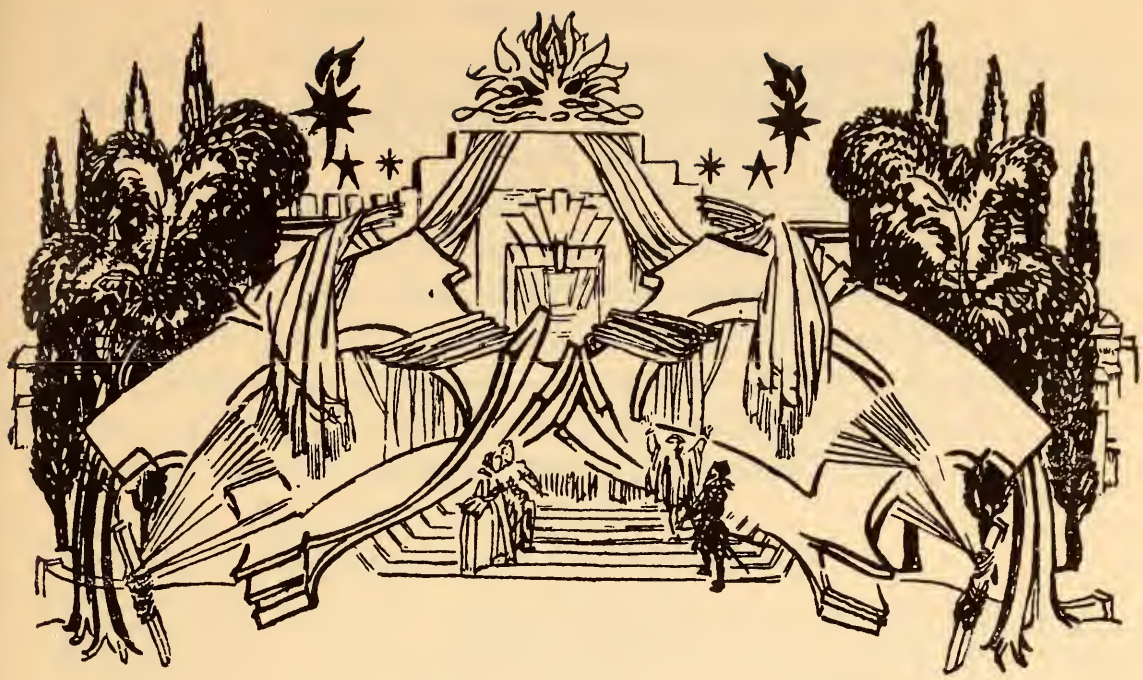
Shed here. It may be thus. I would not leaue
The warre, for reputation's sake, vpon
An idle apprehension; a vaine dreame.

Enter the Ghost.

Soul. Stand. Stand, I say. No? Why then haue at thee.
Sir, if you will not stand, Ile make you fall.
Nor stand, nor fall? Nay then the Diuel's damme
Has broke her husbands head: for sure it is a Spirit,
I shot it through, and yet it will not fall. *Exit.*

The Ghost approaches CHARLEMONT.
Hee fearefully auoids it.

Char. O pardon me! my doubtfull heart was slow
To credit that which I did feare to know. *Exeunt.*



ACTUS TERTIJ SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the Funerall of MONTFERRERS.

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE III. I [1–18]

D'amville.

SEt downe the Body. Pay earth what shee lent,
But shee shall beare a liuing monument,
To let succeeding ages truely know,
That shee is satisfied, what hee did owe:
Both principall and vse; because his worth
Was better at his death then at his birth.

A dead march. Enter the Funerall of CHARLEMONT *as a Souldier.*

D'am. And with his Body, place that memorie
Of noble *Charlemont* his worthie Sonne.
And giue their Graues the rites that doe belong
To Souldiers. They were Souldiers both. The Father
Held open warre with Sinne; the Sonne with bloud:
This in a warre more gallant; that more good.

The first volley.

D'am. There place their Armes; and here their Epitaphes.
And may these Lines suruiue the last of graues.

THE EPITAPH OF *MONTFERRERS.*

HEre lye the Ashes of that earth and fire ;
whose heat and fruit, did feede and warme the poore :
And they (as if they would in sighes expire,
and into teares dissolue) his death deplore.
Hee did that good freely ; for goodnesse sake,
vnforc'd : for gen'rousnesse he held so deare,
That hee fear'd none but him that did him make ;
and yet he seru'd him more for loue then feare.
So's life prouided, that though he did dye
A sodaine death ; yet dyed not sodainely.

THE EPITAPH OF *CHARLEMONT.*

HIs Body lies interr'd within this mould ;
Who dyed a young man, yet departed old.
And in all ſtrength of youth that Man can haue,
Was ready ſtill to drop into his graue.
For ag'd in vertue with a youthfull eye,
He welcom'd it being ſtill prepar'd to dye ;
And liuing so, though young depriu'd of breath,
He did not suffer an vntimely death.
But we may say of his braue bless'd decease :
He dyed in warre ; and yet hee dyed in peace.

The second volley.

D'am. O might that fire reuiue the ashes of
This Phenix ! yet the wonder would not be
So great as he was good ; and wondred at
For that. His liues example was so true
A practique of Religion's Theorie ;
That her Diuinitie seem'd rather the
Description then th' inſtruction of his life.
And of his goodnesse, was his vertuous Sonne
A worthy imitatour. So that on
These two Herculean pillars, where their armes
Are plac'd ; there may be writ, *Non vltra.* For
Beyond their liues as well for youth as age ;
Nor young nor old, in merit or in name ;
Shall e'er exceede their vertues or their fame.

The third volley.

T'is done. Thus faire accomplements, make foule
Deedes gratious. *Charlemont!* come now when t'wut.
I'ue buryed vnder these two marble ſtones
Thy liuing hopes; And thy dead fathers bones. *Exeunt.*

Enter CASTABELLA *mourning to the monument of* CHARLEMONT.

Caſta. O thou that knoweſt me iuſtly *Charlemonts,*
Though in the forc'd possession of another;
Since from thine owne free spirit wee receiue it,
That our affections cannot be compel'd,
Though our actions may; be not displeas'd, if on
The altar of his Tombe, I sacrifice
My teares. They are the iewels of my loue
Dissolued into griefe: and fall vpon
His blaſted Spring; as Aprill dewe, vpon
A sweet young blossome shak'd before the time.

Enter CHARLEMONT *with a Seruant.*

Charl. Goe see my Truncks disposed of. Ile but walk
A turne or two i'th Church and follow you. *Exit Seruant.*
O! here's the fatall monument of my
Dead Father firſt presented to mine eye.
What's here? in memory of *Charlemont?*
Some false relation has abus'd beliefe.
I am deluded. But I thanke thee Heauen.
For euer let me be deluded thus.
My *Caſtabella* mourning o'er my Hearse?
Sweete *Caſtabella* rise, I am not dead.
Caſta. O heauen defend mee. *Fals in a swoune.*
Charl. I Beshrew my rash
And inconsid'rate passion.——*Caſtabella!*
That could not thinke—my *Caſtabella!*—that
My sodaine presence might affright her sense.—
I prithee (my affection) pardon mee. *Shee rises.*
Reduce thy vnderſtanding to thine eye.
Within this habite which thy misinform'd
Conceipt takes onely for a shape; liue both
The soule and body of thy *Charlemont.*
Caſta. I feele a subſtance, warme, and ſoft, and moiſt,

Subiect to the capacitie of sense.

Charl. Which Spirits are not; for their essence is
Aboue the nature and the order of
Those Elements whereof our senses are
Created. Touch my lip. Why turnst thou from mee?

Cast. Griefe aboue griefes. That which should woe relieue,
Wish'd and obtain'd, giues greater cause to grieue.

Charl. Can *Castabella* thinke it cause of griefe
That the relation of my death proues false?

Casta. The presence of the person wee affect,
(Being hopelesse to enioy him) makes our griefe
More passionate then if wee saw him not.

Charl. Why not enioy? has absence chang'd thee?

Casta. Yes.
From maide to wife.

Charl. Art marryed?

Casta. O I am.

Charl. Married? had not my mother been a woman,
I should protest against the chastitie
Of all thy sexe. How can the Marchant, or
The Marriner, absent whole yeares (from wiues
Experienc'd in the satisfaction of
Desire) promise themselues to find their sheetes
Vnspotted with adultery, at their
Returne? when you that neuer had the sense
Of actual temptation; could not stay
A few short months.

Casta. O doe but heare me speake.

Charl. But thou wert wise: and didst consider that
A Souldier might be maim'd, and so (perhaps)
Lose his habilitie to please thee.

Casta. No.
That weaknes pleases me in him I haue.

Char. What? marryed to a man vnable too?
O strange incontinence! Why? was thy bloud
Increas'd to such a pleurisie of lust,
That of necessitie, there must a veyne
Be open'd; though by one that had no skill
To doe't?

Casta. Sir, I beseech you heare me.
Charl. Speake.
Casta. Heau'n knowes I am vnguiltie of this act.
Charl. Why? wer't thou forc'd to doe't?
Casta. Heau'n knowes I was.
Charl. What villaine did it?
Casta. Your Vncle *D'amville.*
And he that dispossess'd my loue of you;
Hath disinherited you of possession.
Charl. Disinherited? wherein haue I deseru'd
To be depriu'd of my deare Fathers loue?
Casta. Both of his loue and him. His soule's at rest.
But here your iniur'd patience may behold
The signes of his lamented memorie.

CHARLEMONT *findes his Fathers Monument.*

H'as found it. When I tooke him for a Ghoast,
I could endure the torment of my feare;
More eas'ly then I can his sorrowes heare. *Exit.*
Charl. Of all mens griefes must mine be singular?
Without example? Heere I met my graue.
And all mens woes are buried i' their graues
But mine. In mine my miseries are borne.
I pr'ithee sorrow leaue a little roome,
In my confounded and tormented mind;
For vnderstanding to deliberate
The cause or author of this accident.——
A close aduantage of my absence made,
To dispossesse me both of land and wife:
And all the profit does arise to him,
By whom my absence was first mou'd and vrg'd.
These circumstances (Vncle) tell me, you
Are the suspected author of those wrongs.
Whereof the lightest, is more heauie then
The strongest patience can endure to beare. *Exit.*

Enter D'AMVILLE, SEBASTIAN, *and* LANGUEBEAU. [III. ii.]

D'am. Now Sir! your businesse?
Seba. My Annuitie.
D'am. Not a deniere.

Seba. How would you ha' me liue?

D'am. Why turne Cryer. Cannot you turne Cryer?

Seba. Yes.

D'am. Then doe so, y'haue a good voice for't.
Y'are excellent at crying of a Rape.

Seba. Sir, I confesse in particular respect to your selfe, I was somewhat forgetfull. Gen'rall honestie possess'd me.

D'am. Goe, th'art the base corruption of my bloud;
And like a Tetter growes't vnto my flesh.

Seba. Inflict any punishment vpon me. The seueritie shall not discourage me, if it be not shamefull; so you'l but put money i' my purse. The want of money makes a free spirit more mad then the possession does an Vsurer.

D'am. Not a farthing.

Seba. Would you ha' me turne purse-taker? T'is the next way to doe't. For want is like the Racque; it drawes a man to endanger himselfe to the gallowes rather then endure it.

Enter CHARLEMONT, D'AMVILLE *counterfaites to take him for a ghoast.*

D'am. What art thou? Stay. Assist my troubled sence.
My apprehension will distract me. Stay.

LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE *auoides him fearefully.*

Seba. What art thou? speake.

Charl. The spirit of *Charlemont.*

D'am. O stay! compose me. I dissolue.

Lang. No. T'is prophane. Spirits are inuisible. T'is the fiend i' the likenesse of *Charlemont.* I will haue no conuersation with Sathan.

Exit SNUFFE.

Seba. The Spirit of *Charlemont?* I'le try that.

Strike, and the blow return'd.

'Fore God thou sayest true, th'art all Spirit.

D'am. Goe call the Officers.

Exit D'AMVILLE.

Charl. Th' art a villaine; and the Sonne of a villaine.

Seba. You lye. *Fight.*

SEBASTIAN *is downe.*

Char. Haue at thee.

Enter the Ghost of MONTFERRERS.

Reuenge to thee Ile dedicate this worke.
Mont. Hold *Charlemont!*
Let him reuenge my murder, and thy wrongs,
To whom the Iustice of Reuenge belongs.

Exit.

Char. You torture me betweene the passion of
My bloud, and the religion of my soule.

SEBASTIAN *rises.*

Seba. A good honest fellow.

Enter D'AMVILLE *with officers.*

D'am. What? wounded? apprehend him. Sir; is this
Your salutation for the courtesie
I did you when wee parted last? You ha'
Forgot I lent you a thousand Crownes. First, let
Him aunswere for this riot. When the Law
Is satisfied for that; an action for
His debt shall clap him vp againe. I tooke
You for a Spirit; and Ile coniure you
Before I ha' done.
Charl. No. Ile turne Coniurer. Diuell!
Within this Circle, in the midst of all
Thy force and malice I coniure thee doe
Thy worst.
D'am. Away with him.

Exeunt Officers with CHARLEMONT.

Seba. Sir, I haue got
A scratch or two here for your sake. I hope
You'l giue mee money to pay the Surgeon.
D'am. Borachio! fetch me a thousand Crownes. I am
Content to countenance the freedome of
Your spirit when t'is worthily imployed.
A Gods name giue behauiour the full scope

Of gen'rous libertie; but let it not
Disperse and spend it selfe in courses of
Vnbounded licence. Here, pay for your hurts.

Exit D'AMVILLE.

Seba. I thanke you sir.—Gen'rous libertie,—that is to say, freely to bestow my habilities to honest purposes. Me thinkes I should not follow that instruction now; if hauing the meanes to doe an honest office for an honest fellow, I should neglect it. *Charlemont* lyes in prison for a thousand Crownes. And here I haue a thousand Crownes. Honestie tels mee t'were well done to release *Charlemont.* But discretion sayes I had much a doe to come by this; and when this shall be gone I know not where to finger any more: especially if I employ it to this vse, which is like to endanger mee into my Fathers perpetuall displeasure. And then I may goe hang my selfe, or be forc'd to doe that, will make another saue mee the labour. No matter. *Charlemont!* Thou gau'st mee my life and that's somewhat of a purer earth then gold as fine as it is. T'is no courtesie I doe thee but thankefulnesse. I owe thee it and Ile pay it. Hee fought brauely, but the Officers drag'd him villanously. Arrant knaues! for vsing him so discourteously; may the sins o' the poore people be so few, that you sha' not be able to spare so much out o' your gettings, as will pay for the hyre of a lame staru'd hackney to ride to an execution. But goe a foote to the gallowes, and be hang'd. May elder brothers turne good husbands, and younger brothers get good wiues; that there be no neede of debt-bookes, nor vse of Serieants. May there be all peace but i' the warre, and all charitie but i' the Diuell; so that prisons may be turn'd to Hospitals, though the Officers liue o' the beneuolence. If this curse might come to passe, the world would say, *Blessed be he that curseth.* *Exit.*

[III. iii.] *Enter* CHARLEMONT *in prison.*

Charl. I graunt the Heauen. Thy goodnesse doth command
Our punishments: but yet no further then
The measure of our sinnes. How should they else
Be iust? Or how should that good purpose of
Thy Iustice take effect, by bounding men
Within the confines of humanitie,
When our afflictions doe exceede our crimes?

Then they doe rather teach the barb'rous world
Examples that extend her cruelties
Beyond their owne dimentions; and instruct
Our actions to be more, more barbarous.
O my afflicted soule! How torment swels
Thy apprehension with prophane conceipt,
Against the sacred iustice of my God?
Our owne constructions are the authors of
Our miserie. We neuer measure our
Conditions but with Men aboue vs in
Estate. So while our Spirits labour to
Be higher then our fortunes th' are more base.
Since all those attributes which make men seeme
Superiour to vs; are Man's Subiects; and
Were made to serue him. The repining Man
Is of a seruile spirit to deiect
The valew of himselfe below their estimation.

Enter SEBASTIAN *with the Keeper.*

Seba. Here. Take my sword.——How now my wilde Swag'rer? y'are tame enough now; are you not? The penurie of a prison is like a soft consumption. T'will humble the pride o' your mortalitie; and arme your soule in compleate patience to endure the waight of affliction without feeling it. What? Hast no musicke in thee? Th' hast trebles and bases enough. Treble iniurie; and base vsage. But trebles and bases make poore musick without *meanes.* Thou want'st Meanes; Doest? what? Doest droope? art deiected?

Charl. No Sir. I haue a heart aboue the reach
Of thy most violent maliciousnesse.
A fortitude in scorne of thy contempt;
(Since Fate is pleas'd to haue me suffer it)
That can beare more then thou hast power t'inflict.
I was a Baron. That thy Father has
Depriu'd me off. Instead of that, I am
Created King. I'ue lost a Signiorie,
That was confin'd within a piece of earth;
A Wart vpon the body of the world.
But now I am an Emp'rour of a world.

This little world of Man. My passions are
My Subiects; and I can command them laugh;
Whilst thou doest tickle 'em to death with miserie.

Seba. T'is brauely spoken; and I loue thee for't. Thou liest here for a thousand crownes. Here are a thousand to redeeme thee. Not for the ransome o' my life thou gau'st mee. That I value not at one crowne. T'is none o' my deed. Thanke my Father for't. T'is his goodnesse. Yet hee lookes not for thankes. For he does it vnder hand; out of a reseru'd disposition to doe thee good without ostentation.——
Out o' great heart you'l refus't now; will you?

Charl. No. Since I must submit my self to Fate;
I neuer will neglect the offer of
One benefit; but entertaine them as
Her fauours; and th' inductions to some end
Of better fortune. As whose instrument;
I thanke thy courtesie.

Seba. Well, come along. *Exeunt.*

[III. iv.] *Enter* D'AMVILLE *and* CASTABELLA.

D'am. Daughter you doe not well to vrge me. I
Ha' done no more then Iustice. *Charlemont*
Shall die and rot in prison; and t'is iust.

Casta. O Father! Mercie is an attribute
As high as Iustice; an essentiall part
Of his vnbounded goodnesse, whose diuine
Impression, forme, and image man should beare.
And (me thinks) Man should loue to imitate
His Mercie; since the onely countenance
Of Iustice, were destruction; if the sweet
And louing fauour of his mercie did
Not mediate betweene it and our weakenesse.

D'am. Forbeare. You will displease me. He shal rot.

Casta. Deare Sir! Since by your greatnesse, you
Are nearer heau'n in place; be nearer it
In goodnesse. Rich men should transcend the poore,
As clouds the earth; rais'd by the comfort of
The Sunne, to water dry and barren grounds.
If neither the impression in your soule

Of goodnesse; nor the dutie of your place,
As goodnesse substitute; can moue you: then
Let nature, which in Sauages, in beasts,
Can stirre to pittie, tell you that hee is
Your kinsman. ——
D'am. You expose your honestie
To strange construction: Why should you so vrge
Release for *Charlemont?* Come you professe
More nearenesse to him then your modestie
Can answere. You haue tempted my suspition.
I tell thee hee shall starue, and dye, and rot.

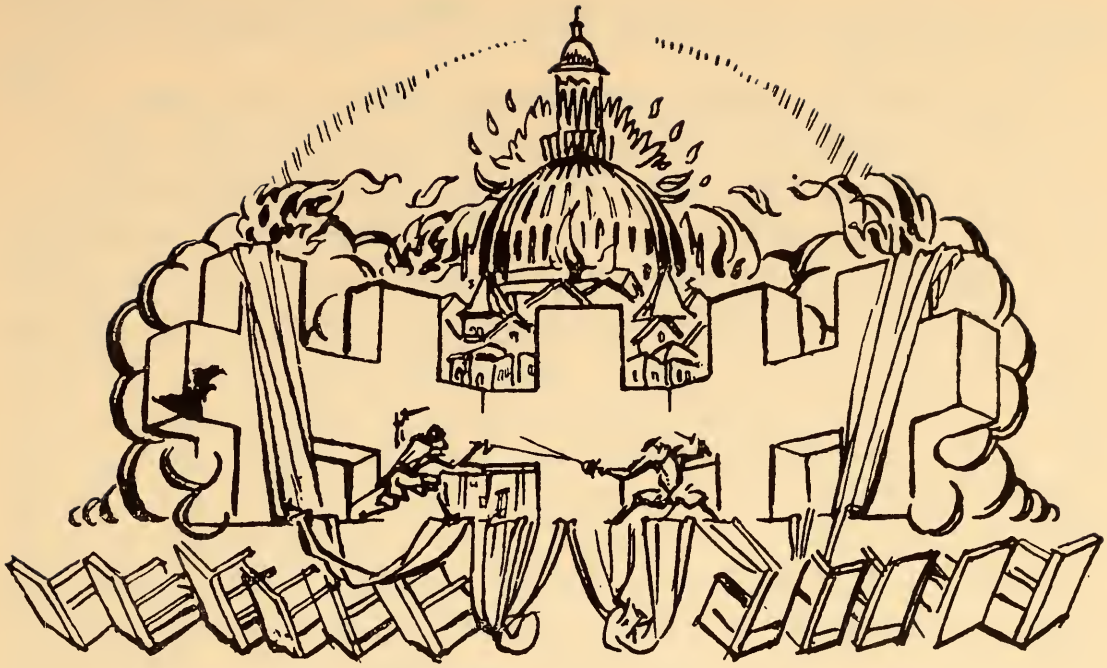
Enter CHARLEMONT *and* SEBASTIAN.

Charl. Vncle, I thanke you.
D'am. Much good do it you.—Who did release him?
Seba. I. *Exit* CASTABELLA.
D'am. You are a villaine.
Seba. Y'are my Father. *Exit* SEBASTIAN.
D'am. I must temporize.——
Nephew, had not his open freedome made
My disposition knowne; I would ha' borne
The course and inclination of my loue
According to the motion of the Sunne,
Inuisibly inioyed and vnderstood.
Charl. That showes your good works are directed to
No other end then goodnesse. I was rash,
I must confesse. But——
D'am. I will excuse you.
To lose a Father, and (as you may thinke)
Be disinherited (it must be graunted)
Are motiues to impatience. But for death,
Who can auoide it? And for his estate,
In the vncertaintie of both your liues,
T'was done discreetly, to conferre't vpon
A knowne Successour; being the next in bloud.
And one (deare Nephew) whom in time to come,
You shall haue cause to thanke. I will not be
Your dispossessour, but your Gardian.
I will supply your Fathers vacant place,

To guide your greene improuidence of youth;
And make you ripe for your inheritance.
Charl. Sir, I embrace your gen'rous promises.

Enter ROUSARD *sicke, and* CASTABELLA.

Rousa. Embracing? I behold the obiect that
Mine eye affects. Deere Cosin *Charlemont.*
D'am. My elder Sonne! He meetes you happily.
For with the hand of our whole family
We enterchange th' indenture of our Loues.
Charl. And I accept it. Yet not ioyfully
Because y'are sicke.
D'am. Sir; His affection's sound,
Though hee be sicke in body.
Rousa. Sicke indeede.
A gen'rall weakenesse did surprise my health
The very day I married *Castabella.*
As if my sicknesse were a punishment,
That did arrest me for some iniurie
I then committed. Credit me (my Loue)
I pittie thy ill fortune to be match'd
With such a weake vnpleasing bedfellow.
Casta. Beleeue me Sir; it neuer troubles me.
I am as much respectlesse to enioy
Such pleasure as [Ime] ignorant what it is.
Charl. Thy Sexes wonder. Vnhappy *Charlemont.*
D'am. Come, let's to supper. There we will confirme
The eternall bond of our concluded loue. *Exeunt.*



ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA.

Enter CATAPLASMA *and* SOQUETTE *with needle-worke.*

Cataplasma.

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE IV. I [1–20]

COME *Soquette*; your worke! let's examine your worke. What's here? a Medlar with a Plum-tree growing hard by it; The leaues o' the Plum-tree falling off; the gumme issuing out o' the perish'd ioynts; and the branches some of 'em dead, and some rotten; and yet but a young Plum-tree. In good sooth, very prettie.

Soqu. The Plum-tree (forsooth) growes so neare the Medlar, that the Medlar suckes and drawes all the sap from it; and the naturall strength o' the ground, so that it cannot prosper.

Cata. How conceipted you are! But heere th'aſt made a Tree to beare no fruit. Why's that?

Soqu. There growes a Sauin-tree next it forsooth.

Cata. Forsooth you are a little too wittie in that.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seba. But this Honisuckle windes about this white-thorne very prettily and louingly; sweet Miſtresse *Cataplasma.*

Cata. Monsieur *Sebaſtian!* in good sooth very vprightly welcome this euening.

Seba. What ? moralizing vpon this Gentlewomans needle-worke? let's see.

Cata. No Sir. Onely examining whether it be done to the true nature and life o' the thing.

Seba. Heere y' haue set a Medlar with a Batchelers-button o' one side; and a Snaile o' th' tother. The Batchelers-button should haue held his head vp more pertly towards the Medlar; the Snaile o' th' tother side, should ha' beene wrought with an artificiall lazi-nesse, doubling his taile, and putting out his horne but halfe the length. And then the Medlar falling (as it were) from the lazie Snaile, and enclining towards the pert Batchelers-button; their branches spreading and winding one within another as if they did embrace. But heere's a morall. A poppring Peare-tree growing vpon the banke of a Riuer; seeming continually to looke downe-wards into the water, as if it were enamour'd of it; and euer as the fruit ripens, lets it fall for loue (as it were) into her lap. Which the wanton Streame, like a Strumpet, no sooner receiues, but she carries it away, and beſtowes it vpon some other creature she maintaines: ſtill seeming to play and dally vnder the Poppring, so long, that it has almoſt wash'd away the earth from the roote; and now the poore Tree ſtands as if it were readie to fall and perish by that whereon it spent all the subſtance it had.

Cata. Morall for you that loue those wanton running waters.

Seba. But is not my Lady *Leuidulcia* come yet?

Cata. Her purpose promis'd vs her companie ere this. *Lirie* ! your Lute and your Booke.

Seba. Well said. A lesson o' th' Lute to entertaine the time with till she comes.

Cata. Sol, fa, mi, la.——Mi, mi mi.——Precious ! Doeſt not see *mi* betweene the two Crochets? Strike mee full there.——So ——forward.——This is a sweet ſtraine, and thou finger'ſt it beaſtly. *Mi* is a large there; and the prick that ſtands before *mi,* a long; alwaies halfe your note.——Now——Runne your diuision pleasingly with those quauers. Obserue all your graces i' the touch. ——Heere's a sweet cloze——ſtrike it full, it sets off your musicke delicately.

Enter LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE *and* LEUIDULCIA.

Lang. Puritie be in this House.

Cata. T'is now enter'd; and welcome with your good Ladiship.

Seba. Cease that musicke. Here's a sweeter instrument.

Leuid. Restraine your libertie. See you not *Snuffe*?

Seba. What does the Stinkard here? put *Snuffe* out. He's offensiue.

Leuid. No. The credit of his companie defends my being abroad from the eye of Suspition.

Cata. Wil't please your Ladiship goe vp into the Closet? There are those Falles and Tyres I tolde you of.

Leuid. Monsieur *Snuffe,* I shall request your patience. My stay will not be long. *Exit cum* SEBAST.

Lang. My duty Madame.——Falles and Tyres? I begin to suspect what Falles and Tyres you meane. My Lady and *Sebastian* the Fall and the Tyre, and I the Shadow. I perceiue the puritie of my conuersation is vs'd but for a propertie to couer the vncleanenesse of their purposes. The very contemplation o' the thing, makes the spirit of the flesh begin to wriggle in my bloud. And heere my desire has met with an obiect alreadie. This Gentlewoman (me thinkes) should be swayed with the motion; liuing in a house where mouing example is so common. Temptation has preuail'd ouer mee; and I will attempt to make it ouercome her.——Mistresse *Cataplasma!* My Lady (it seemes) has some businesse that requires her stay. The fairenesse o' the euening inuites me into the ayre; will it please you giue this Gentlewoman leaue to leaue her worke, and walke a turne or two with me for honest recreation?

Cata. With all my heart Sir. Goe *Soquette*; giue eare to his instructions; you may get vnderstanding by his companie I can tell you.

Lang. In the way of holinesse; Mistresse *Cataplasma.*

Cata. Good Monsieur *Snuffe* !——I will attend your returne.

Lang. Your hand Gentlewoman.——
The flesh is humble till the Spirit moue it;
But when t'is rais'd it will command aboue it. *Exeunt.*

Enter D'AMVILLE, CHARLEMONT, *and* BORACHIO. [IV. II.]

D'am. Your sadnesse and the sicknesse of my Sonne,
Haue made our company and conference
Lesse free and pleasing then I purpos'd it.

Char. Sir; for the present I am much vnfit
For conuersation or societie.
With pardon I will rudely take my leaue.
D'am. Good night; deere Nephew.——
Exit CHARLEMONT.
Seeſt thou that same man?
Bora. Your meaning Sir?
D'am. That fellowes life *Borachio*,
Like a superfluous Letter in the Law,
Endangers our assurance.
Bora. Scrape him out.
D'am. Wut doe't?
Bora. Giue me your purpose I will doe't.
D'am. Sad melancholy has drawne *Charlemont,*
With meditation on his Fathers death,
Into the solitarie walke behind the Church.
Bora. The Churchyard? This the fitteſt place for death.
Perhaps he's praying. Then he's fit to die.
We'l send him charitably to his graue.
D'am. No matter how thou tak'ſt him. Firſt take this.——
Thou knoweſt the place. Obserue his passages; *Piſtoll.*
And with the moſt aduantage make a ſtand;
That fauour'd by the darknesse of the night,
His breſt may fall vpon thee at so neare
A diſtance, that he sha' not shunne the blow.
The deede once done, thou mai'ſt retire with safety.
The place is vnfrequented; and his death
Will be imputed to th' attempt of theeues.
Bora. Be carelesse. Let your mind be free and cleare.
This Piſtoll shall discharge you of youre feare. *Exit.*
D'am. But let me call my proieĉts to accompt,
For what effeĉt and end I haue engag'd
My selfe in all this bloud? To leaue a ſtate
To the succession of my proper bloud.
But how shall that succession be continued?
Not in my elder Sonne, I feare. Disease
And weakenesse haue disabled him for issue.
For th' tother; his loose humour will endure
No bond of marriage. And I doubt his life;

His spirit is so boldly dangerous.
O pittie that the profitable end,
Of such a prosp'rous murther should be loſt!
Nature forbid. I hope I haue a body,
That will not suffer me to loose my labour,
For want of issue, yet. But then't muſt be
A Baſtard.——Tush; they onely father baſtards,
That father other mens begettings. Daughter!
Be it mine owne; let it come whence it will.
I am resolu'd. Daughter! *Enter Seruant.*

Seru. My Lord.

D'am. I prithee call my Daughter. *Enter* CASTA.

Caſta. Your pleasure Sir.

D'am. Is thy Husband i' bed?

Caſta. Yes my Lord.

D'am. The euening's faire. I prithee walke a turne or two.

Caſta. Come *Iaspar.*

D'am. No.
Wee'l walke but to the corner o' the Church;
And I haue something to speake priuately.

Caſta. No matter, Stay. *Exit Seruant.*

D'am. This falles out happily. *Exeunt.*

Enter CHARLEMONT, BORACHIO *dogging him in the Churchyard.* [IV. iii.]
The Clocke ſtrikes twelue.

Charl. Twelue.

Bora. T'is a good houre, t'will ſtrike one anon.

Charl. How fit a place for contemplation is this dead of night, among the dwellings of the dead.——This graue.——Perhappes th' inhabitant was in his life time the possessour of his owne desires. Yet in the midd'ſt of all his greatnesse and his wealth; he was lesse rich and lesse contented, then in this poore piece of earth, lower and lesser then a Cottage. For heere he neither wants nor cares. Now that his body sauours of corruption;
Hee enioyes a sweeter reſt then e'er hee did
Amongſt the sweeteſt pleasures of this life.
For heere, there's nothing troubles him.——And there.——
In that graue lies another. He (perhaps)
Was in his life as full of miserie

As this of happinesse. And here's an end
Of both. Now both their states are equall. O
That Man, with so much labour should aspire
To worldly height; when in the humble earth,
The world's condition's at the best! Or scorne
Inferiour men; since to be lower then
A worme, is to be higher then a King!

Bora. Then fall and rise.

Discharges.—Giues false fire.

Charl. What villaines hand was that?
Saue thee or thou shalt perish.

They fight.

Bora. Zownes vnsau'd I thinke. *Fall.*

Charl. What? Haue I kill'd him? whatsoe'er thou beest
I would thy hand had prosper'd. For I was
Vnfit to liue, and well prepar'd to die.
What shall I doe? accuse my selfe. Submit
Me to the law, and that will quickly end
This violent encrease of miserie.
But t'is a murther to be accessarie
To mine owne death. I will not. I will take
This opportunitie to scape. It may
Be Heau'n reserues me to some better end. *Exit* CHARLEMONT.

Enter SNUFFE *and* SOQUETTE *into the Churchyard.*

Soqu. Nay good Sir; I dare not. In good sooth I come of a generation both by Father and Mother, that were all as fruitfull as Costard-mongers wiues.

Snu. Tush then, a Timpanie is the greatest danger can be fear'd. Their fruitfulnesse turnes but to a certaine kind of flegmatique windie disease.

Soqu. I must put my vnderstanding to your trust Sir. I would be loath to be deceiu'd.

Snu. No, conceiue; thou sha't not. Yet thou shalt profit by my instruction too. My bodie is not euery day drawne dry wench.

Soqu. Yet mee thinkes Sir, your want of vse should rather make your body like a Well; the lesser t'is drawne, the sooner it growes dry.

Snu. Thou shalt try that instantly.

Soqu. But we want place and opportunity.

Snu. We haue both. This is the backe side of the House which the superstitious call Saint *Winifred's* Church; and is verily a conuenient vnfrequented place.—Where vnder the close Curtaines of the night—

Soqu. You purpose i' the darke to make me light.

Pulles out a sheete, a haire, and a beard.

But what ha' you there?

Snu. This disguise is for securitie sake wench. There's a talke thou know'st, that the Ghoast of olde *Montferrers* walks. In this Church he was buried. Now if any stranger fall vpon vs before our businesse be ended; in this disguise I shall be taken for that Ghoast; and neuer be call'd to examination I warrant thee. Thus wee shall scape both preuention and discouerie. How doe I looke in this habite wench?

Soq. So like a Ghost, that not withstanding I haue som fore-knowledge of you, you make my haire stand almost on end.

Snu. I will try how I can kisse in this beard.——O fie, fie, fie. I will put it off; and then kisse; and then put it on. I can doe the rest without kissing.

Enter CHARLEMONT *doubtfully with his sword drawne, is vpon them before they are aware. They runne out diuers waies, and leaue the disguise.*

Charl. What ha' wee heere? a Sheete? a haire? a beard?
What end was this disguise intended for?
No matter what. I'le not expostulate
The purpose of a friendly accident.
Perhaps it may accommodate my scape.——
I feare I am pursued. For more assurance,
I'le hide mee heere i' th Charnell house;
This conuocation-house of dead mens sculles.——

To get into the Charnell house, he takes holde of a Death's head; it slips and staggers him.

Death's head! deceiu'st my hold? Such is the trust to all mor-talitie. *Hides himselfe in the Charnell house.*

Enter D'AMVILLE *and* CASTABELLA.

Casta. My Lord! The night growes late. Your Lordship
Of something you desir'd to moue in priuate. [spake
D'am. Yes. Now I'le speake it. Th' argument is loue.
The smallest ornament of thy sweet forme
(That abstract of all pleasure) can command
The sences into passion; and thy entire
Perfection is my obiect; yet I loue
Thee with the freedome of my reason. I
Can giue thee reason for my loue.
Casta. Loue me;
My Lord? I doe beleeue it, for I am
The wife of him you loue.
D'am. T'is true. By my
Perswasion thou wert forc'd to marrie one,
Vnable to performe the office of
A Husband. I was author of the wrong.
My conscience suffers vnder't; and I would
Disburthen it by satisfaction.
Casta. How?
D'am. I will supply that pleasure to
Thee which he cannot.
Casta. Are y' a diuell or a man?
D'am. A man; and such a man, as can returne
Thy entertainment with as prodigall
A body, as the couetous desire
Of woman euer was delighted with.
So, that besides the full performance of
Thy empty Husbands dutie; thou shalt haue
The ioy of children to continue the
Succession of thy bloud. For the appetite
That steales her pleasure; drawes the forces of
The body to an vnited strength; and puts 'em
Altogether into action;
Neuer failes of procreation.
All the purposes of Man
Aime but at one of these two ends; pleasure
Or profit: And in this one sweet coniunction

Of our loues, they both will meete. Would it
Not grieue thee, that a Stranger to thy bloud,
Should lay the first foundation of his house
Vpon the ruines of thy family?
Casta. Now Heau'n defend me! May my memorie
Be vtterly extinguish'd; and the heire
Of him that was my Fathers enemie,
Raise his eternall monument vpon
Our ruines; ere the greatest pleasure or
The greatest profit, euer tempt me to
Continue it by incest.
D'am. Incest? Tush.
These distances affinitie obserues;
Are articles of bondage cast vpon
Our freedomes by our owne subiections.
Nature allowes a gen'rall libertie
Of generation to all creatures else.
Shall Man to whose command and vse all creatures
Were made subiect be lesse free then they?
Casta. O God! is thy vnlimited and infinite
Omnipotence lesse free because thou doest
No ill? or if you argue meerely out
Of Nature; doe you not degenerate
From that; and are you not vnworthie the
Prerogatiue of Natures Maister-piece,
When basely you prescribe your selfe
Authoritie and law from their examples
Whom you should command? I could confute you;
But the horrour of the argument
Confounds my vnderstanding.——
Sir, I know, you doe but try me in
Your Sonnes behalfe; suspecting that my strength
And youth of bloud cannot containe themselues
With impotence.——Beleeue me (Sir) I neuer
Wrong'd him. If it be your lust; O quench it
On their prostituted flesh, whose trade
Of sinne can please desire with more delight,
And lesse offence.——The poyson of your breath.
Euaporated from so foule a soule;

Infects the ayre more then the dampes that rise
From bodies but halfe rotten in their graues.
D'am. Kisse me. I warrant thee my breath is sweet.
These dead mens bones lie heere of purpose to
Inuite vs to supply the number of
The liuing. Come; we'l get young bones and doe't.
I will enioy thee. No? Nay then inuoke
Your great suppos'd protectour; I will doe't.
Casta. Suppos'd protectour? Are y' an Athiest? Then,
I know my prayers and teares are spent in vaine.
O patient Heau'n! Why doest thou not expresse
Thy wrath in thunderbolts; to teare the frame
Of man in pieces? How can earth endure
The burthen of this wickednesse without
An earthquake? Or the angry face of Heau'n
Be not enflam'd with lightning?
D'am. Coniure vp
The Diuell and his Dam; Crie to the graues;
The dead can heare thee; inuocate their helpe.
Casta. O would this graue might open, and my body
Were bound to the dead carkasse of a man
For euer, e're it entertaine the lust
Of this detested villaine.
D'am. *Tereus*-like,
Thus I will force my passage to——
Charl. The Diuell.

CHARLEMONT *rises in the disguise and frights* D'AMVILLE *away.*

Now Lady! with the hand of *Charlemont,*
I thus redeeme you from the arme of lust.——
My *Castabella!*
Casta. My deare *Charlemont!*
Charl. For all my wrongs I thanke thee gracious Heau'n;
Th'ast made me satisfaction; to reserue
Me for this blessed purpose. Now sweet Death,
I'le bid thee welcome. Come. I'le guard thee home;
And then I'le cast my selfe into the armes
Of apprehension, that the law may make
This worthie worke, the crowne of all my actions

Being the best and last.
Casta. The last? The law?
Now Heau'n forbid! what ha' you done?
Charl. Why, I haue kill'd
A man; not murder'd him, my *Castabella*;
He would ha' murder'd me.
Casta. Then *Charlemont*;
The hand of Heau'n directed thy defence.
That wicked Athiest, I suspect his plot.
Charl. My life he seekes. I would he had it since
He has depriu'd mee of those blessings that
Should make mee loue it; Come; I'le giue it him.
Casta. You sha'not. I will first expose my selfe
To certaine danger, then for my defence
Destroy the man that sau'd mee from destruction.
Charl. Thou canst not satisfie me better, then
To be the instrument of my release
From miserie.
Casta. Then worke it by escape.
Leaue mee to this protection that still guards
The innocent; Or I will be a partner
In your destinie.
Charl. My soule is heauie. Come; lie downe to rest;
These are the pillowes whereon men sleepe best.

They lie downe with either of them a Death's head for a pillow.

Enter SNUFFE *seeking* SOQUETTE.

Snu. Soquette! Soquette! Soquette! O art thou there?——

He mistakes the body of BORACHIO *for* SOQUETTE.

Verily thou lyest in a fine premiditate readinesse for the purpose. Come kisse me sweet *Soquette.*——Now puritie defend me from the sinne of Sodom.——This is a creature of the masculine gender.——Verily the Man is blasted.——Yea? cold and stiffe?——Murder, murder, murder. *Exit.*

Enter D'AMVILLE *distractedly; starts at the sight of a Death's head.*

D'am. Why doest thou stare vpon me? Thou art not
The scull of him I murder'd. What hast thou

To doe to vexe my conscience? Sure thou wert
The head of a moſt dogged Vsurer,
Th' art so vncharitable. And that Bawde,
The skie, there; she could shut the windowes and
The dores of this great chamber of the world;
And draw the curtaines of the clouds betweene
Those lights and me about this bed of earth,
When that same Strumpet Murder & my selfe
Committed sin together. Then she could
Leaue vs i' the darke, till the close deed
Was done: But now, that I begin to feele
The loathsome horrour of my sinne; and (like
A Leacher emptied of his luſt) desire
To burie my face vnder my eye-browes, and
Would ſteale from my shame vnseene; she meetes me
I' the face with all her light corrupted eyes,
To challenge payment o' mee.——O beholde.
Yonder's the Ghoaſt of olde *Montferrers* in
A long white sheete, climbing yond' loftie mountaine
To complaine to Heau'n of me.——*Montferrers!*
'Pox o' fearefulnesse. T'is nothing but
A faire white cloude. Why? was I borne a coward?
He lies that sayes so. Yet the count'nance of
A bloudlesse worme might ha' the courage now
To turne my bloud to water. The trembling motion
Of an Aspen leafe, would make me like
The shadow of that leafe, lie shaking vnder't.
I could now commit a murder, were
It but to drinke the fresh warme bloud of him
I murder'd; to supply the want and weakenesse
O' mine owne; t'is growne so colde and flegmaticke.

Lang. Murder, murder, murder. *Within.*

D'am. Mountaines o'erwhelme mee, the Ghoaſt of olde *Montferrers* haunts me.

Lang. Murder, murder, murder.

D'am. O were my body circumuolu'd
Within that cloude; that when the thunder teares
His passage open, it might scatter me
To nothing in the ayre!

Enter LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE *with the Watch.*

Lang. Here you shall finde
The murder'd body.

D'am. Black Beelzebub,
And all his hell-hounds come to apprehend me?

Lang. No my good Lord. Wee come to apprehend
The murderer.

[*D'am.*] The Ghoaſt (great *Pluto*) was
A foole; vnfit to be imployed in any
Serious businesse for the ſtate of hell.
Why? could not he ha' suffer'd me to raise
The mountaine o' my sinnes with one as damnable
As all the reſt; and then ha' tumbled me
To ruine? But apprehend me e'en betweene
The purpose and the acſt? before it was
Committed?

Watch. Is this the murderer? He speakes suspitiously.

Lang. No verily. This is my Lord *D'amville.* And his diſtracſtion (I thinke) growes out of his griefe for the losse of a faithfull seruant. For surely I take him to be *Borachio* that is slaine.

D'am. Haah! *Borachio* slaine? Thou look'ſt like *Snuffe,* doeſt not.

Lang. Yes in sincerity my Lord.

D'am. Harke thee?——Saweſt thou not a Ghoaſt?

Lang. A Ghoaſt? where my Lord?—I smell a Foxe.

D'am. Heere i' the Churchyard.

Lang. Tush, tush; their walking spirits are meere imaginarie fables. There's no such thing in *rerum natura.* Heere is a man slaine. And with the Spirit of consideration, I rather think him to be the murderer got into that disguise, then any such phantaſtique toy.

D'am. My braines begin to put themselues in order. I apprehend thee now.——T'is e'en so.——*Borachio!* I will search the Center but I'le finde the murderer.

Watch. Heere, heere, heere.——

D'am. Stay. A sleepe? so soundly? and so sweetly vpon Deathes Heads? and in a place so full of feare and horrour? Sure there is some other happinesse within the freedome of the conscience, then my knowledge e'er attain'd too.——Ho, ho, ho!

Charl. Y'are welcome Vncle. Had you sooner come,
You had beene sooner welcome. I'm the Man,
You seeke. You sha' not neede examine me.
D'am. My Nephew ! and my Daughter ! O my deare
Lamented bloud ! what Fate has caſt you thus
Vnhappily vpon this accident?
Charl. You know Sir, she's as cleare as Chaſtitie.
D'am. As her owne chaſtitie. The time; the place;
All circumſtances argue that vncleare.
Caſta. Sir, I confesse it; and repentantly
Will vndergoe the selfe same punishment,
That Iuſtice shall inflict on *Charlemont.*
Charl. Vniuſtly she betrayes her innocence.
Watch. But Sir, she's taken with you; and she muſt
To prison with you.
D'am. There's no remedie.
Yet were it not my Sonnes bed she abus'd;
My land should flie but both should be excus'd. *Exeunt.*

[IV. iv.] *Enter* BELFOREST *and a Seruant.*

Belfo. Is not my wife come in yet?
Seru. No my Lord.
Belfo. Me thinks she's very affectedly enclin'd,
To young *Sebaſtian's* company o' late.
But iealousie is such a torment, that
I am afraid to entertaine it. Yet
The more I shunne by circumſtance to meete
Directly with it; the more ground I finde
To circumuent my apprehension. Firſt,
I know sh'as a perpetuall appetite;
Which being so oft encounter'd with a man
Of such a bold luxurious freedome, as
Sebaſtian is; and of so promising
A body: her owne bloud, corrupted, will
Betray her to temptation.——

Enter FRISCO *closely.*

Fris. 'Precious ! I was sent by his Lady to see if her Lord were in bed; I should ha' done't slily without discouery; and now I am blurted vpon 'em before I was aware. *Exit.*

Belfo. Know not you the Gentlewoman my wife brought home?

Seru. By sight my Lord. Her man was here but now.

[*Re-enter* FRESCO.]

Belfo. Her man? I pri'ithee runne and call him quickly.——This villaine. I suspect him euer since I found him hid behind the Tapestry.—*Frisco!* th'art welcome *Frisco.*——Leaue vs. Doest heare *Frisco!* is not my wife at thy Mistresses?

Fris. I know not my Lord.

Belfo. I prithee tell me *Frisco*; we are priuate; tell me. Is not thy Mistresse a good wench?

Fris. How meanes your Lordship that? A wench o' the trade?

Belf. Yes faith *Frisco*; e'en a wench o' the trade.

Fris. O no my Lord. Those falling diseases cause baldnesse, and my Mistresse recouers the losse of haire, for she is a Periwig-maker.

Belfo. And nothing else?

Frisc. Sels Falls and Tyres, and Bodies for Ladies; or so.

Belfo. So Sir: and she helpes my Lady to falles and bodies now and then; doe's she not?

Frisc. At her Ladiships pleasure; my Lord.

Belfo. Her pleasure; you Rogue? you are the Pandar to her pleasure you Varlet, are you not? you know the conueyances betweene *Sebastian* and my wife. Tell me the truth; or by this hand I'le naile thy bosome to the earth. Stirre not you Dogge; but quickly tell the truth.

Frisco. O yes! —*Speake like a Crier.*

Belfo. Is not thy Mistresse a Bawde to my wife?

Frisco. O yes!

Belfo. And acquainted with her trickes, and her plots, and her deuises.

Frisco. O yes! If any man, 'Court, Citie or Countrey, has found my Lady *Leuidulcia* in bed, but my Lord *Belforest*, it is *Sebastian.*

Belfo. What doest thou proclaime it? Doest thou crie it thou villaine?

Frisco. Can you laugh it my Lord? I thought you meant to proclaime your selfe Cuckold.

Enter the Watch.

Belfo. The Watch? Met with my wish. I muſt requeſt th' aſſiſtance of your offices. FRISCO *runnes away.* S'death; ſtay that villaine; pursue him. —*Exeunt.*

[IV. V.] *Enter* SNUFFE *importuning* SOQUETTE.

Soqu. Nay, if you get me any more into the Churchyard.

Snu. Why *Soquette*? I neuer got thee there yet.

Soqu. Got me there? No. Not with childe.

Snu. I promis'd thee I would not; and I was as good as my word.

Soqu. Yet your word was better then than your deede. But, ſteale vp into the little matted chamber o' the left hand.

Snu. I prithee let it be the right hand; thou left'ſt me before and I did not like that.

Soqu. 'Precious quickly; So soone as my *Miſtresse* shall be in bed I'le come to you. ——*Exit* SNUFFE.

Enter SEBASTIAN, LEUIDULCIA *and* CATAPLASMA.

Cata. I wonder *Frisco* ſtayes so long.

Seba. Miſtresse *Soquette,* a word with you. ——*Whisper.*

Leui. If he brings word my Husband is i' bed; I will aduenture one nights liberty to lie abroad.——My ſtrange affection to this Man!——T'is like that naturall sympathie which e'en among the sencelesse creatures of the earth, commands a mutuall inclination and consent: For though it seemes to be the free effect of mine owne voluntarie loue; yet I can neither reſtraine it, nor giue reason for't. But now t'is done; and in your power it lies to saue my honour; or dishonour me.

Cata. Enioy your pleasure (Madame) without feare. I neuer will betray the truſt you haue committed to me. And you wrong your selfe, to let consideration of the sinne moleſt your conscience. Me thinkes t'is vniuſt, that a reproach should be inflicted on a woman for offending but with one; when t'is a light offence in Husbands to commit with many.

Leui. So it seemes to me.——Why how now *Sebaſtian*? making loue to that Gentlewoman? How many miſtresses ha' you i' faith?

Seba. In faith; none. For I think none of 'em are faithfull, but otherwise, as many as cleane Shirts. The loue of a woman is

like a Mushrom; it growes in one night, and will serue somwhat pleasingly, next morning to breakfaſt: but afterwards waxes fulsome and vnwholesome.

Cata. Nay by Saint *Winifred*; a woman's loue laſts as long as Winter fruit.

Seba. T'is true. Till new come in. By my experience no longer. ——*Enter* FRISCO *running.*

Frisco. Some bodie's doing has vndone vs; and we are like pay dearely for't.

Sebaſt. Pay deare? for what?

Frisco. Wil't not be a chargeable reckoning, thinke you; when heere are halfe a dozen fellowes comming to call vs to accompt, with eu'rie man a seuerall bill in his hand, that wee are not able to discharge.

——*Knocke at the doore.*

Cata. Passion o' me. What bouncing's that? Madame! withdraw your selfe.

Leuid. *Sebaſtian* if you loue me, saue my honour. ——*Exeunt.*

Seba. What violence is this? What seeke you? Zownes! you shall not passe.

Enter BELFOREST *and the Watch.*

Belfo. Pursue the Strumpet. Villaine giue mee way;
Or I will make my passage through thy bloud.

Seba. My bloud will make it slipperie my Lord.
T'were better you would take another way.
You may hap fall else.

They fight. Both slaine. SEBASTIAN *falles firſt.*

Seba. I ha't ifaith. ——*Dies.*

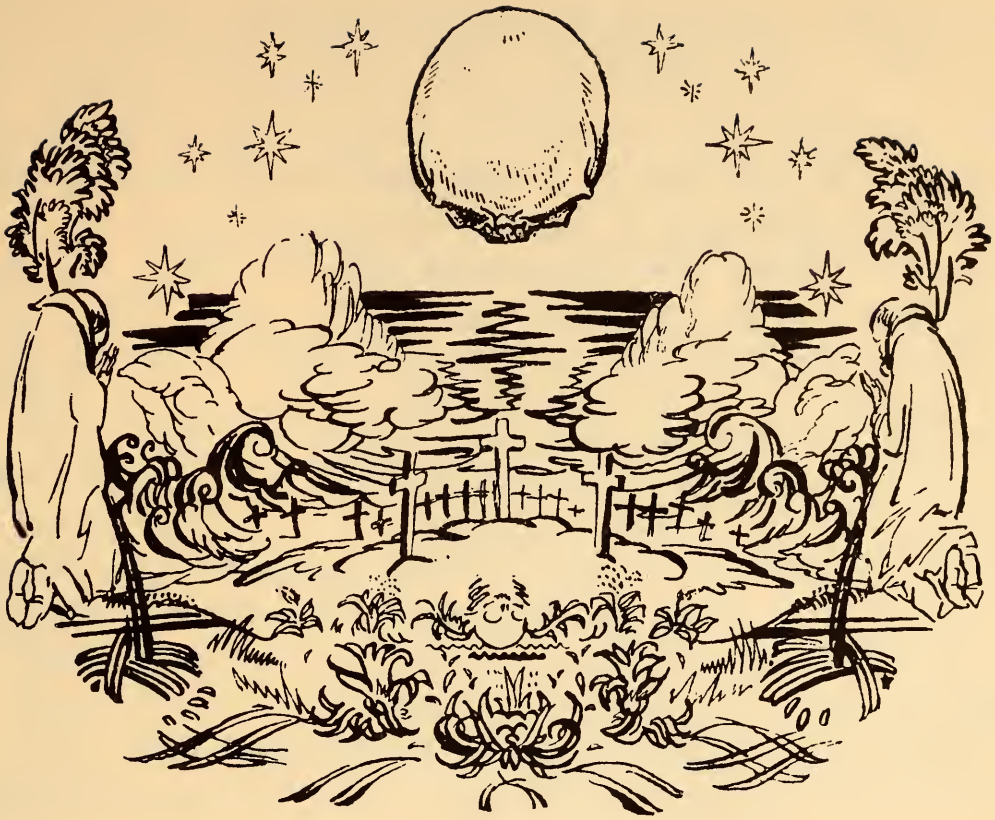
While BELFOREST *is ſtaggering, enter* LEUIDULCIA.

Leuid. O God! my Husband! my *Sebaſtian*! Husband!
Neither can speake; yet both report my shame.
Is this the sauing of my Honour? when
Their bloud runnes out in riuers; and my luſt
The fountaine whence it flowes? Deare Husband! let
Not thy departed spirit be displeas'd;
If with adult'rate lips I kisse thy cheeke.
Heere I behold the hatefulnesse of luſt;

Which brings me kneeling to embrace him dead;
Whose body liuing I did loathe to touch.
Now I can weepe. But what can teares doe good;
When I weepe onely water, they weepe bloud?
But could I make an Ocean with my teares;
That on the floud this broken vessell of
My body, laden heauie with light luſt
Might suffer shipwrack, and so drowne my shame:
Then weeping were to purpose; but alas!
The Sea wants water enough to wash away
The foulenesse of my name. O! in their wounds;
I feele my honour wounded to the death.
Shall I out-liue my Honour? Muſt my life
Be made the worlds example? Since it muſt;
Then thus in deteſtation of my deede;
To make th' example moue more forceably
To vertue; thus, I seale it with a death
As full of horrour as my life of sinne. ——*Stabs herselfe.*

Enter the Watch with CATAPLASMA, FRISCO, SNUFFE, *and* SOQUETTE.

Watch. Hold Madame! Lord what a ſtrange night is this.
Snuffe. May not *Snuffe* be suffer'd to goe out of himselfe?
Watch. Nor you; nor any. All muſt goe with vs.
O with what vertue luſt should be withſtood!
Since t'is a fire quench'd seldome without bloud. ——*Exeunt.*



ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA.

Musicke. A Clozet discouer'd. A Seruant sleeping with lights and money before him.

Enter D'AMVILLE.

D'amville.

WHAT sleep'ſt thou?
Seru. No my Lord. Nor sleepe; nor wake.
But in a slumber troublesome to both.
D'am. Whence comes this gold?
Seru. T'is part of the Reuenew,
Due to your Lordship since your brothers death.
D'am. To bed. Leaue me my gold.
Seru. And me my reſt.
Two things wherewith one man is seldome bleſt. *Exit.*
D'am. Cease that harsh musicke. W'are not pleas'd with it.

He handles the gold.

Heere sounds a musicke whose melodious touch,
Like Angels voices rauishes the sence.
Behold thou ignorant Astronomer,
Whose wandring speculation seekes among
The planets for mens fortunes ! with amazement,
Behold thine errour and be planet-strucke.
These are the Starres whose operations make
The fortunes and the destinies of men.
Yond' lesser eyes of Heau'n, (like Subiects rais'd
Into their loftie houses, when their Prince
Rides vnderneath th' ambition of their loues)
Are mounted onely to behold the face,
Of your more rich imperious eminence,
With vnpreuented sight. Vnmaske faire Queene; *Vnpurses*
Vouchsafe their expectations may enioy, *the gold.*
The gracious favour they admire to see,
These are the Starres the Ministers of Fate;
And Mans high wisedome the superiour power,
To which their forces are subordinate. ——*Sleepes.*

Enter the Ghoast of MONTFERRERS.

Mont. D'amville ! With all thy wisedome th'art a foole.
Not like those fooles that we terme innocents;
But a most wretched miserable foole.
Which instantly; to the confusion of
Thy proiects with despaire thou shalt behold. ——*Exit Ghoast.*

D'AMVILLE *starts vp.*

D'am. What foolish dreame dares interrupt my rest?
To my confusion? How can that be? Since
My purposes have hitherto beene borne
With prosp'rous Iudgement to secure successe.
Which nothing liues to dispossesse me off,
But apprehended *Charlemont.* And him,
This braine has made the happy instrument
To free Suspition; to annihilate
All interest and title of his owne;
To seale vp my assurance; and confirme
My absolute possession by the law.

Thus while the simple honeſt worshipper
Of a phantaſtique prouidence; groanes vnder
The burthen of neglected miserie;
My reall wisedome has rais'd vp a State,
That shall eternize my poſteritie.

Enter Seruants with the body of SEBASTIAN.

What's that?

Seru. The body of your younger Sonne slaine by the Lord *Belforeſt.*

D'am. Slaine? you lie.——*Sebaſtian.* Speake, *Sebaſtian*! H'as loſt his hearing. A Phisitian presently. Goe call a Surgeon.

Rousa. Ooh. ——*Within.*

D'am. What groane was that? How does my elder Sonne? the sound came from his chamber.

Serua. He went sicke to bed my Lord.

Rousa. Ooh. ——*Within.*

D'am. The cries of Mandrakes neuer touch'd the eare,
With more sad horrour then that voice does mine.

Enter a Seruant running.

Serua. If euer you will see your Sonne aliue.——

D'am. Nature forbid I e'er should see him dead.

A Bed drawne forth with ROUSARD.

Withdraw the Curtaines. O how does my Sonne?

Serua. Me thinkes, he's ready to giue vp the ghoaſt.

D'am. Deſtruction take thee and thy fatall tongue. Death, where's the Doctor?——Art not thou the face of that prodigious apparition ſtar'd vpon me in my dreame?

Serua. The Doctor's come my Lord.

Enter Doctor.

D'am. Doctor! Behold two Patients, in whose cure
Thy skill may purchase an eternall fame.
If thou haſt any reading in *Hipocrates,*
Galen, or *Auicen*; if hearbs, or drugges,
Or mineralles haue any power to saue;
Now let thy practise and their soueraigne vse,
Raise thee to wealth and honour.

Doctor. If any roote of life remaines within 'em capable of Phisicke; feare 'em not, my Lord.

Rusa. Ooh.

D'am. His gasping sighes are like the falling noise
Of some great building when the ground-worke breakes.
On these two pillars stood the stately frame,
And architecture of my loftie house.
An Earthquake shakes 'em. The foundation shrinkes.
Deare Nature! in whose honour I haue rais'd
A worke of glory to posteritie;
O burie not the pride of that great action,
Vnder the fall and ruine of it selfe.

Doctor. My Lord. These bodies are depriu'd of all
The radicall abilitie of Nature.
The heat of life is vtterly extinguish'd.
Nothing remaines within the power of man
That can restore them.

D'am. Take this gold; extract
The Spirit of it, and inspire new life
Into their bodies.

Docto. Nothing can my Lord.

D'am. You ha' not yet examin'd the true state
And constitution of their bodies. Sure,
You ha' not. I'le reserue their waters till
The morning. Questionlesse, their vrines will
Informe you better.

Docto. Ha, ha, ha.

D'am. Do'st laugh
Thou villaine? must my wisedome that has beene
The obiect of mens admiration, now
Become the subiect of thy laughter?

Rous. Ooh. —*Dies.*

All. Hee's dead.

D'am. O there expires the date
Of my posteritie! Can Nature be
So simple or malicious to destroy
The reputation of her proper memorie?
Shee cannot. Sure there is some power aboue
Her that controules her force.

Doctor. A power aboue Nature?
Doubt you that my Lord? Consider but
Whence Man receiues his body and his forme.
Not from corruption like some wormes and Flies;
But onely from the generation of
A man. For Nature neuer did bring forth
A man without a Man; Nor could the first
Man being but the passiue Subiect not
The actiue Mouer, be the maker of
Himselfe; So of necessitie there must
Be a Superiour power to Nature.

D'am. Now to my selfe I am ridiculous.
Nature thou art a Traytour to my soule.
Thou hast abus'd my trust. I will complaine
To a superiour Court, to right my wrong.
I'le proue thee a forger of false assurances.
In yond' Starre chamber thou shalt answere it.
Withdraw the bodies. O the sence of death
Begins to trouble my distracted soule. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iudges and Officers. [v. ii.]

1. *Iudg.* Bring forth the malefactors to the Barre.

Enter CATAPLASMA, SOQUETTE, *and* FRISCO.

Are you the Gentlewoman in whose house
The murders were committed?

Catap. Yes my Lord.

1. *Iud.* That worthie attribute of Gentrie, which
Your habite drawes from ignorant respect;
Your name deserues not: nor your selfe the name
Of woman. Since you are the poyson that
Infects the honour of all womanhood.

Catap. My Lord; I am a Gentlewoman: yet
I must confesse my pouertie compels
My life to a condition lower then
My birth or breeding.

2. *Iudg.* Tush we know your birth.

1. *Iudg.* But vnder colour to professe the Sale
Of Tyres and toyes for Gentlewomens pride;

You draw a frequentation of mens wiues
To your licentious house; and there abuse
Their Husbands.——

Frisco. Good my Lord her rent is great.
The good Gentlewoman has no other thing
To liue by but her lodgings: So, she's forc'd
To let her fore-roomes out to others, and
Her selfe contented to lie backwards.

2. *Iudg.* So.

1. *Iudg.* Heere is no euidence accuses you,
For accessaries to the murder; yet
Since from the Spring of lust which you preseru'd;
And nourish'd; ranne th' effusion of that bloud:
Your punishment shall come as neare to death,
As life can beare it. Law cannot inflict
Too much seueritie vpon the cause
Of such abhor'd effects.

2. *Iudg.* Receiue your sentence.
Your goods (since they were gotten by that meanes,
Which brings diseases;) shall be turn'd to th' vse
Of Hospitalles. You carted through the Streetes;
According to the common shame of Strumpets,
Your bodies whip'd till with the losse of bloud,
You faint vnder the hand of punishment.
Then that the necessarie force of want,
May not prouoke you to your former life;
You shall be set to painefull labour; whose
Penurious gaines shall onely giue you foode
To hold vp Nature; mortifie your flesh;
And make you fit for a repentant end.

All. O good my Lord!

1. *Iud.* No more; away with 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE.

2. *Iudg.* Now Monsieur *Snuffe*! A man of your profession,
Found in a place of such impietie?

Snuffe. I grant you. The place is full of impuritie. So much the more neede of instruction and reformation. The purpose that caried me thither, was with the Spirit of conuersion to purifie their

vncleanenesse; and I hope your Lordship will say, the law cannot take hold o' me for that.

1. *Iudg.* No Sir; it cannot: but yet giue me leaue
To tell you, that I hold your warie answere,
Rather premeditated for excuse;
Then spoken out of a religious purpose.
Where tooke you your degrees of Schollership?

Snuffe. I am no Scholler my Lord. To speake the sincere truth, I am *Snuffe* the Tallow-Chandler.

2. *Iudg.* How comes your habite to be alter'd thus?

Snuffe. My Lord *Belforeſt* taking a delight in the cleanenesse of my conuersation; withdrew mee from that vncleane life, and put me in a garment fit for his societie and my present profession.

1. *Iudg.* His Lordship did but paint a rotten poſt;
Or couer foulenesse fairely. Monsieur *Snuffe*!
Backe to your candle-making. You may giue
The world more light with that, then either with
Inſtruction or th' example of your life.

Snuffe. Thus the *Snuffe* is put out. *Exit* SNUFFE.

Enter D'AMVILLE *diſtractedly with the hearses of his two Sonnes borne after him.*

D'am. Iudgement; Iudgement.

2. *Iud.* Iudgement my Lord? in what?

D'am. Your Iudgements muſt resolue me in a case.
Bring in the bodies. Nay; I will ha't tried.
This is the case my Lord. My prouidence,
Eu'n in a moment; by the onely hurt
Of one, or two, or three, at moſt: and those
Put quickly out o' paine too, marke mee; I
Had wisely rais'd a competent eſtate
To my poſteritie. And is there not
More wisedome and more charity in that;
Then for your Lordship, or your Father, or
Your Grandsire, to prolong the torment, and
The rack of rent from age to age, vpon
Your poore penurious Tenants? yet (perhaps)
Without a pennie profit to your heire.
Is't not more wise? more charitable? Speake.

1. *Iud.* He is diſtracted.
D'am. How? diſtracted? Then
You ha' no Iudgement. I can giue you sence
And solide reason for the very leaſt
Diſtinguishable syllable I speake.
Since my thrift was more charitable, more
Iudicious then your Grandsires; why, I would
Faine know why your Lordship liues to make
A second generation from your Father;
And the whole frie of my poſteritie
Extinguish'd in a moment. Not a Brat
Leſt to succeede me.—I would faine know that.
2. *Iudg.* Griefe for his children's death diſtempers him.
1. *Iudg.* My Lord; we will resolue you of your queſtion.
In the meane time vouchsafe your place with vs.
D'am. I am contented, so you will resolue me. ——*Ascends.*
Enter CHARLEMONT *and* CASTABELLA.
2. *Iudg.* Now Monsieur *Charlemont.* You are accus'd
Of hauing murder'd one *Borachio,* that
Was seruant to my Lord *D'amville.* How can
You cleare your selfe? guiltie? or not guiltie?
Charl. Guilty of killing him; but not of murder.
My Lords; I haue no purpose to desire
Remission for my selfe.—— D'AMVILLE *descends to* CHARL.
D'am. Vnciuill Boy!
Thou want'ſt humanitie to smile at griefe.
Why doeſt thou caſt a chearefull eye vpon
The obiect of my sorrow? my dead Sonnes?
1. *Iudg.* O good my Lord! Let Charitie forbeare
To vexe the spirit of a dying Man.
A chearefull eye vpon the face of Death;
Is the true count'nance of a noble minde.
For honour's sake (my Lord) moleſt it not.
D'am. Y'are all vnciuill. O! is't not enough
That hee vniuſtly hath conspir'd with Fate,
To cut off my poſteritie for him
To be the heire to my possessions; but
He muſt pursue me with his presence; and
In the oſtentation of his ioy,

Laugh in my face, and glory in my griefe?
Charl. D'amville! to shew thee with what light respect,
I value Death and thy insulting pride;
Thus like a warlike Nauie on the Sea,
Bound for the conquest of some wealthie land,
Pass'd through the stormie troubles of this life,
And now arriu'd vpon the armed coast;
In expectation of the victorie,
Whose honour lies beyond this exigent;
Through mortall danger with an actiue spirit,
Thus I aspire to vndergoe my death. *Leaps vp the Scaffold.*

CASTABELLA *leapes after him.*

Casta. And thus I second thy braue enterprise.
Be chearefull *Charlemont.* Our liues cut off,
In our young prime of yeares; are like greene hearbs,
Wherewith we strow the hearses of our friends.
For as their vertue gather'd when th' are greene,
Before they wither or corrupt, is best;
So we in vertue are the best for Death,
While yet we haue not liu'd to such an age,
That the encreasing canker of our sinnes,
Hath spread too farre vpon vs.——
D'am. A Boone, my Lords. I begge a Boone.
1. *Iud.* What's that my Lord?
D'am. His body when t'is dead for an Anatomie.
2. *Iud.* For what my Lord?
D'am. Your vnderstanding still comes short o' mine.
I would finde out by his Anatomie;
What thing there is in Nature more exact,
Then in the constitution of my selfe.
Me thinks, my parts, and my dimentions, are
As many, as large, as well compos'd as his;
And yet in me the resolution wants,
To die with that assurance as he does.
The cause of that, in his Anatomie
I would finde out.——
1. *Iud.* Be patient and you shall.
D'am. I haue bethought me of a better way—
Nephew; we must conferre.——Sir; I am growne

A wondrous Studient now o' late. My wit
Has reach'd beyond the scope of Nature; yet
For all my learning I am ſtill to seeke,
From whence the peace of conscience should proceede.
Charl. The peace of conscience rises in it selfe.
D'am. Whether it be thy Art or Nature, I
Admire thee *Charlemont.* Why; thou haſt taught
A woman to be valiant. I will begge
Thy life.——My Lords! I begge my Nephewes life.——
I'le make thee my Phisitian. Thou shalt read
Philosophie to me. I will finde out
Th' efficient cause of a contented minde.
But if I cannot profit in't; then t'is
No more being my Phisitian, but infuse
A little poyson in a potion when
Thou giu'ſt me Phisick; vnawares to me.
So I shall ſteale into my graue without
The vnderſtanding or the feare of death.
And that's the end I aime at. For the thought
Of death is a moſt fearefull torment; is't not?
2. *Iudg.* Your Lordship interrupts the course of law.
1. *Iudg.* Prepare to die.
Charl. My resolution's made.
But ere I die; before this honour'd bench;
With the free voice of a departing soule,
I heere proteſt this Gentlewoman cleare,
Of all offence the law condemnes her for.
Caſta. I haue accus'd my selfe. The law wants power
To cleare me. My deare *Charlemont*; with thee
I will partake of all thy punishments.
Charl. Vncle; for all the wealthie benefits;
My death aduances you, graunt me but this.
Your mediation for the guiltlesse life
Of *Caſtabella*; whom your conscience knowes
As iuſtly cleare as harmelesse innocence.
D'am. Freely. My Mediation for her life;
And all my int'reſt in the world to boote,
Let her but in exchange possesse me of
The resolution that she dies withall.——

The price of things is beſt knowne in their want.
Had I her courage; so I value it,
The Indies should not buy't out o' my hands.
Charl. Giue me a glasse of water.
D'am. Mee, of wine.——
This argument of death congeales my bloud.
Colde feare with apprehension of thy end,
Hath frozen vp the riuers of my veines. ——*A glasse of wine.*
I muſt drinke vvine to vvarme mee, and dissolue
The obſtruction, or an apoplexie will
Possesse mee.——Why thou vncharitable Knaue;
Do'ſt bring mee bloud to drinke? The very glasse
Lookes pale and trembles at it.
Seru. T'is your hand my Lord.
D'am. Canſt blame mee to be fearefull; bearing ſtill
The presence of a murderer about me?
Charl. Is this water?
Serua. Water Sir. ——*A glasse of water.*
Charl. Come thou cleare embleme of coole temperance.
Be thou my witnesse, that I vse no art
To force my courage; nor haue neede of helpes,
To raise my Spirits like those weaker men;
Who mixe their bloud with wine, and out of that
Adulterate coniunction doe beget
A baſtard valour. Natiue courage, thankes.
Thou lead'ſt me soberly to vndertake
This great hard worke of magnanimitie.
D'am. Braue *Charlemont*! at the reflexion of
Thy courage my cold fearefull bloud takes fire,
And I begin to emulate thy death.——
Is that thy executioner? My Lords;
You wrong the honour of so high a bloud,
To let him suffer by so base a hand.
Iudges. He suffers by the forme of law my Lord.
D'am. I will reforme it. Downe you shagge-hair'd Curre.
The inſtrument that ſtrikes my Nephew's bloud,
Shall be as noble as his bloud. I'le be
Thy Executioner my selfe.
1 *Iud.* Reſtraine his fury. Good my Lord forbeare.

D'am. I'le butcher out the passage of his soule,
That dares attempt to interrupt the blow.
2 Iud. My Lord; the office will impresse a marke
Of scandall and dishonour on your name.
Charl. The office fits him; hinder not his hand.
But let him crowne my resolution, with
An vnexampled dignitie of death.
Strike home. Thus I submit me. —*Readie for execution.*
Casta. So doe I.
In scorne of Death thus hand in hand we die.
D'am. I ha' the trick on't Nephew. You shall see
How eas'ly I can put you out of paine.——Ooh.
As he raises vp the Axe, strikes out his owne braines.
Staggers off the Scaffold.
Execu. In lifting vp the Axe
I thinke has knock'd his braines out.——
D'am. What murderer was hee that lifted vp my hand against my head?
Iudge. None but your selfe my Lord.
D'am. I thought he was a murderer that did it.
Iudge. God forbid.
D'am. Forbid? You lie Iudge. He commanded it.
To tell thee that mans wisedome is a foole.
I came to thee for Iudgement; and thou think'st
Thy selfe a wise man. I outreach'd thy wit;
And made thy Iustice Murders instrument,
In *Castabella's* death and *Charlemonts.*
To crowne my Murder of *Montferrers* with
A safe possession of his wealthie state.——
Charl. I claime the iust aduantage of his words.
Iudge. Descend the Scaffold and attend the rest.
D'am. There was the strength of naturall vnderstanding.
But Nature is a foole. There is a power
Aboue her that hath ouerthrowne the pride
Of all my proiects and posteritie;
(For whose suruiuing bloud, I had erected
This proud monument) and strucke 'em dead
Before me. For whose deathes, I call'd to thee
For Iudgement. Thou didst want discretion for

The sentence. But yond' power that ſtrucke me, knew
The Iudgement I deseru'd; and gaue it.——O!
The luſt of Death commits a Rape vpon me
As I would ha' done on *Caſtabella.*—— ——*Dies.*

Iudge. Strange is his death and iudgement. With the hands
Of Ioy and Iuſtice I thus set you free.
The power of that eternall prouidence,
Which ouerthrew his proiects in their pride;
Hath made your griefes the inſtruments to raise
Your blessings to a greater height then euer.

Charl. Onely to Heau'n I attribute the worke.
Whose gracious motiues made me ſtill forbeare
To be mine owne Reuenger. Now I see,
That, *Patience is the honeſt mans reuenge.*

Iudg. Inſtead of *Charlemont* that but e'en now
Stood readie to be dispossess'd of all;
I now salute you with more titles, both
Of wealth and dignitie then you were borne too.
And you (sweet Madame) Lady of *Belforeſt*
You haue that title by your Fathers death.

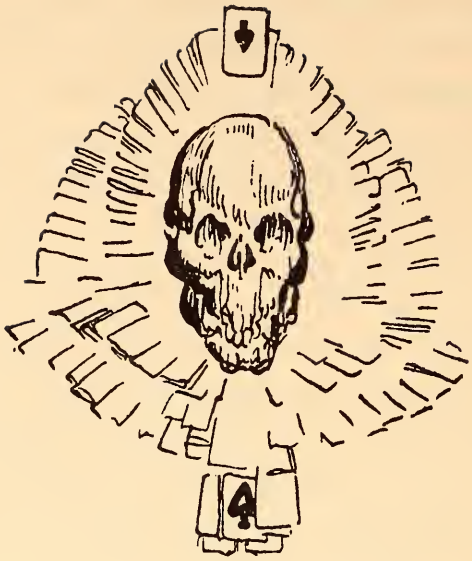
Caſta. With all the titles due to me; encrease
The wealth and honour of my *Charlemont.*
Lord of *Montferrers*; Lord *D'amuille*; *Belforeſt.*
And for a cloze to make vp all the reſt; ——*Embrace.*
The Lord of *Caſtabella.* Now at laſt
Enioy the full possession of my loue;
As cleare and pure as my firſt chaſtitie.

Charl. The crowne of all my blessings!—I will tempt
My Starres no longer; nor protract my time
Of marriage. When those Nuptiall rites are done;
I will performe my kinsmens funeralles.

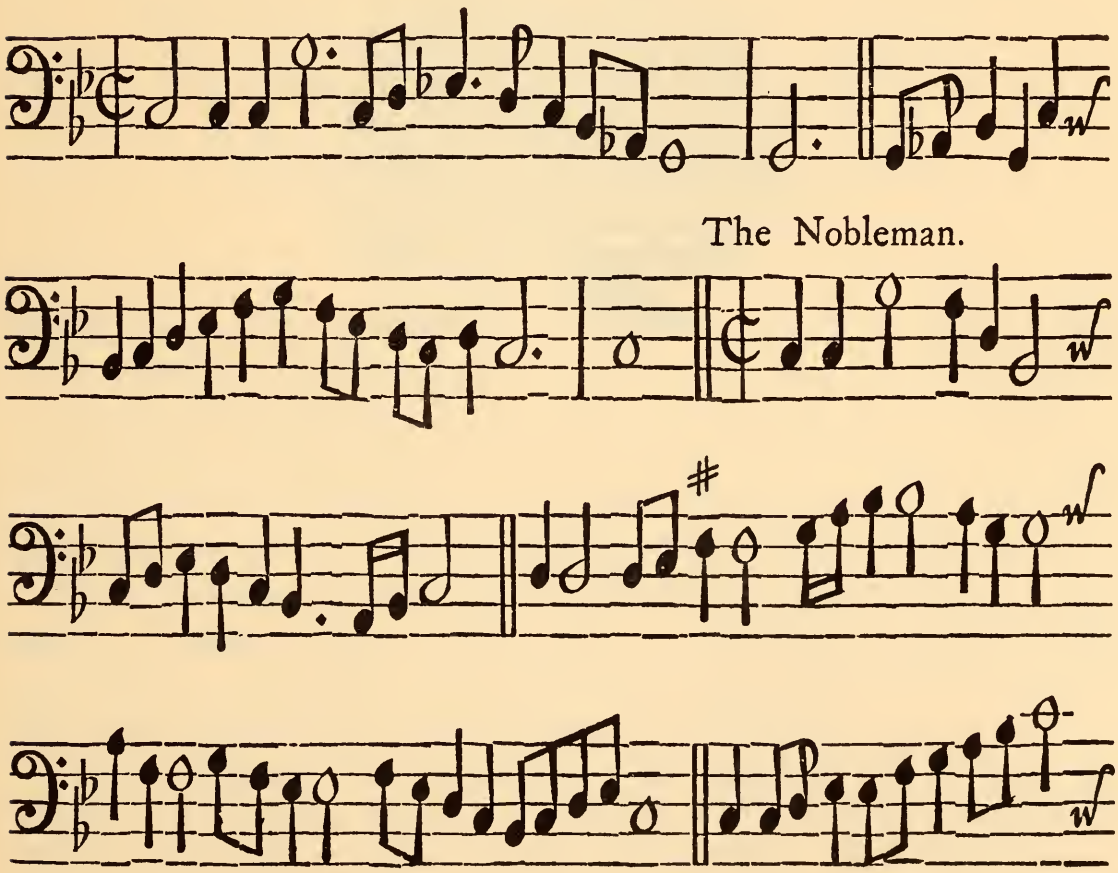
Iudg. The Drums and Trumpets! Interchange the sounds
Of Death and Triumph; for these honour'd liues,
Succeeding their deserued Tragedies.

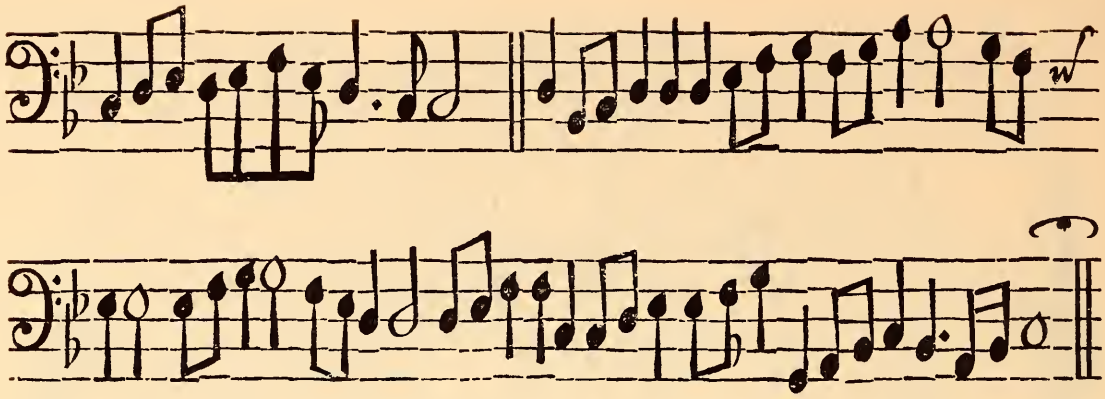
Charl. Thus by the worke of Heau'n; the men that thought
To follow our dead bodies without teares;
Are dead themselues, and now we follow theirs. ——*Exeunt.*

FINIS.



MUSIC FOR THE NOBLEMAN.





THE CHARACTER OF ROBERT EARLE OF SALESBURYE.

An° Jacobi

THE CHARACTER OF ROBART EARLE OF SALESBURYE LORD HIGH TREASUROR OF ENGLANDE &c.: WRITTEN BY MR WILLIAM TURNEUR AND DEDICATED TO THE MOST VNDERSTANDING AND Y^E MOST WORTHIE LADYE THE LADI THEODOSIA CECYLL DATED AN°

HE came of a parente that Counseled the ſtate, into Pietie, Honour, and Powere. THE CHARACTER [1–16]

He did inherite his fatheres vertues and therfore was Called to succeed him in his offices.

He had a full mynd in an imperfecte bodye; to tell a Courtyere, that Ornamente is not his beste p[ar]te, or should not bee.

In a Chaiere, he had both a sweet and a grave presence, as yf nature vnderstandinge howe good a counseler he would make, gave him no more beavty of p[er]son any where else of purpose, because it should not remoue him in to Actyon.

Had his Bodie been an Answerable agente to his speritte, Hee might have made as greate a Captaine, as he was a Counsellour; for his pleasures of excercise, weare Induſterye and expedition.

Courage was brought vp w[i]th his vnderſtanding; and they agreed so well, that his Mind beinge great ynough, they dwelt Com[m]odiouslye togethere; for he knewe him selfe in a iuſte

waie, & hee never wente out of it, either for publique daungere, or privat Threatnings; w[hi]ch weare manye, and bould vppon him.

He was so Ingenious, as to have the beſt Measure and vse of witte; for it did helpe to bringe him the neareſte waie to the Habil-litie of Iudgment.

Hee was suffitientlye Learned for his Callinge; and Lear[n]inge appeared the more in himselfe, bycause he Loued it in an other man.

His words either in speakynge or writynge, nevere passed by the sence, w[i]thout calinge in, to the vnderſtandinge, nor ever went thence w[i]thout Leauinge an impresione; for besides their waight, they were delyuered w[it]h such a dexteritie of clearnes, that they weare both Sweete to a curious eare, and easie to a Com[m]on; beinge guiltie Neither of Rudnes, nor affect[at]ion.

He never put men to the paines of readinge him twise ouere; for they tooke pleasure in repeatinge him often; w[hi]ch they mighte doe, w[i]th as litle expence of tyme, as the moſte of other men, once; so much the rediere waye he wente to the Matter;

And notw[i]thſtandinge he tooke not so large a scope to ex-presse him selfe in; yet him they rede more then once, because they wear satysfied; other men (for the Moſte p[ar]te) bycause they would bee. Sometimes the Lese he did seeme to bee elloquente, the more he was, for he did not Confine speakinge well, to one Law of Phrase or ſtile, but varied his methode in it, According to ye bringing vpp of the person he conferred w[i]th, and the Nature of the Argumente: wherby hee cleared it a passage to the Hearers apprehension, wear he of a quallitie either Learnede, or vnlearned; the Learned, he gave satysfaccon vnto; to the vnlearned he did geve both a satysfactione, and a Capacitie to be satysfyed.

Hee tooke vp the knowledge of no cause in matter of right, that fell w[i]th in the queſtione of his office, vpon creditt; for he would heare the p[ar]ties themselues.

He was a discomoditie some tymes to the Lawier but an assiſt-ance to the Lawe, for he brought manye Adversaryes the directe waye to an agreemente; and saued Lawe the Travill of goinge about.

There was no difficultie to gette accese to him but through the prese of suitores.

He did helpe moſte men to speake to him; for before they had deliuered themselues of Halfe their Meaninge, his apprehensione was at the end of it.

A meane man could not be discountenaunced before him, for his Curtesie ſtood before his greatnesse.

Hee tooke Not the Name of god in vayne in a promise; for his promises wear Lymited to good ends, and so farre he performed them.

He gave much every yeare a waye, to keepe Men from bribinge him; for he sente presents backe againe when they might be suspected of Corruption.

He was Ignorante in no ſtate, so much as in his owne, w[hi]ch shewes that he regarded the publique good aboue his private; the truth wherof appeareth in one of his servants abillitie and faithfulnes, w[hi]ch (he acknowledged) had repaired his privat eſtate, when, by his contynuall labour in the affaires of his office it was neglected almoſte into Ruine.

He was not Couitous vnlese it weare for the Kyng for he parted voluntarilye w[i]th a greate benifite to enlarge the Kings Revenewe.

He had the moſte safe pollicie in him, that can bee in an eminent subiecte; for he did not affect popularitie;

And therin he was as faithfull to the ſtate as to his owne ends; for popular Loue belonges only to maieſtie.

He was the beſte presidente, of a publique miniſtere, that a Kinge can propose to be followed; for he carried his Counseles of moderation, Lyke the Kings thoughts, so reservedly to him that every effecte of gratiousnes was, as it alwaies ought to be, attributed to soueraigntye; and those of Iuſtice so oppenly, that severitie was accompted his owne; wherby, the people vnderſtanding him onelye in what the[y] Loue not to feele; it grewe to be a Cause of their Mallice to Him, yet he Loſte not the reputacon they ought him; for when any Chaunge Happened in the bodie or heade of the ſtate, subiecte to the Confusione of Aduise, by the vncertenty of yssue; they diſtruſted their owne affectyones, and beleeved in his Iudgment, puttynge them selues in to his fyle, and followinge w[i]th suche a sodainnes and such a Necessitie (as it weare) of resolution; as yf they had beene borne to saye "This man doth not erre"; so powrefull is the wisdome of a Counselore that mak[e]s it one of his grounds to hould the Loue or hate of the people, vaine, for w[hi]ch they can geve noe reason.

And their opinion of his vnderſtandinge tooke great pittie of their owne ignoraunce; for it was a study of his prouidence to

suppose every pointe of ſtate, into all the daungeres and exigents it mighte bee necessarilie induced; and carryed an appointm[en]t ever about him, to secure the succese.

To knowe him, is as much as Neede be required to exemplefie a ſtateseman in to suffityencye; for it was the fortune of his imploymentes to have an Honorable practise in affaires of all Kynds that can be accidente to a ſtate but onely a Civill warre; wherin his Iudgment was the more worthie, for he prevented it.

He affected so muche the Acte of worth, aboue the Name; that I dare p[er]swade myselfe, some aduises w[hi]ch in private wear his wisdome have come forth an other mans. He neuer writte downe an Iniurye done him in redd ynke: the Armes he wore, weare onely defensive; w[hi]ch (neverthelese) might happene to doe hurte, when they did no wronge; for no guard canbe maintained w[i]thout offendinge, yf it be vyolentelie intruded on.

Hee did favoures to manye; and received favoures but of one, besides his parents: for he was behowldinge to no other subiect for his Aduauncement.

He depended on maieſtie, w[i]thout the Mediacone of any second greatnes; w[hi]ch is an honour, the moſte noble to a mans selfe and the sureſte to his Kinge.

Hee was the enioyer of one Happines, that all men Naturallye seeke to retire into, but seldome openes to any; and the moſte vneasilie to a ſtatesman; he mett w[i]th the Conversation of a man, whome he durſte belevinglie call his privat freind.

His owne plentye, could not make him insensible of other menes wants; for in times of dearth, hee sent his officeres in to markets, to give dearly to the seller; and to sell Cheaply to the buyere.

He was a proffitable maſtere to everie of his servants that did not abuse his bountye.

His Religeous faith is sett doune in his Teſtam[en]t, as well as anye Hollie knowledge can deliver it; and he that will not beleeue the word of a diynge man[n], in perfect ſtrength of mynd; deserves not to be carried w[i]th creditt to the grave.

His makinge readie to die, was the greateſte blesinge of his Life to him; for he never went to bedde, w(i)thout Cares, till then: but had alarmes every where to wake him, save in his Conscence; when death came to be his businesse, he was in peace; and soe died.

[134–141]

He that shall succeede him in his place may be Ambitious to followe him in his waye; for the honoure of this, transcended the dignitie of the other: all the discouragement he can meete w[i]th in his pasage wilbe through their conſtructions, whose breſts are too narrow to entertaine so spreding a meritt: yet that should bee no ſtrong impedimente; bycause (for ought I heare) it hath not pleased god, to give anie of his detractors the witt to expresse themselues well against him.

[Cyrill] Tourneur.

A GRIEFE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE *HENRIE.*

EXPRESSED IN A BROKEN ELEGIE,

According to the nature of such a sorrow.

1613

TO MY NOBLE MAISTER MR. GEORGE CARIE.

SIR; It was a season for Elegies of this kind, when I wrote this; before HIS Funeralls. I had no purpose (then) to haue it published. Importunity hath (since) drawne it from me. But my first intent of Dedication is not altered. It cannot; vnlesse I could change my selfe. And (besides the subscription of my duety to you) you deserue to bee acknowledged in this Argument; among HIS true Mourners: for you honoured HIM; much and faithfully. For which, no lesse then for any other part of your generous disposition, I am and will bee

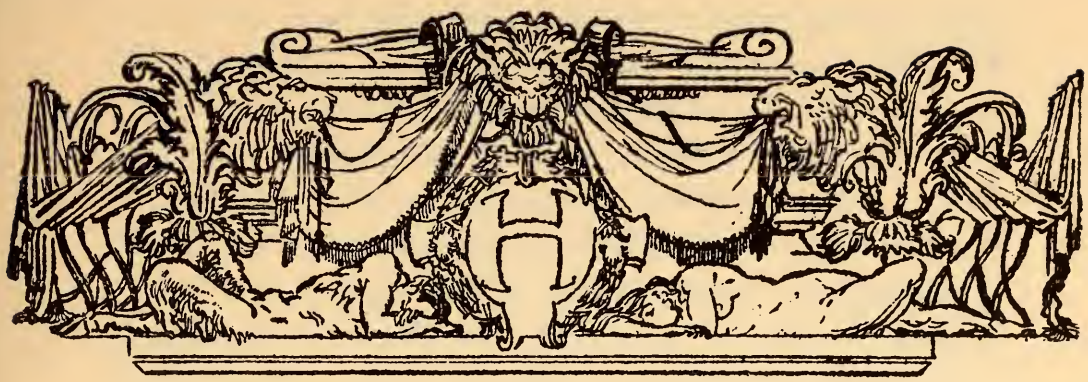
Your Seruant

CYRIL TOVRNEVR.

TO THE READER.

I Cannot blame thee, if thou read'st not right,
Or vnderstand'st not; for I know thy sight,
With weeping is imperfect, if not blind,
And sorrow does (almost) distract thy mind.

C. T.



A GRIEFE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE, EXPRESSED IN A BROKEN ELEGIE, ACCORDING TO THE NATURE OF SUCH A SORROW.

GOod *Vertue* wipe thine eyes. Look vp and see ! [1-25]
And wonder to behold it. Some there be,
That weepe not; but are ſtrangely merrie, dance,
And reuell. Can the losse of H I M aduance
The heart of any man to such a mirth?
Can H I S graue be the womb, from whence the birth
Of pleasure riseth? *Pity them. Their woe*
Diſtracts 'em, and they know not what they doe.
Yet note 'em better. Be they *wicked* men,
Their shew of *Ioy* is *voluntarie* then.
For now the *President* of *vertu's* dead,
Vice hopes to get her courses licenced.
Dead ! T'is aboue my knowledge how we liue
To speake it. Is there any *Faith* to giue
The promises of *health* or *remedy*?
Or any *Meane* to be preserued by;
When *Temperance,* and *Exercise* of breath,
(Those beſt *Physitians*) could not keepe from death,
The ſtrength of *Nature*? Was H E E temp'rate? whence
(Then) came H E E subiect to the violence
Of sicknesse? Rather was H E E not inclin'd
To *pleasures?* *Infinitely*; ſtill H I S mind
Was on them; *Infinitely*; For H I S *loue*
No *Obiects* had, but those which were aboue
The causes of *vexation*; such, as *done,*

Repented not the pleasures they begun,
But made them endlesse: Nothing had the might
To dis-effect his *Actions* of delight.
No; nor HIS *suffrings.* For although HEE knew,
That sicknesse came from earth to claime her due;
And to depriue HIM of that fortunate
Succession to the greatnesse of the *State,*
Which HEE was borne to; *that* did likewise please,
And added nothing vnto HIS *disease.*
Of HIS *contentments* heere, that was the best.
Therefore the last; that it might crowne the rest.
But these are not the pleasures that decay
The body. How hath death (then) found a way
To ONE so able? HEE was *yong* and *strong.*
Vnguiltie of al *disorder* that could wrong
HIS *Constitution.* Doe no longer hide
It; t'was to vs a *plague* whereof HEE died.
A *plague* by much more common to vs, then
The last great sicknesse. Many more the men
Who suffer in it. That which now is gone,
Was but the *Figure,* of a greater One
To follow. Since the first that e'er was borne;
A fuller number was not knowne to mourne.
For all the *old Men* of the *Kingdomes* weepe,
Since HE that promis'd by HIS *strength* to keepe
Their *children* free from *others* violence;
And by *example* from their *owne* offence;
Is taken from 'em. And they would haue died
When HE did, but for tarying to prouide
A *second* care for that they would haue left
To HIM, of whose *protection* th' are bereft.
If we doe well consider their iust woes;
We must include our yong men too, in those:
And grieue for euer: For our old mens teares,
Are rather for the time *to come,* then theirs.
If they that shall not liue to suffer much
Vnder this cause of *sorrow,* vtter such
A passion for it; *more* it does belong
To *vs* that now are *growing* to it; *yong*;

As if our *generations* had intent,
We should be *borne* to feele the *punishment.*
Now let vs *willingly* giue griefe regard;
Leaſt we be *forc'd* to doe it *afterward,*
By *Heauen's* iuſt anger. Stay a little. Why
Should yong men thinke the old shall sooner die?
HIS youths great broken promise wee complaine.
Yet none was greater. And are ours lesse vaine?
Miſtake not. As *Humanitie* now goes;
HEE liu'd a *Man* as long as any does.
For (onelie) in those *Minutes* that wee giue
To *Vertue,* wee are *Trulie* said to liue
Men, and no longer. If we recken then,
HIS good houres, with the good of other Men;
HIS Times whole added numbers will arise,
To his, that tels out foureskore ere he dies.
To prooue this, looke as low as ere you can;
And heare the words of the deiected Man;
The *Souldier* speakes them. *Honour! Now I see,*
There is no hope that any Age will be
So good and noble as the ancient were.
None so Heroique euer shall appeare.
For if that Fate, (which cannot be withſtood)
Had not decreed, there should be none so good;
Shee would not haue neglected such a worth
As HIS *was, to haue brought that great worke forth.*
But hauing purpos'd it should neuer be;
And hearing every where by Fame, that HEE
Was making one; she kill'd HIM.—Marke his eye;
Hee weepes. *He* weepes; that can more easilie
Weepe *Bloud* then *Water.* Then I wonder, how
Or *He,* or anye other *Souldier,* now,
Can hold his *sword vnbroken*; since HEE was,
That gaue them *Count'nance.* That's the Cause (alas)
They doe not *breake* them; and a iuſt excuse.
They weare them *now,* to keepe them from *abuse.*
For that great *fauour* now has made an *end*;
That their despis'd conditions did *defend.*
Artes too, are so discourag'd by their harmes;

In losse of HIM, who lou'd both *them* and Armes;
That they would all leaue *ſtudie* and decline
From *Learning*; if those *Naturall* and *Diuine*
Perswading *Contemplations,* did not leade
The *One* to *Heauen*; the *other* to the *dead*;
(Betweene whose *parts*, they haue diuided HIS;)
And promise, *so,* to bring them where HEE is.
But I would haue their *ſtudies* neuer die;
For preseruation of HIS *Memorie.*
How can *that* perish? That will euer keepe;
Because th' impression of it is so deepe.
When any *Painter* to the *life,* that saw
HIS *presence* fullie, takes in hand to draw
An *Alexander,* or a *Cæsar*; his beſt
Imaginations will bee so possess't
With HIS *Remembrance,* that as HEE does limme,
Hee'l make that *Worthie's* picture like to HIM.
And then t'will be a *Piece* of such a *Grace,*
For *Height* and *Sweetnesse*; as that onely *Face*
Will make another *Painter,* that ne'er knew
HIM liuing, follow as the other drew.
How great a *Character* deserues HEE then,
Whose *Memorie* shall but expire with men?
When a Diuine, or Poet, sets downe right,
What other Princes should bee; Hee shall write
What THIS *was.* That's HIS *Character,* which beares
My sorrow inward, to goe forth in teares.
Yet some of Ioy too, mix'd with those of Greefe;
That flow from apprehension of releefe.
I see HIS *spirit* turn'd into a *ſtarre*;
Whose *influence* makes that HIS owne *Vertues* are
Succeeded iuſtlie; otherwise, the *worſt,*
As at HIS *Funerall* should proceede the *firſt.*
HIS *Natiue goodnes,* followes in HIS *Roome*;
Else good Men would be buried in HIS *Tombe.*
O! suffer this to be a faithfull verse;
To liue for euer, weeping o'er HIS *Herse.*

CYRIL TOVRNEVR.

ON THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PRINCE AT HIS FUNERALLS.

HE that the *Life* of this *Face* euer sawe;
The *Mildnes* in it noting, and the *Awe*:
Will iudge that *Peace* did either in her *Loue,*
So soone aduance HIM to her *State* aboue;
Or else in *Feare* that HE would *Warre* preferre,
Concluded with HIM, HE should *Liue* with *Her.*
To *Both,* HIS aptnesse fluently appeares,
In eu'rie *Souldiers* griefe, and *Schollars* teares.

C. T.

ON THE SUCCESSION.

THE *State of England* hath beene oft oppres'd,
By many great *pretenders.* Fewe posses'd
The Kingdomes title *safelie,* but when *One*
Descended, and inherited *alone.*
Prince HENRIE saw his brother CHARLES was younger,
Therefore in *Loue* (because *Hee* might liue longer;)
Gaue way: and for the Kingdomes *strengthening,*
HEE left but one SONNE to succeed the KING.

C. T.

APPENDIX.

LAUGH AND LIE DOWNE: OR, THE WORLDES FOLLY.

1605.

To his most loued
louing, and welbeloued,
no matter whom.

DEDICATION
[1–15]

YOU Sir, hoping that you vvill take well, that is not worse ment, hauing nothing else, to giue you I heere present you vvith a booke, vvherin, I haue vvriten as you see, vvhat it is you may Iudge, strange course of an odde straine, in vvhich if you finde no matter to make you merry, feede fatte vvith you melancholy, till you be as madde as he that hath no more vvit, then he needes to occupie: There are many passages, to little purpose to him, that vnderstands them not, & yet he that hath both his eyes, may see more then a blinde man: I hope you are none of them, if you be, God help you, for I cannot, for thogh many can make lipp-salue, yet, vvit-salue is past my skill: preceptes there are none, for I doe no keepe a schoole, excepte it bee of had-I-vviste, and then if I should set vp my bill, I should haue too many Scholers: my meaning vvas, to be merry vvith my selfe, and if in mine humor, I haue made any angrie if he cannot haue patience, he must fret, till he be vveary: such as are wise, will smile at their conceit and the foole, for lack of vvit vvill finde fault, vvith he knovves not vvhat. Ten to one, I shall not please al men, and Tvventy to one, I do not desire it: yet, loath to displease any, I leaue it indifferently, to euery one, intreting good minds to giue it good vvords, and for the bad I leaue them to their bad humors: So loath to tel you vvhat followes, I leaue my vvorke to the censure of your Good vvill: and so rest as I finde cause.

Your louing Friend,
C. T.

TO THE READER.

TO THE READER
[1–16]

BY your patience, if you haue leisure to laugh, and will take any paines to Read, it may be you shall be fitted a pennyworth to your humour. Heere is no matter of state, diuinity, nor Phisicke, but, and so foorth, such stuffe, as will giue you occasion perhaps, when you haue worne it out, to commende it to your friends: tis no outlandish, but made at home, and nere the worse, for I know no reason to barre any man of his wits, that can tell kindely how to vse them: There are so many excellent writers in high Poetry, and strange plots, that poore men, who would do well, are afraide of euery Scholler, for feare of a scoffe, and of him that hath no learning, for lacke of wit. But at aduenture, this is done: how well, I knowe not, but you that Reade, may iudge as you list, there are changes in it enough to make a Play: but the foole in the midst may marre all: whose part, let it be put vpon my selfe, for too much prattle, I care not, if I here take an order with my pen to make an end of an idle Epistle.

Your friend as occasion serues.

THE WORLDES FOLLY.

WIthin the compasse of the world ther is an island, whose [1-27]
name I haue not reade, and therefore I care not if I leaue it out: now, in this Islande, were diuers Townes, and Citties, among which, there was one greater then all the reſt, the name whereof, was written vpon one of the Gates, but the letters were so worne out that I could make no English of them: and therefore, leaſt I should do wrong to the inhabitants, to set it downe by a false name, I will say no more of it but that it was a faire cittie, and so leaue it. Now in this cittie, were many faire houses: but among all, one, of that bignes, that the Lord of the Towne had bene able to keepe his Chriſtmas in it, it was full of windows, for a man might looke through it: and all the smoake of the house went out in one Chimney.

There were to this house, three Gates; and all in a forefront, which shewed that it had the foundation of some Caſtle: but by decaie, was brought to be an Almes-house. Now in this Towne were many sundrie sorts of people of all ages; as Old, and young, and middle age: men, women, and children: which did eate, and drinke, and make a noyse, and die: but such as liued, had there their sundry lodgings, that they might quickly be founde out, when there was occasion of their imployment. The house was large, and the Gouernor a great Man: I doe not meane in fat, (and yet he was well lined in the Pursse:) but he hadde a great commaund, especially of those about him: which because they were of small wealth, there is little to be saide of them: onely they were Creatures that serued the time, followed Shaddowes, fitted humours, hoped of Fortune, and found, what? I cannot tell you.

But at the entrance into the firſt base Court, wher walking of Horses was the chiefeſt exercise of Idle people: ouer the Gate, I sawe written (*Madde Fellowes*). Now, asking the meaning thereof of an olde Man (who was the Porter) who had written vppon his breaſt, *The Kalender of Experience,* he tolde me, this house was called the *Fort of FOLLY,* where such as sold Lande and followed *Fortune,* to teache them Patience after poaſting, were put to walking of horses: Where great spirits, ſtouping to little bodyes, made miserie a meane to happinesse: Where in the Crosse of Patience, companie gaue much comfort: yea but (quoth I) Doe all walke Horses? and haue they no other intertainment? yes (quoth the Olde man) within the house, are many, put to more vnpleasing seruices: As, they that haue spent their patrimony vppon Wantonnesse, are made *Pandars* to wickednesse. He that loſt his wealth at play, muſte hold the Candle to Gamſters: and he that melted it in banquetting, muſt waite on a Churles Trencher: and he that spent it in the Warres, muſt learne to pray for Peace.

Alasse (quod I) I haue beene a yonger Brother, and glad I would be to see fashions, but if here be no better intertainement, I haue no hart to goe in any further. Oh sir, quoth he, Content your selfe, you may doe better then you are aware of: For, if you haue any extraordinary qualitie, here you may make a gaine of it: If you can make a Ditty to a tune, you may fill your belly for your witte: If you can mende a decayed complexion, you shall be paide for your colour: If you can deuise a new fashion, there are that will be for your humor: if you can tell a ſtrange tale, you shall be thought wise: if you can soothe a lie, you will growe plausible: if you can mannage the carriage of the Foole, you may haue fauour in faire Eies: if you can cheate at play, you may thriue by trickes: if you haue any languages, you may do good vppon ſtrangers. And if you haue the ſtrength of the backe, you shall not want necessaries of the Bellie: But whatsoeuer you doe, beware of conscience, for she is in little credite: Alas (quoth I) then, what should I do heere? For I had rather die, then liue dishoneſtly: Honeſty (quoth hee) whatsoeuer you thinke of it, speake not a word of it. For in the course of *Folly,* a faithfull seruant is a good Asse: a kinde friend, is a sweet foole: A liberal hart is a feare of Beggery: and a charitable man is a pittifull creature. And yet, howsoeuer they come heere, I knowe not, but our house is full of them, and

therefore if you be as you say, so scrupulous of *Conscience,* or so carefull of *Honesty,* you were beste make one amonge a number heere, then loose your selfe in a wildernes with want of companie. For heere, you may be *Beauties* Foole, *Wealthes* slaue, or *Wittes* asse, or *Prides* vassall, *Honours* shaddowe, or *Powers* subiect: you may be a Iester among fooles, a Iuggler among *Gypsies,* a Fortune-teller among fayre hands, or a flattrer among fine Eares: and perhappes, if you can be wise, bee nere the worse for weldooing.

For tis no shame to honestie, to furnish necessitie, so that the lawe doe not touch you, for I haue lyued long, and neuer saw a tempred spirit out of Tune: and if you will be ruled by your friendes, you maye doe well. The Mistresse of this house hath no meane power in the world: for in the Warre, she hath her *Mutiners*: in the Schooles, her Truantes: in the Court, her Prodigals: in the Cittie, her Minions: in the countrie, her Lols: and at Sea, her Pyrates: and at Lande, her out-lookers. And let me tell you, that once a yeere, (howe often more, I knowe not) they all do her homage. The Cuckold hangs downe his head: the thiefe hideth his face: the Prodigall fetcheth a deepe sighe: and the Louer with infolded armes, and (perhappes) a weeping Eye, singes a Ballad of his Brainsicknes, to the tune of O *man in desperation.*

And therefore thinke not much, among so many of such reputation, to haue a place of Entertainment: Which, if you like not, and can mend your selfe, tell me your minde, and I will helpe you in what I can: but, this I say, she is a kinde woman, and will giue you countenaunce whensoeuer you come: for shee loues Straungers exceedinglye, and entertaineth them most kindely. Alas (quoth I) these wordes of yours are straunge, I knowe not what to make of them: I am not for hir hand, except she haue neede of me in some better seruice, then I yet heere of.

Why (quoth he) let me tell you, it were straunge, that you should spend your wits, with your wealth; if the worste fall, let me tell you, if you can feede an *Owle,* teach an *Ape,* or catch a Spaniell, I will warrant you pleas'd for your paine. No (quoth I) imaginations of ydlenesse, are but losse of time, and therefore trouble not your selfe, I had rather neuer serue, then be at such commaunde: But, since *Fortune* hath brought me hither, I pray you do for me, what you can, that I may not so far loose my hopes, that I pay two deere for my Repentaunce. I will (quoth he) come on thy wayes:

so in he brought mee to his great Ladie: who in a great brauerie, vaunting her selfe, asked me who I was? I aunswered, a *Cipher* among figures: well said, (quod she) more wit in the words then in the matter: now, whence come you? From idlenesse, (quoth I) well, (saide shee) that is the righte waie to Ignoraunce: *Eperience,* take this fellow to thee, and let him reade the rules of *Patience,* which done, let him know his place.

So taking leaue of his Lady, he led me into a large Roome, paued with rough flint ſtone, in the midſt whereof, was a kinde of ſtanding water, that (when it was ſtirred) gaue a kinde of sent, that would haue kilde a horse: Alasse (quoth I) Father, what shall I doe heere? Why (quoth he) you muſt know, they that haue spent their wealth in perfumes, sweete waters, and delicate Odors, muſt firſt heere haue patience with a little vnpleasing sauour, for he that comes into such a great house, as your *Forte of Follie*: muſt not looke for all places, after the fineſt fashion.

For he that cannot away with Sir Reuerence, muſt not come at Patience: but after you are a little vsed to it, you will easily away with it: Oh, *Patience* is a vertue, though it waite vpon many villaines: but you muſt away with many discontentmentes, before you can be acquainted with the secretes of this house, or haue fauour with our Miſtresse. Heere, in this place, which is called the *Purgatorie of witte,* I muſt bring you acquainted with many, that haue lodging in this place, of whom you muſt haue diuers in-ſtructions, touching the Rules of *Patience.*

So, knocking at one doore, comes me out a handsome man, but poorely apparrelled, pale faced, thin hayred, and lowe voiced: who, (with a soft speech, as in a feare to wake some sleeping Children) badde vs welcome, whome the olde man thus saluted: Scholler, I haue this morning, met with a ſtranger, whome I haue preferred to my Lady miſtresse: who hath giuen me in charge, to inſtructe him in all thinges fit for him in her Seruice: nowe, knowing your perfection in the firſt point of the Principalles of this Purga-torie, I will leaue him for this day to your entertainment: He is Welcome (quoth he) so, (leauing me till the next morning,) he went his way, and I (in a pittifull taking,) was brought by this *Anathomie* of flesh, into the discomefort of nature, where oppenning a little doore, and that lowe, where we muſt ſtoope ere we got in, there did I see (with much adoe) through a huge Sea-cole smoake,

by a little light, that came through a hole, in the top of the house, a Roome filled with people of diuers humors, aswell olde as young, (but the pittifullest of Creatures, that the Earth carried aliue:) all sitting vpon the bare ground: some sighing, other groaning, some weeping, other wringing their hands: and not one, but in one Agonie, or other.

Now, what with feare, and what with Sorrow, in a kinde of maze to beholde this mappe of miserie, this poore wretch appointed for my Reader in the Rules of Patience, while I expected some booke or other, that he should fall to lay open to such purpose: he brought me to them all, one after another, willing me to note them seuerally, to giue eare to their speeches, and to take notes of them for my better memorie.

So sitting downe with him (as it were) in the midst of them, without any regard, either of me or themselues, while melancholy so domineired in all, that there was not a good humour among them: they thus began their blacke *Sauntis*. One, who (it shoulde seeme,) had beene a trauailer, and nowe retyred perforce, from a worlde of Countries, fell thus to talke to himselfe. O Heavens, what a Hell is this? Tyre the bodie, spende the spirite, emptie the purse, weary friendes, waste the wittes, deserue well, desire little, and haue nothing: What comforte on the earth, but death? Fortune is such an enimie to vertue, the rowling stone gathers no mosse, the vanitie of varietie, settes the wittes a wooll-gathering, where the Sheepe are woorse then woolues, trauaile toylesome, victuall chargeable, apparrell costly, companie iealous, the sea daungerous, and nature vicious.

These passages who hath paste, and is come vnto the ende of his pilgrimage, let him sing with me in this purgatorie: *Oh the winde, the weather, and the raine.* When shaking of his heade, with a heauie hearte, hee putte his tounge to silence: when hauing learned by his trauaile, (hauing little money in his purse,) to fare harde, hee fell to breake his fast nowe aboute dinner time, with the pill of an orange, a rawe roote, and a little salte: which with a harde cruste of drye biskette, and a cruze of colde water, hee made his patient repast: when, calling mee to him. Sir (quoth hee) if it please you, that you will take parte with a poore manne, wellcome shall bee your best cheare. A trauailers Table is soone couered: I haue beene verie well acquainted with kick-shoses, but now I haue learned to satisfie Nature with a little.

Alasse, thought I, to take a bone from a Dogge, I should ſtarue the dumbe beaſt, and rather had I faſt, then fall to such hungrie fare. So, hauing manie more to looke ouer, the next was a man of Middle age, who had binne a man of some wealth: but, with entering into suretie, and taking vp Creditte, and giuing intereſt, fell so farre to decay, by leauing his Trade to his Seruantes charge, and followinge the course of his owne Pleasures, satte there with a needle and a threed, mending of Breeches, Petticoates, and Stockinges: In which, being so practised, as got him now and then a little woorke, he had ſtanding by him, for meat and drinke, a pot of ſtrong Ale, which was often at his nose, that it kept his face in so good a coulour, and his braine in so kinde a heate, as forgetting part of his forepassed Pride, in the good humour of grieuing Patience, made him with a hemming sigh, ilfauourdly singe the Ballad of *Whilom I was, To the tune of Tom Tinker.*

This poore soule I pittied, but finding little matter in him, I went to the next: who being an olde man with a siluer head, and a snowy bearde, hollow cheeked, Iawe-fallen, and bleare eyed, shaking with the Palsie, and tormented with the Stone, not so Rich, as to haue the Gout, hauing beene a man of some possessions, and with too fat feeding of Horses, too high keeping of Haukes, and too much delighting in banquetinges, through lacke of husbandrie, was forced to leaue himselfe without Lande, and hauing no more mony left, then in soiourning with *Patience* might pay for his bourde in this purgatorie, hauing in a little Boxe, an Electuarie, which, with a little spirite of the iuice of Grape, kepte lyfe and soule together; this poore man, talking to himselfe, of the vngratefulnesse of the proude; the vnkindenesse of the rich, the hatefulness of the wicked, the wo of the wanton, and the miserie of the poore, the wilfulnesse of youth, and the wretchednesse of age: after many a deepe sighe, with a hollowe voice, in a solemne tune, with a heauie hearte, fell to sing the song of *Oken Leaues began to wither:* to the tune of *Heauilie, heauilie.*

Which poore soule had no sooner ended, but for his beſt ease, falling faſt asleepe, to his good slumber I left him.

When nexte to him, sat a dapper fellowe with a smarte countenance: one, who (it seemed) in his youth had beene experte in the *Passe a Measure*: but, for want of a good eare to keepe time, made no laſting commoditie of his idle qualitie. Nowe this fellowe (as

it seemed) had spent a greate deale more then his getting, vpon the gay furnishing of an euill fauoured carkasse, which growing out of square with good fashion, and with some great cold after a heat, in some extraordinarie labour, hauing gotten the crampe of the iointes, sat with a combe in his hande, dressing of haire to send to the Perriewigge-makers, which being a verie poore occupacion, gotte him little, but nowe and than, a little broken meate after the houshoulde had dined: who after hee had spit on his fingers, and wiped them on his patched breeches after dinner, in ſteade of grace; fell to sing the ballad of the blinde Beggar, to the tune of *Heigh ho.* Nowe, taking no great pleasure in this *Pawne* at *Chesse*; I took note of the nexte: who was a young man, faire of face, flaxen head, fine hand, and feete, ſtreight body, good legge, and a reasonable good countenance; but with all this, twas pitty he was a foole, for as I found after ward by him, hee had beene a possessor of some small portion: which, through lacke of a good forewit, brought him into this purgatorie of *Folly.*

For allas poore man, he had been so far in loue, that hee was almoſt out of his wits, ere his wealth was halfe gon; and being brought to a bare point, hauing no further credit with beautie, then coſt, not able to mantaine the course, was faine to giue it ouer in the plaine field: where so far forlorne of all comfort, that he knewe not where to beſtowe his litle talent that hee had loſt, fell by chaunce vpon this forte, where hee nowe sat making of ballads; where with a cruſt of breade out of his pocket, eating, and singing, hee howled out the dittie of *When I was faire and young*: to the tune of *Fortune.*

But to heare how he cursed the vvenches that had (as he said) missused him, vvith faire looks, kind promises and such tricks; oh fie vppon them, a man is vvorse then mad that hath to dooe with any of them; and then, hovv he vvould curse himselfe for selling of his lande, spending of his money, and loosing of his time, if a man in that place could haue laughte, it vvould haue put him to his passion. But there let him sing, and they that liſte buye his Ballads.

Now from him, I tooke note of the next, which was of the feminine Gender, one that was once a virgin, had beene a little while a Mayde, knew the name of a wife, fell to be a Widdow, and laſte of all, eyther through desire of change, or mislike of choice, or the inſtinct of Nature, or the corruption of the spirite, or want, or pride, I know not, but for want of a better trade, after she had

giuen ouer her shop, betooke her to her Chamber : and there, not able to maintain house-keeping with Idlenesse, fell to occupye suche wares as were most gainfull: Where, hauing stufs of all coulours, she so pleased her chapmen, that for a while, she had good resort: but many of them falling to decaie, her ware growne old, and her stuffes common, she that had been a whore in her youth, and a Bawde in her olde age, was now become an Almeswoman, and liued vpon a poore pittance, when after many a deep sigh, and bitter teare or two, she would sing the *Lamentation of a Sinner,* To the tune of *welladaye.*

After all these, I sawe a yong woman, of reasonable beauty, indifferent good countenance, and of stature not much amisse, who being in all her life none of the richest, nor for her wit, none of the wisest: yet for that she had a conceit beyond all good vnderstanding, that because a Knaue for a fit of Fie-for-shame or a companion, for gaine of a little coyne, woulde perswade her, that she was wonderfullie Faire, and exceeding wise, she, out of the great lacke of knowledge, in her little discretion, thinking, that if shee, out of the Common of two, shoulde be of a better declension then a simple Creature, perswading hirselfe that casting a Sheepes eye at a Ramshead, the Hornes shoulde not be seene, till the Ewe mighte auouch the Lambe, by the pride of a few pence, often frequenting the Market, and meeting her Willers at the Tauerne, it fell out, that after an ydle and loos life, by breach of promise of one expence vppon another, and ill dealing of all, hauing lost all fauor with her friends, loue of her Kinne, and the greatest part of her Portion, hauing now nothing left but a wicked face, and a worse bodie, a gowtie legge, and a splay foote, fit for nothing, but a base exercise, shee was nowe with a little coyne, in a leather pursse, a fowle kerchiefe, a course Petticote, and a clowted shoo, become a Laundress to the house: where with her handes vppe to the Elbowes in a washing-boul, rubbing vppe a baby-clowt, stood singing the Ballet, of *All a greene Willowe,* to the famous Tune of *Ding, dong.*

Now there were diuers others in exceeding badde takings: as Lustie, Gallant youthes, that had spent and made hauocke of their Patrimonies, in attending vpon vaine hopes, and loosing their times, exclaiming vpon Fortune, growing (euen as it were) madde for lacke of money, here in this place were set to diuers Exercises, of whome the number was to be accounted verie great, and there-

fore I care not if I skippe them over: But yet amongſt them al, there was one, that I tooke a speciall regarde vnto: a man of a good personage, a faire complexion, a quicke wit, and a gratious spirit, who either for punishment of his sinnes, or for triall of his patience, had bene married to a moſt vilde woman: who, as she was neither faire, nor greatly well fauoured, yet, was she moſt exceedingly foolish, and intollerably frowarde: one, whome nothinge contented, but money, which she knew not well how to vse, when she had it, and yet, with this piece of vngratious creature, had this poore man tugged out twelue yeeres of his life, when, beeing so continually wearied out with vnquietnesse, that he knewe not where to beſtowe himselfe, after long losse of time, expence of much money, and many a heartes griefe, thinking no Purgatorie so full of paine, as the passion of her frowardnes, satte there, reading of the vertue of Patience, when with his Eies full of teares, and hart-broken sighes he hummed out the Ballad of the Breeches, to the tune of *Neuer more.*

Now this man (after his song,) I had some talke withall, who told me, that of all the Torments of the world there is none so intollerable, as the vnquietnes of a frowarde wife. Oh shee is like Thunder in his Eares, like lightning in his eyes, like a Beare in his bed, and a dog at his Table, so that if there may be a Deuill in a humane shape, he will shevv himselfe in her picture: Oh (quoth he) I pray thee trouble mee not with speakinge of her, I haue griefe inough to think of her, for she was the plague of my youth, and is now the miserie of mine age, for, in respect of her Peſtilent tongue, this very Purgatorie, is a Paradise: shee hath beene the losse of my credite, the crosse of my Fortune, the hurt of my witte, and the onely vexation of my spirite: but peace (quoth hee) noe more wordes; for nowe shee beginnes to awake, you shall see a proofe of my speeche: when ſtretching out a mouth, as wide as halfe a worlde, after a sleepye yawne or two, scarce well out of her dead slumber, (perswading her selfe, that she hadde heard som part of her description) out she breakes into her Naturall fittes: With yea, I heare you well enough, a vengeance of all such Husbandes.

Good wife, saide he, know where you are, haue patience: Good Asse (sayde shee) Wherefore? What should one doe with a Iacke-an-Apes that hath neyther wit nor gouernement; Thou haſte nothinge of a man in thee, hange thee Dogge: Fye Siſter (saide he)

you are much to be blamed, neyther beautie, nor honor, Wealth nor wit, and yet out of Tune ſtill. Fie, fie, learne to be Wise, this is a Purgatorye, where euerie body learnes patience, and you onelie spoile all:

A Purgatorie indeede, saide shee, to be yoaked and matcht with a Slaue, as is by no meanes able to maintaine me, as well as others doe their Wiues: If thou canſt not liue, heere is a knife to cutte thy throte, goe to the Sea and drowne thy selfe, or else vnto the Gallowes and hange thy selfe, I promyse thee I care not for thee: If I were well ridde of thee, I would haue thy betters, I haue no Trade to gette my liuing, and therefore doe as thou wilt or canſt, I care not: Naye then (saide she) if that so be you doe not mend your maners, I shall be enforced, to leaue you in your sleepe: and when you are awake, see what your miſtresse will doe for you: and with that worde, swelling with Anger, and readie to foame at the mouthe, taking out of her pocket, a Ballad of the Tinkers wife that beate her husbande: after shee had grated her teeth, and knitte her browes, and made a wringing mouth, she fell to reading, till shee was faſt a sleep: where, he (not willing to wake hir) rose quietly away from her, and with me ſtealing away from the company, brought mee out of that Roome into another Roome, more lightsome and comfortable, and yet, very pittifull to beholde, when the miseries there were well considered: for, one that had bene in loue, sat looking on his Miſtresse Picture, making such a legge to it, writing such verses in honour to it, and committing such Idolatrie with it, that poore man, I pittied him: and in his behalfe, sorrowed to see how the Foole did handle him: but there sat he, hanging the head, lifting vp the Eyes, and with a deepe sigh, singing the Ballad of, *Come liue with me, and be my loue: To the tune of adew my Deere.*

Next to him, sat a young woman, that was verie faire, and indifferent wise, of a right good ſtocke, and reasonably honeſt: but, for want of a good purse, she had loſt her louer, and being grown into some yeers, hauing no excellent good qualitie, was there set with a pan of Coales, a ſtarch-pot, and a setting-ſticke, which being now the Trade of Attendance, to hope of the preferment of mariage, to some fellow of more wealth, then underſtanding in the world, there sat with her poting ſticke, ſtiffening of a fall: and singing the Ballet of Fortune hath ſtolne away my loue to the tune of *Greene Sleeues.*

To which song leauing her, I caſt mine eies vpon a pittifull creature, which, in the shape of a woman, made a pittifull sight: for, being both in proportion, countenance, and qualitie, an obiect woorthe the looking on: yet no sooner began she to vtter her passion, in the method of lamentation, but she did so turne my hart in my belly, that if in hope of her better recouerie, it had not turn'd backe: a thousande to one, but my kindnes had coſt me more then I should haue gotten by it: for, to tell you some part of her speeche, (though it were neuer in the *Grammar*) yet, being in the Rules of the *Accidents,* for the better vnderſtanding of the Reader, I will set it downe as I can remember it. Oh Lord (quoth she) what plague can be greater to a woman, then to be married to a *Muskleboat,* which neuer goes further then a cricke, to fish for a Frog, with a Goose-net: was euer any woman in the worlde brought into such a hell? Oh let me thinke vpon my dingle dangle: in my bed, a log, at my table a Hog, in discourse, a Baby, in iudgement, an asse, and for all Imperfections, the subſtance of worse then nothing, And yet, I muſt, and haue, (but, will no more) done reuerence to this monſter, and bene a seruant to this slaue, and all, for a little money: but I haue done, I will heere rather pine to death, in this Purgatory of Patience, then passe one day longer, in the Laborinth of sorrow, to liue with such a none-such, a fool? Why, I had rather be a beggar with true wit, then a Lady without true honor: but, since Patience is a medcine for all Malladies, if he continue the coxcombe a little longer, I will fit him a pennyworth to the purpose: and in the meane time, till I see him (which I hope neuer to doe:) let me sing my new Ballet, of the fine foole, to the tune of *Tarlton*: wherwith pulling a paper out of her pocket, wherein was written both the dittye and the note, she beganne like a *Nightingall,* to singe with a voice, that if I had not knowne her to haue bene a Woman, I shoulde haue thought her some better creature: but there let me leaue her in her dumps of *Wella-day,* and tell you further on, of my passage; taking a little viewe of all these obiects, noting what I thought moſt needefull, I tooke the company of my friend, and came into an other Roome, greater then that before: where I saw diuers sitting at a rounde table: and (as it were) at dinner: for euery one had his Trencher furnished.

One, hee fedde on Flies and Bees, which so ſtunge his tongue and bit him by the lippe, that hee was forc'ſt to giue vppe houshold,

and leaue all hospitalitie, and ſtudie onely to please the Lady of the Caſtle: but, while he was in ſtudie, he fed ſtill vpon flies, that, (had not his throat bene the wider) hee had bene choaked with a flie, inſteede of some better fare: but loathe to leaue him, without some further knowledge of him: I vnderſtood, that he had bene a man of some vnderſtanding, but, so carried awaye with conceit: that because he thought himselfe wise, there was more hope of a Foole, then of him, for true wit to do good vpon: for, truſting to the compasse of his owne capacitie, so much, that he disdained better company, he was so cosened with the cunning of wit, as, thinking to ouer-reach the Moone with imagination, he fell through the clowdes of Error, so low into the lap of *Folly,* as being swaddled vp, in her Babies bands, he muſt be very olde, ere he recouer his wits againe: but, poore wretch, there let him reſt, and watch the Spiders webbe for a flie, for I had no more to do with him: but the next to him, sat a handsome woman, in shape, but, for her beauty, nointed with the curriers oyle: and for her wit, it was so naturall, that Art had nothing to do with it, yet hadde this unseemely creature, among better company, a kinde of Pride, that she was woorth the looking on, till after great expences of apparrel for her filthy outside, and fine diet for her fowle chappes, she grew to so bare a reckoning with her purse, that her portion muſt now be raised vpon her qualities, which beeing chiefly in her Needle, she was forced to be sparing of her dyet, and make layd-worke the greateſt parte of her liuing whereof though she had her handes full, yet Cut-worke being more in vse, she was conſtrained to take exceeding great pains for little profit: but hauing now newe risen vppe from her worke, and set downe at the Table, her meate was most chiefly on a fryed Mouse, and the reason thereof was, for that she being as watchfull as a Catte, and as broade-eyed, and euil faced, neuer gotten without the consent, agreement, or conceite of some such like Creature, it was a dish set before hir to discipher hir disposition: and so let her sitte, her neighbour with a flie, and she with a fried mouse, like good fellowes, or good Fooles togither.

Now, next her, sat a man, well ſtept in yeeres, but fine in apparrell, and so briske in countenance, as if he had fed vpon an Elixar, to recouer the losse of his ſtrength, and he more ſtrong in mind, then in body, to preserue the smoothnesse of his countnance, to deceiue the sight of a simple Eie, fedde onely vppon a Snayle,

and so litle at once that he kept an exceeding spare diet: which, not being wholesome for all complexions, I meant not to meddle with: but so, leauing him to his perillous dishe, tooke note of her that was nexte him: who, in the shape of a woman, was nothing pleasing to man: for as she was olde, (and therefore not Eiesome,) so was she froward, and that was cumbersome: one, who in her youthe had been so lauish of her kindnesse, that now in her Age, she had nothing left but the contrary: and, where she might haue bene commaunder of many friends, shee now was growne to be an ouerseer of Idlenes: wher being so busie, with a crabbed humour, that she was vnfit for good company: lighting amongst beggers, that would flatter her for a poore reuersion, for want of a paire of spectacles, to leade the right way to her graue, she fell, (by I know not what chaunce) into this *Fort of Folly,* and so, in the society of these Fooles, sat at this table of good fellowshippe: where the most of her foode, was of the clawe of an olde Crabbe: a true Figure of her substaunce: for her little Eyes, her crawling feet, and her scratching fingers, the salt Rhewme, like the Sea water, and her graue, like a hole in the mudde, where, after her going forwarde and backward, she went stealing of time to litle purpose, feeding vpon the gaine of young people, as the crabbe doth on little fishes, she was sweetly disciphered in her diet, but, least I grow tedious in her description, I will tell you of the rest.

The next was a nimble witted, and glib-toung'd fellow, who hauing in his youth, spent his wits in the *Art* of loue, was now become the Iest of wit: for his looks were so demure, his words were so in print, his graces so in order, and his conceites so in tune: that he was, yea Iwis was he, and that he was, such a Gentleman for a Iester, that the Lady *Folly,* could neuer be better fitted for her entertainement of all Straungers. The picktooth in the mouth, the Flower in the Eare, the brush vpon the beard, the kisse of the hand, the stoupe of the head, the leere of the eye, and what not, that was vnneedefull, but he hadde so perfecte at his fingers endes, that euery she, was my faire Ladye, and scarce a Knight, was, Noble Sir, the Tabacco-pipe was at hand, when *Trinidado* was not forgotten: and then a Tale of a roasted horse, to make an asse laugh, for lacke of witte: why, all thinges so well agreede togither that at this square Table of people, or table of square people, this Man, (made by rule) could not be spared for a great summe. Now, his meate was most

of a Goose, to which he had so much sawce, that it would haue serued for many dishes: but, for that his talke, was to little purpose, and he himselfe but a picture of Idlenesse, I leaue him among his fellowe partners, and will tell you onwards of the next two, for the Table was fully furnished.

The next to him was a woman, I cannot wel say much more of her; for her beautie was worne out; her bodie was able to carrie her limbes, her handes had fingers, and shee wanted not a tongue, whiche was the member she now made most vse of; for shee woulde so praise my Lady, so sooth vppe my coosen, so magnifie my Lorde, and be so pleasing to euerie person, that hauing lost much in her youth by plain-dealing, she thought now to recouer it by plaine knauerie: but meeting with such wittes as met with her wiles, finding no place of worth, fitting her vnworthie company, for lacke of better meanes to liue, betooke her self to be a gossip among fooles, where according to her qualitie, she was serued with tongues onlie for her diet: which tempred to so manye Tunes, and turning to so manie matters, that it troubled my eares with the hearing of them, I will leaue her to her tittle tattle, and tell you a little of the laste, who was in shape a man, and not a man, I knowe not what to saie of suche a man, for he had the eyes of a Calfe, the bearde of a Goate, the head of a Water-spaniell, (meaning the hair,) the Eare of an Asse, the necke of a Bull, the Nose of a bottle (or a Bottle Nose) and the lippe of an Horse, the countenaunce of a Dogge, and the voice of a Hogge, which being fedde vppe for Larde, was a huge peece of Fatte, as for good and firme fleshe hee hadde but a little.

Now, this vgly creature, who was scarce able to go from his bed to the boord, must there sit in a chaire made of downe quilt, with a pillow at his backe, and a cushion at his feet, feeding vpon sweete Gelly, and laughing at a bawdy tale. Nowe imagining by the Poets fiction, he should be GOD, or rather, Deuill *Bacchus,* loth to haue to do with such loathsome creatures, I left the company as they sat, and came into the next roome, where, being brought in by my guide, (the poore man, that was in miserable taking with a woman, I will not say his wife:) there he tooke me by the hand, and setting downe by me, willed me to be silent, and onely giue eare to the discourses that I should heere betwixt two fooles, that in losse of time, should lay open their imperfections: and what I noted worth the laughing at; to smile, and say nothing: so, after a few friendly

instructions for obseruations in that place, he sets behind a cloth, yet not so close, but thorough a light sufficient to looke on *Folly,* I might see two goodly personages comming in, hande in hande, who hauing past some complementes of common curtesie, sitting both downe togither, fell into some kinde speeches: and hadde not she bene painted, *Venus* hadde beene but a Blowse: and had not he bene pranckt vp, he had bene the shape of a handsome man.

But as they were like the Idols of Idlenes, let them passe, with their imperfections, and let me tell you a little of their tattle: he, as it fell out for his turne, beganne thus to goe aboute her: by this faire heauen: (O Lord thought I, thou art I feare neerer hell) but on, Did you know sweet Lady, could you guesse, or woulde you conceiue, the true, and faithfull, and vnfained, harty, inwarde, constante, and resolute and vnmoueable loue, (alasse thought I, whats heere to doe, the mans wittes are out of breath, to spend so many words about nothing, but let me goe on) the loue that I beare you, and onely you, and none but you, the Sunne of my daie, the light of mine eies, the Ioy of my hart, and honour of my minde: (yet againe quoth I to my selfe, what ayles this poore man, is he saying a lesson to his mistresse? But a little further.) Then you could not be so hard harted, so cruell minded, nor so vnmercifully disposed, to grieue, to torment, to vex and to disquiet, this poore afflicted, woefull, sorrowefull, and lamentable heart of mine. When, with a sigh he paused, and saide no more for the first part. Much adoe I had to forbeare laughing, but I was glad, when he had done: expecting some woorthy aunswere from her, who, putting vp her loose haire with her hande, remouing a pretty worme from his place, with a siluer Bodkinne, shaking the heade, with a straunge wincke, setting a face fit for her speech, begun thus her reply. Oh sir, your words, nor your wittes, nor your wiles, nor your vowes, nor your oths, (whats the matter now thought I? But on) shall not deceiue, nor blind, nor ouercome, nor go beyond me, so farre, but I know, and perceiue, and vnderstande, what you mean, and purpose, and intend, well enough: (Lord helpe me, thought I, heers strange Eloquence: but let me goe further) but, I hope I will not be a seruant, where I may commaund, be bound, where I am at libertie, and be betrayed in my most trust. (But then to heare the poore man, how he played the foole, tis pitty that euer it should be spoken: but for the stories sake, let it passe.) Mistris (quoth he)

heere is my breſt, cut out my hart, see my thoughts: heere is my purse, take my gold: my whole ſtate is at your seruice. (At these words my heart began to tremble, for nowe the poore man is vndone, for shee will make him a begger, and then will he be a ſtark foole, but to go on, she tooke his purse and his Iewels, and kissed his breſt, and said) nay weepe not, for I did but try your truth, there shall be no loue loſt, and therefore, I pray you onely, be not Iealous of my lookes to any other, for you onely shall haue my loue: and therwithall giuing him a Iudas kisse, she whippes a bracelet of Pearle off from his Arme, with these words, this shall be your pawne, that I will weare for your sake till to morrow: for euer miſtris (quoth he) and all that I haue at your seruice; and I praie you miſtris, grace me with your voice, to a dittie that I haue made to the tune of, Lady, Lady, my faire Lady: A vengeance on the foole thought I, it freakes me to heare him play the Asse: but when I heard him fumble the ſtrings of a *Bandore,* as if it had bene the Backe side of a battle-doore, and her ſtraine out a throate like a Pigge, running to a swill-tubbe: I thought if the deuill had daunced, there had beene a Morris for Hell: but, let them be, on the suddaine they went away; and in comes another couple; A man after the countrey manner, and a woman after the our towne fashion: he, no more witte, nor shee, more vnderſtanding, then was fit for the plough and the milke paile: And yet, these two (contrarie to all Rules of reason howe it shoulde fall out) fell, as it should seeme, in loue, for, after they had sat downe a while, and he had blow'd his nose, and she had wipte her mouth, it came so about, that sitting togither, he fell to her with these words: *Ienny,* you knowe I am a man, as other are, and my name is *Ienkin,* so was my father afore me: and, though I haue not beene brought vp at schoole to write and read, yet, (I thank God,) I vnderſtand English.

Now, I am not one of these fine toung'd fellows, that will forsweare themselues for a fit of knauerie: I meane truely and honeſtly, and so I hope, doe you, or else, I would you were hang'd for me, and all that meane otherwise, for I do not, beleeue me, and you will, I will saie and holde, I doe not loue to make euery man priuie to my secretes, twere but folly: you knowe I loue you, and more then our selues, no man knowes any thinge of my minde, but your cosenne *Hobblin,* by whome I sent you the laſt Sunday, a paire of Gloues, cutte out of the beſt of the Sheepes skinnes, they coſt me

three-pence, that they did, and I hope, that it shall not be the laſt loue-token, that I will sende, and you will take, for I haue somewhat a breeding for you, and therefore, since you knowe, your Father haue lefte you the pied Heyfare, and your mother haue giuen you the Cosset Lambe, my Gray Mare and the Colte, that I had left me by my Granam, and the croppe of Rie, that I haue in common field, I hope (if you meane truth and honeſtye) will doe well to beginne the worlde withall: how say you? shall we clappe handes, and make a bargaine?

Soft, (quoth she) ſtay a little, and let me goe with you a little, either truſt me, or not truſt me: I am either a Woman, or a Beaſt, and therfore neuer make such a do about nothing, it was a simple napkinne, wrought with couentry blew, wrought with hand in hand and hart betweene that I sent you, by your Siſter *Parnell,* I will not say what I paide for the working of it, besides a pot of Beere, and two Cakes, but, let it go, I will get it vp againe: you saide you loue me, and I beleeue you, and I loue you, and you shall finde it, but, I tell you, there is day enough to night: soft fire makes sweet malt: I pray you be not angrie: for, indeed, I am falne out with mine Aunt, and I know your mother is not wiling to the match: but, all is one: I am thine my boy, and I haue saide it, and I will neuer goe from it: thou didſt winne me at the May-pole, when that I carried away the Garlande, and nowe, therefore *Ienny* is thine *Ienkin.*

Be merry and take no thought, for, I am for thee at an howers warninge, in the waye of honeſty, when thou wilt, and therefore, since you are so earneſt on the matter, aske the Banes, when you will, bid your friends, and I will bid mine, and wee will haue a merry Bridall day, let the world wagge after as it will.

So, with a little controuersie, the simple people were soone agreed: he so besmouched her, and she so beclapped him, and there tumbling together, as merrie as they coulde wish, I sighed to thinke, what a supper they would haue after break-faſt: for when the meat was spent, they might learn to faſt for a supper. Alas pore fooles, but they are simply foolish, and coulde not doe withall: for loue had catcht them, and they were in for a bird: and therefore god helpe the poore, for they were in a pittifull taking, but let them goe: when they were risen and parted, came in three men, *a Poet, a Musition, and a Painter*: but when I sawe them in their fits, oh what an humor did I fall into! I knew not what to thinke. For the *Poet* ſtudied

so long vpon a verse, that forgetting his matter, fell flat out with his wits, and made such a rime, as being not woorth the reading, twere verie idle for me to write it. The *Musition,* hee kept such a ſtir with looking vp into the skie, for a note aboue *Ela,* that being of a suden so out of square with his humor, that he was not wholy him selfe, he plaid such a song of the three merry men, that had the dittie beene in a ſtrange language, I shoulde haue beene puzled in the *Musicke*: but leauing him in his *Crotchets,* let me tel you a litle of the *Painter,* who kissed his picture, hugd it in his armes, and grewe so far in loue with his owne workmanship, as in the extremitie of passion, made him crie out, oh that thou couldſt speake to me: but in this humour, these three hauing ſtaied a while, went their way, like seruants to *Lady Folly,* to see what buisinesse shee had for them.

But no sooner were they gon then came in three other: a lame Soldier, a poore Trauailer, and an vpſtart Courtier: where euerie one hauing spoken his minde, in the manner of a play, they departed. The Soldier, he beat his boy for lack of attendance, when he had plaied away his allowance at *Primero.* The Trauailer he talked so of ſtraunge matters, that for lacke of money, hee was glad to faſt for his dinner. The Courtier he was so fine in his complements, that his obligation grew scarce currant for his clothes. Alas thought I, surely only *Folly* hath made these men poore, and now pouertie hath made them fooles: but, in pittie let me speake it, they were proper men, and so let them passe. Now, no sooner were they gone, but came in three other : a seely Lawyer, a simple Usurer, and an honeſt Broker. The Lawyer (as it shoulde seeme) had too much care of conscience, for his worldly commoditie; who weying the weight of euery cause, and the eſtate of euerie client, was more gratious, then polliticke: and so like an honeſt poore man, better ſtudied in the law of God, then profiting by the law of man; more fit for praier, then for pleading, sat reading of a case betwixte the vertue of necessity, and the pride of superfluitie: where *Lazarus* out of heauen shewed the blessing of patience; and *Diues* out of *Hel* shewed the reward of vncharitablenes. But let him there sit shaking the heade at Usurie: and let me tell you a litle of the behauiour of that *Monſter*: who hauing beene, (for the moſt parte of his life,) fed with the offal flesh, the pairings of cheese, and the droppings of tappes, wringing out the toyle of the labourer, the

harde market of the tradesman, the prodigalitie of the rich, and the miserie of the poore. Those heapes of goulde, that had shutte vp his heart in his purse, sate in the chaire of iniquity, tortured with the gowte, nummed with the palsie, cramped with the collicke, and tormented in the soule with the worme of conscience: cryeing by fittes (as he had any ease) oh the hell of a wounded conscience: widdowes rise out of your graues, take your leases of your houses, and pray for some ease of my passion: children of vnhappie parents, receiue the gaine of vnlawefull interest, take your portions, too long kept from you: onely pray for my comforte, that I bee not vtterly confounded; miserable men, come out of your prisons, I forgiue you your debts, and wil restore you your due. Oh the extreame reward of extremitie, where lawe is without loue, and couetousnes without conscience; oh the teares of the widdow, the cries of the orphane, the miserie of the poore, and the lamentation of the destressed: I see them, I heare them, I feele them: Oh I knowe not what to doe, nor where to rest for them; they rise vp to heauen, and weigh mee downe to hell.

Oh, what auaileth all the worlde to him, that looseth his owne soule: but farewell world, I defie thee; wealth, I hate thee, *Auarice* I detest thee, *Charitie* I imbrace thee, *Pittie* I loue thee, *Necessitie* I relieue thee, *Oppression* I abhorre thee, *Mercie* I adore thee, *Hell* I haue not to doe with thee, *Heauen* I come to thee. So distributing to the poore, and comforting the miserable, disposing of his worldly goods, to the good of the distressed christian, bequeathing to the lawyer for his care of conscience, an annuitie, to keepe him from vncharitable fees: and the Broker a reasonable portion, to make him leaue his griping kinde of trade or profession: rising from his seat of torment, fell sodainly on his knees to praier, where his paines mitigated, and his praiers ended, he became a new creature: chusing rather to die a poore christian, then to liue a rich Jew. A strang sight, but worth the looking on: but there let me leaue him in a good excercise, and tel you what followed of the Broker: that poore man seeing the lawyer, and the vsurer, both gone from the world, and himselfe left in a pittiful taking to tarrie in it, followes his good maisters before him: deliuers vp his pawnes and his bonds, vpon such reasonable consideration, that within a while he grew out of credit with the money-maisters, and so giuing ouer his shop, and contented with a meane pittance, liued like a good foole, with

his good maſters: but since the folly before men, is wisdome before God, I hold such fools in better eſtate, then greater knaues in more reckoning: but when these men had a while talked of the comfort of their conversion, I scarce turned my head aside, but they were gone. When presently came in an olde fellowe with a penne in his eare, and a booke in his hande: who sitting downe in a seate, (like a Sumner in a Church portch, or an *ABC* schoolemaiſter) laid downe a great booke before him, where hee read certaine names, but his voice being somewhat low, I could not heare him, but his words (I take it) were after this manner.

William, (I know not what more) of (I know not whence) Gentleman, for selling of his Lande, and putting of it into money, and spendinge of it in the Warres, and comming home a begger: entertained for the shaddow of witte, the fourth of Aprill, in the yeere of Imperfection, shew your selfe in your place: wherewith commeth foorth a ſtrange creature, with a bush on his head, and a forreſt on his face, a frowning brow, and a leering Eye, who sitting downe on a Beanch, answeared, Zounds, heere I am, a pox of all Fooles, what wouldſt thou? Well (quoth the old man) enough, Impatience is one badge of *Folly*: ſtay a while.

Then he reads *Thomas,* but no more, of *et cetera,* that had a good ſtocke of money, and loſte it in play, entertained for the losse of time, come foorthe: when presently appeared, a poore man, ill clad, leane faced, and heauy Eied, biting his fingers, and cursing the Rascall dice, and rayling vpon Fortune: Oh God, (sayes the olde man) *Fortune* is the truſt of *Folly,* an other of my Ladies Badges, well, sit you downe.

Then beginnes he againe: *Parnell,* of such a place, widdowe, well left by a kind and carefull husbande, and forgetting his loue, and your owne good, beſtowed all, and loſt all, vpon a Ruffling royſter: entertained for the picture of wilfulnesse: where are you? When out commeth a creature like a woman, but hanging the head, and wringing the hands, and wiping the Eyes, and with a deepe sigh, saying *Had I wiſt this would haue falne out*: Oh, (well said the olde man) *Had I wiſt,* another of my Ladies fauours, sit you of the tother towne, Daughter to Goodmanne Graye-goose, that being brought to good huswifery, and for a fidlinge humour, will runne from your friendes, and learne a Base occupation, shewe the fruit of your trauaile: when commes me foorth a iolly browne Wench,

with a face a foote long, a mouth, a yarde wide, a legge, like a mill-post: and a foote, of a Giantes last, and with a belly so full, as threatned two Twinnes at the least: who holding hir hande on her face, saide: Idlenesse, Idlenes, it was my vtter ouer throw.

True, (saies hee) it is enough: Idleness another of my Ladies badges: Idlenes brings wantonnes, and shame followeth Wicked-nesse, the Trulles Trenchiuall: well, take your place and sit downe.

Which done, he reades, goodman Rableyes of hollow Groue, and Hobby Noble, of Lowe Crosse, hauing spente the profite of your yarde lands, vppon triall of the right in a hey-cocke, where be you?

When out commes twoe countrey people, one with hob-nailde shoes, and the other with a patcht Ierkin, and swore, as long as they were woorth a groat, they woulde try the right of the law, I care not I, so I haue my wil, both standing vpon one point: well (quoth he) *Will,* it is enough; a Badge of my mistresses, that breedes nothing but woe: makes the Lawyers rich, and your selues poore: good Fooles, sit you downe.

Which done, out comes a Gallant, richly apparrelled, but meanely moneyed, who hadde written on his backe, *In the midst of my state.* When the olde man writ, *Pride will haue a fall*: a Lord-shippe on his backe, a huge weight, hee must needs sinke vnder it.

After him followes a fine Minion, that made twenty faces, and thirty graces, and had so many merry trickes that she made all the com-panie laugh: when tripping on the Toe, and counterfetting a kinde of lispe, for lack of sound teethe, she thus made vse of her tongue.

Oh heauens what a worlde is this? Nothinge but money? Why, is all handsomnes out of fashion? is beauty at so lowe a price? a dainetye Wench, not woorth the whissling? is all Grasse become hey? Can a dry Summer make suche a dearth, that there is no money to be hadde for mowers?

Now fie vpon greene Plummes, in troth they make my stomache wamble: good Lord, I haue so sweat, with making me ready, that if it were not for wearines, I would not haue rose before noone: But I haue met with my breakefast: and therefore I may stay my stomacke to dinner: oh the *French* fall, and the *Spanish* stitch, the *Italian* bodies, and the *Persian* skarfe, I hope I will be furnisht to the proofe.

And yet, to say troth, I am so fantasticke, that I shall be weary of them al, within a while: Heigh-ho: well said Sister, (sayes the old man) fantasticke: another badge of my Ladies; sit you downe; which

done, came in diuers couples togither, an olde blinde man, and a lusty young wench, and born before them vpon a shielde: A *Cornucopia*: vnder which was written, *Plenty*. Next after them an olde lame woman, and a nimble young man: and before them borne, a *Scorpion*.

Ouer which, was written, *Poyson*. Then followed a young man, and a young woman, both poore in purse, but in good state of body: and before them borne *Gemini*, and ouer them written, *Loue*.

Then followed a Riche Cuckolde, and a poore Whore, and before them borne *Aries*: and written *Patience*.

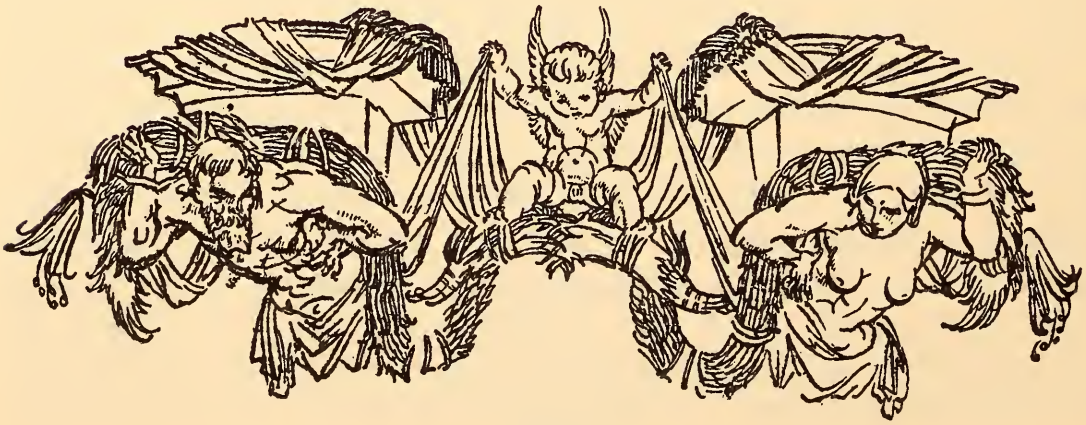
Many other pretty *Figures* there were expressing the meaning of these *Maskers*, which, for lack of a note booke, are suddainlie slipt out of my memorie.

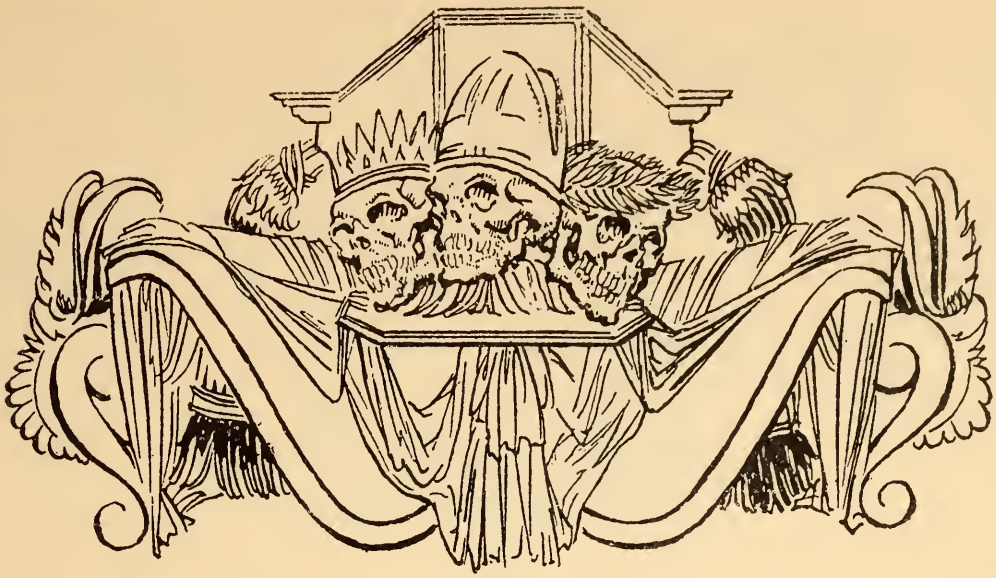
But, when this *Maske* had once gone aboute the Roome, comes out a *Foole* in a pied coat, and tels them, they must make an ende quickly, and take their places, for the Lady was comming, to see an Enterlude, and presently a noise of shames, with an outcry of knaues, came out, with such a Shoute, that, (while I lookt for some fine matter) wakt me suddenly out of my sleepe.

So that I neuer heard more of any of them, but was euer man so troubled in his sleepe? wel I was exceedinge glad when I was awake, I was so vvell and safely deliuered out of this *Purgatory*.

Why, there cannot be such a thing: and therfore as a dreame, let it passe: and so, hoping that if you note well this dreame, it will doe you no hurte, when you are awake, hoping you will beare with Sleepers, if any thing be not as it shoulde be: in some hast about other businesse, I bid you heartily farewel.

FINIS.





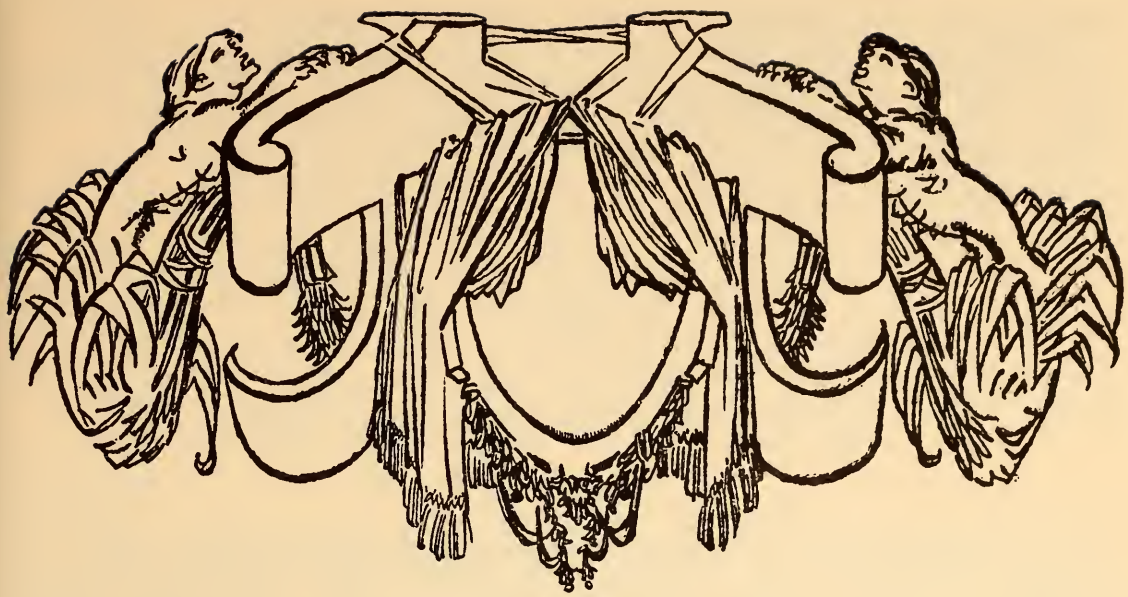
CLIFTON HALL EXEMPLAR OF THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE ERLE OF SALISBURY.

HE was so true a successour to his ffathers vertues, that his wisedome did seeme to come by inheritance as well as his gentry. He had a full minde in an vnp[er]fect bodie, to tell a Courtier that his best p[ar]te is not ornament. In a chaire he had both a sweete & a graue p[re]sence, as if nature vnderstandinge how good a Counsellor he would make, gaue him noe more beutie of p[er]son anie where else, of purpose because it should not remoue him into action. If his body had beene an answerable agent to his spiritt he might haue made as greate a Captaine as he was a Counsellour for his pleasures of exercise were industry & expedicion. He had carriage in him as well as vnderstandinge, for he knew himselfe in a iust way; he neuer went out of it, either for publiq[ue] daungere or priuate pleasure, w[hi]ch were many & greate vppon him. It should not be questioned whether he was ingenuous seeinge he was Iudicious, for Iudgment comp[re]hendes witt. He was sufficientlie learned, & learneinge appeared the greater in himselfe because he loued it in anoth[er] man. He tooke vp the knowledge of noe cause in matter of right, that came w[i]thin the question of his office, vppon creditte, for he would heare the p[ar]ties themselues. There was noe difficultie to get accese to him but through the presse of suitors. He did helpe most men to speake to him, for before they had deliuered themselues of halfe theire meaneinge his app[re]hension was at the end of it. A man could not be discountennanced before him, for his Courtesie stoode before his greatenes. He tooke not the name of god in vaine in a p[ro]mise, for his p[ro]misses were limitted to a good end, & so farre he p[er]formed them. He gaue much euery yeare a way to keepe men from brybeinge him, for he sent p[re]sentes backe againe when they might be suspected of Corrupcion. He did well for goodnes sake not for prayse for when he had vndertaken a good worke, he went through w[i]th it, though misconstruc[ti]on dispraised him. He did so much affect the act of anie good aboue the name, as if it had beene his purpose that the aduises w[hi]ch he had in priuate were his wisedome should come forth another mans. He was ignorant in noe state so much as in his owne, w[hi]ch showes that he reguarded the publiq[ue] good aboue the priuate the truth whereof appeares in one of his seruanntes abillitie a fayth fullnes (*sic*),

whome he acknowledged to haue repaired his priuate eſtate, when by his continuall laboure in affaires of his office, it was neglected almoſt into ruine; for himselfe he was not p[ro]uident enough, so that it followes he was not couetous, vnlesse it were for the K. for he p[ar]ted voluntarilie w[i]th a greate benefitt to enlarge the kinges reuenues. He had the moſt safe pollice in him that can be in an eminent subiect for he did not affect popularitie, & therein he was as faithfull to the ſtate & to his owne ends, for popular Loue belonges onely to Ma[ies]tie. He was the beſt p[re]sident of a publiq[ue] minister that a kinge can p[ro]pose to be followed, for he carryed his counsell of modera[ti]on like the kinges thoughtes so reservedly to him, that euery effect of gratiousnes was (as it allwayes ought to be) attributed to soueraignetie, & thos of iuſtice so openly that soueraignetie was accompted his owne, whereby the people vnderſtandinge him onely, in what they loue not to feele, it grewe to be a cause of theire malice to him, yet he loſt not the reputa[ti]on they ought him, for when any change happened in the goode & body of the eſtate subiect to confusion of aduise, by the vncertainetie of issue, they distruſted their owne affec[ti]ons & beeleeued in his Iudgm[en]t puttinge themselues into his fyle & followeinge w[i]th such suddennes of resolu[ti]on, as if they had beene borne to say, this man does not erre, so powerfull is the wysedome of a Counsellor that makes it one of his groundes to hould the loue or hate of the people, vaine, for w[hi]ch they can giue noe reason. And theire opinion of his vnderſtandinge tooke greate pittie of theire owne ignorance, for it was a ſtudie of his p[ro]uidence to suppose euerie pointe of ſtate into all the exegentes it might be necessarilie induced, & carried alwayes an appointement aboute him to secure the successe. To knowe him is as much as can be required to exemplify a Statesman into sufficiencie for it was the fortune of his imployment to haue an hono[ra]ble practise in affaires of all kindes, that can be incident to a ſtate but onely in Ciuill warr, wherein his iudgment was the more worthie for he p[re]uented it. He neuer writt downe an Iniurie done him in red Inke, the armes he wore were onely defensiue, w[hi]ch neuerthelesse might happen to doe hurte when they did noe wronge, for noe guard can be mainetained w[i]thout offendinge, if it be violentlie intruded on. He did fauor to many, & receaued fauoures but of one, besides [for *added and deleted*] his parentes for he was behouldinge to noe other subiect for his aduancement. He depended i[m]mediately vppon [the *deleted*] Ma[ies]tie w[i]thout houldinge vp any second greatenes. Such honores are moſte noble to a mans selfe & trueſt to his kinge. He was the enioyer of one happines, w[hi]ch all men naturally seeke to retire into but hardlie opens to [many], & the moſt vneasalie to a ſtatesman; he mette w[i]th the conu[er]sation of a man whome he durſt call a priuate freind. His owne plentie could not make him incensible of other mens wantes, for in time of dearthe, he sent his officeres into merkittes, to giue dearlie to the seller, & sell cheape to the buyer. He was a p[ro]fitable M[aſte]r to euery one of his seruanntes that did not abuse his bountie. His fayth in religion is sette downe in his teſtament as well as an holie knowledge can deliuer it. And he that will not beleeue the wordes of a dyinge man in so greate a weakenes of body, and so p[er]fect a ſtrength of minde as he was when he spake it, deserues not to be brought w[i]th any reputa[ti]on to his graue. His makeinge readie to dye was the greateſt blessinge of his life to him, for he neuer went to bed w[i]thout cares till then, but had alarames euery where to awake him, saue in his conscience. When death came to be his buisines, he was in peace & so dyed. He that shall succeede him in his place, may be ambitious to followe him in his way, for the honor of that exceeded the dignitie of the other. The onelie discouragement he shall meete w[i]th in his passage wilbe through theire conſtruc[ti]ons, whose breaſtes are to narrowe to entertaine so spreadinge a merritte, but those are weake impedimentes, because (for ought I heare) it hath not pleased god to giue any of his detrac[tors] the witt to expresse themselues well againſt him.

JERILL TURNER.



TEXTUAL NOTES AND COMMENTARY.

THE TRANSFORMED METAMORPHOSIS.

Textual Notes.

The Transformed Metamorphosis does not seem to have been entered in the Stationers' Regiſter. It appeared in quarto in 1600, with the following title-page:

THE|TRANS-/FORMED/Metamorphosis./*By Cyril Turner.*|*Malo virum pecunia, quam pecuniam viro*|(*indigentem*|[ornament]|*Printed by Valentine Sims, and are to be*|*sold at the signe of the white Swan*|*on Adling hill.*|1600.

Collation: A^4, B-D^8. A1 recto, title-page; A1 verso, motto and device; A2 recto, dedication to Sir Chriſtopher Heydon; A2 verso, The Author to his Booke; A3 recto and verso, To the Reader; A4 recto and verso, Prologue; B1 recto to D6 verso, text; D7 recto and verso, Epilogue; D8 presumably blank.

Only one copy, that in the B.M. (C. 40, b. 56), is now known; in all probability the edition of such an enigmatic poem was a small one. The text is exceedingly good. It is printed with two ſtanzas to a page, with lines of ornament at top and bottom and another separating the ſtanzas. The original has been here followed exactly, except for the few variants noted below.

Prologue		
l. 4	*concauitie*)	8° cancautie
Text		
l. 24	*moones*)	8° mooues
83	*consiſt*)	8° consiſt:
133	*transformd*)	8° trãsformd
193	*minurize*)	8° *uncertain reading; perhaps* minutize *or* minulize
252	*sinderesize*	8° *seems to read* finderesize
278	*twinckling*)	8° twinckliug
300	*ee'n*)	8° ec'n
339	*them*)	8° thẽ
354	*Hyenna's*)	8° *Hyenn'as*
360	*mounting's*)	8° moũting's

l. 385	*toile*)	8° toile.
406	*blacke*)	8° blacke.
410	*fight*)	8° *reading uncertain ; perhaps* sight
421	*enhoped*)	8° *reading uncertain ; perhaps* entroped
442	*them*)	8° thẽ
542	*before*)	8° befote

THE TRANSFORMED METAMORPHOSIS

Commentary

For a general account of this strange poem the Introduction should be consulted. In the body of the work a "satirical" picture is drawn of the political and religious vices of the age, while the concluding stanzas strike a note of hope, promising a "Metamorphosis" of that which has been thus "transformed" from its original virtue. Tourneur here writes in the designedly crabbed and fantastic style popularised by a number of late sixteenth century authors, notably Nash, Hall, and Marston, so that there is a double element of obscurity in the poem. The political situation is obviously treated in dim allegory and the language, including many new-coined words, is difficult of interpretation. Such notes are here given as may serve to elucidate at least some of the more difficult passages.[1]

Motto.—In allusion to his theme of gold's corrupting power, Tourneur "prefers human personality without money to money without human personality."

Device.—There seems to be no special purpose here, save a general statement of "satirical" aim, which would "pursue" the unjust and the oppressor.

Dedication.—Sir Christopher Heydon. The dedication to this gentleman seems to Collins the surest clue to the purpose of the poem, for Heydon, who had been for years associated with the Earl of Essex, was concerned in his conspiracy in 1601. His name, together with that of his brother, Sir John Heydon, appears in contemporary lists of those implicated in the disturbances of February 8, 1600/1 ; on the 28th of that month the Privy Council named him as among "such as were in the action, and not yet taken," [2] and he shared in the pardon granted to many of the offenders in 1601. The poem is presumed by Collins to have been written during the period when Heydon was still in disgrace; for a criticism of this view the general Introduction should be consulted.

1. *The Muses Adonie.* Tourneur shows himself especially fond of words ending in *-ie.* Sometimes he seems to employ these to signify the "state or condition of,"[3] but often, as here, there is evident no such purpose. *Adonie* is evidently equivalent to Adonis, god of beauty.

2 *Pyramis.* The older form of pyramid, following the Greek πυραμίς and Latin *pyramis.*

3 *Castalie.* Used for Castalia (Καστα λία), the sacred spring or river on Mount Parnassus.

4 *Lillian-rose. Lillian* is presumably an adjective coined from "lily."

4 *Horse-foote fount.* In allusion to Hippocrene.

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[1] *Collins* in the following notes indicates a reference to the interpretations of Churton Collins in his recension of this work (*The Plays and Poems of Cyril Tourneur* (1878), ii. 222–231).

[2] C. C. Stopes, *The Third Earl of Southampton* (1922), p. 223.

[3] *Collins,* ii. 222. There is no absolute rule here, as Collins suggests.

8 *Esperance.* This French word, which appeared in English in the fifteenth century and was used by Shakespeare, seems to have vanished after the Elizabethan period.

9 *Epinyctall register.* "Nocturnal register," from the Greek ἐπινύκτιος (by night). The word is peculiar to Tourneur and may signify either "dark, gloomy" or "written by night." The former seems implied by the succeeding phrase, *Rasde out by Eos rayes,* "dissipated by the dawning of a new day," and by the next sentence, *this hoarie Hiems kill'd by Ver,* "this aged winter killed by the return of spring." According to such an interpretation *metamorphosed Tragædie* will mean "that which was tragic metamorphosed into a comedy by a happy conclusion."

13 *Apotheosie.* A word formed on the same plan as *Adonie* and merely a variant of "apotheosis," no doubt used in the secondary sense of "resurrection."

14 *Tyrocinie.* An invention of Tourneur's from the Latin *tirocinium,* "first military service." Either derived from him, or re-invented independently, this word was used several times in the later seventeenth century.

To his Booke.

2 *Quotes.* Employed in the sense of "marginal reference or note." Cotgrave defines it as "a marke, or note upon an article."

6 *The haire of crime.* The *N.E.D.* interprets *haire* as "type," a secondary meaning of "hair," but this renders unintelligible the line which follows. More probably *haire* is "heir" in the significance of "offspring" and *it* equivalent to "its"; the meaning of the lines will then be "for it is the result of crime to shun the breath of that which removes the clouds from its sin."

14 *Tine.* "Injury."

To the Reader.

9 *Accenties.* Apparently a freak form of "accent." *Idea,* of course, is objective.

15 *When death or hell, doth worke it liues decay.* This seemingly implies "when death or hell are at work on the world, there is bound to be decay," consequently there exist ever-changing forms which "confuse and chaoize."

25 *Unites.* "Units," a considerably earlier use of the word to indicate "individuals" than those recorded in the *N.E.D.*

34 *Doth himselfe know free.* "He who knows himself free will thank me."

Prologue.

1 *Errorie.* "Wandering," or, according to Churton Collins, "state of wandering."

2 *Cymerianized night.* "Cimmerian night," from the Cimmerii who were reputed in classic times to live in continual darkness.

5 *Phlegetontike.* This word seems peculiar to Tourneur and Byron. It is obviously derived from Phlegethon, the flaming river of Hades. "Phlegethontal" is a more common adjective.

7 *To gaze upon my youths obscuritie.* "To gaze upon that which is darkening or obscuring my youth" (*Collins*).

8 *Cadaverie.* Another example of Tourneur's favourite *-ie* ending: "cadaver" or "corpse."

9 *Geomantike.* "Geomantic," pertaining to geomancy or sorcery. The word was in use before Tourneur's time. *Iaw,* of course, is simply used for "mouth," probably suggested by the corpse or skeleton image in the preceding line.

10 *Ecchoized . . . horrorie.* There seems to be no distinction between *ecchoized* and *ecchoed,* or between *horrorie* and *horror.*

11 *Chaoizd conceit. Conceit* is employed in the Elizabethan sense of image; *chaoizd,* which was used in the preface "To the Reader," has the significance merely of "chaotic" or "confused."

14 *Charily.* "Warily" or "cautiously."

18 *Euiternal.* A moderately common variant of "eternal," from the Latin *æviternus.*

36 *Lycophosed eies.* "Clear-sighted eyes," from the Greek λυκόφως, which properly means "twilight." It may be that the sense given to it by Tourneur is derived from a passage in Macrobius, where λύκος is identified with *sol* or the sun.

38 *Obiects contrarieties.* As I take it, Tourneur is here using *contrarieties* and *opposites* in the sense of "things opposed or set opposite" to him. The idea is probably as follows: "Tell me whether my sight is bleared or not—dazzled with the objects it faces, with the sad confused woe it sees opposed to it, or else piercing through into air-clear brightness."

Text.

13 *Carol's waine* is, of course, Charles's wain or the Plough.

24 *Th' vnstedfast moones controle.* "It may be over-subtle to suspect there is an allusion to Innocent III.'s famous and favourite image of the secular power being the moon, the lesser light—as the spiritual power is the sun, the greater light. Innocent vested both these powers in the Church; Tourneur may have separated the powers, but preserved the image. We may then interpret, 'The lights that should animate truth have sold themselves to forward the interest of the secular power,' as Clement VIII. actually did assist Spain" (*Collins*). It seems that this may be considering a trifle too curiously.

32 *Arterizing strength.* Churton Collins suggests that this strange word is derived from the Italian *arteggiare,* which appears in Florio as "artize" or "live by art." Obviously from the context (*Strength . . . heart*), it is formed from "artery," and refers to the life blood coursing in the veins.

37 *Endimionie.* "Sleeping"; the condition of Endimion.

44 *Moorie Vesperugoe's coat.* "The dark mantle of the evening star." *Vesperugo* was a name for the evening star; *moorie* seems to be formed from the substantive "Moor."

45 *Cosmosie.* Another of Tourneur's favourite words in *-ie*; meaning simply "cosmos."

55 *How can the sun mounts grace.* "How can the sun grace mountains?"

59 *Seau'n hill'd head.* This seems to indicate precisely enough that the subject of these stanzas is the Church of Rome.

62 *On sinne's full number (loe) she is erect.* A reference to the seven hills and the seven deadly sins.

77 *Her Babel Babelliz'd.* This image is suggested by the seven hills and by the reference to the "Pyramis." It simply means that the fate of Babel will come to this new Babel.

81 *Dodon's grove.* No doubt Churton Collins is right in seeing here an allegorical allusion to the navy—Dodona being famous for its groves of oak trees. The poet immediately corrects himself, recalling that spiritual salvation is not to be found in material support (*a Dodonian fist*).

98 *Of those from earth.* "Of those who seek to alienate, or remove, themselves from the earth, or the world."

103 *With repulse of heau'n.* This is obscure, but seems to imply "repulsing, or rejecting, heaven." This would lead to the idea of rebellion in the next stanza.

113 *That sacred female.* Churton Collins, to whose attention the allusion was drawn by A. B. Grosart, notes that this passage owes to *Revelation,* xii. 1: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." Evidently Tourneur is still continuing with his survey of ecclesiastical affairs. The *sacred female* is the Church of Rome whose spiritual robe is now turned into *an earthy coate.*

122 *Egencie.* A word formed from *egere* (*egentem*) and signifying "need" or "necessity." It seems to be peculiar to Tourneur.

148 *Ædonides.* The *Ædonides* or *Edonides* were priestesses of Bacchus, god of wine: "drunkenness."

148 *Murcianie.* "Slothfulness"; derived from Murcia, a reputed goddess of this vice. This is Tourneur's own invented word, but "murcid" as an adjective existed in the seventeenth century.

149 *Philoxenus.* Evidently used for "gluttony" and "hypocrisy" (*Collins*). The classical Philoxenus was addicted to the first vice, and, as his name (Φιλόξενος) signifies, by "smooth" hospitality he cheated his victims.

149 *Murders ground.* There is no need here to assume a musical allusion, as does Collins. *Ground* is no doubt used in the sense of "basis."

150 *Disquiet Eriphila.* Evidently a reference to Eriphyle, who, coveting a necklace, betrayed her husband, Amphiaraus. It will thus mean "covetousness." Collins also suggests that it is a "personification of Strife or Discord, from φιλὸς and ἔρις, φιλὴ ἐριδὸς." *Disquiet* was, of course, commonly used in Elizabethan times as an adjective.

150 *Syrenie.* "Syren."

151 *Philocrematos.* "Gold-lover," standing for "greed," from φιλὸς and χρήματος. The whole stanza is an attack on the vices of the Church.

157 *Grassie.* "Probably from the Italian *grasso,* expl. Florio, fat, rich, fertile" (*Collins*). More likely it is used in the sense of "youthful," cf. "Yet couer'd o're with grasse/Of youthfull hew" (*infra,* ll. 206–8), "My haires are white and yet my sinnes are greene" (*Revengers Tragædie,* II. ii.), and "To guide your greene improuidence of youth" (*Atheist's Tragedie,* III. iv.). Collins suspects that there may be an allusion here to Bancroft, Bishop of London, who was accused of being in league with the Catholics.

161 *Eos Eonie.* "Morning's morn."

164 *Phosphorus.* The evening star.

179 *Fact.* Used in the sense of "made."

185 *Who eies her eie.* "Whoever eyes, or looks upon, her eye."

189 *Leucrocutanized sound.* Seemingly *Leucrocutanized* is taken from the word "Leucrocuta," described by Pliny as a strange and fabulous beast, which could utter human sounds.

193 *Minurize.* "Warble"; derived from the Greek μινυρίζειν.

199 *Sinne-awhaping.* It is peculiar that Tourneur seems to be the only writer to use the present participle form, *awhaping.* "Awaped," as a past participle, in the sense of "confused with fear," is employed by Chaucer. No doubt Tourneur got the word from Spenser, who is the first to use the present indicative form, "awhape."

217 *For such ioyes hate.* "For such as hate joys are best loved of God."

218 *Elth.* "Youth." Obviously Tourneur turns now to lash those who seek for gold wherewith to make themselves noble. *Earth's baddest good* is then the gold from "the golden mine."

232 *O, that old age.* The subject seems to be diverted in this and the following stanza to the vicious follies of those themselves near death.

238 *Epithesis.* The Greek word ἐπίθεσις properly means "addition" or "laying on." Collins sees here a theological use of the term in the sense of "laying on of hands" or "confirmation."

241 *Ere seriant death.* This seems an echo of "fell serjeant-death" in *Hamlet,* V. ii. (noted by Collins).

244 *O that his memory.* An obscure passage. I take *his* to refer to *infancie,* and I assume the last line to be spoken by the old man—"Now death might (or may) expel my breath out of me."

252 *Sinderesize.* This verb, peculiar to Tourneur, is derived from the medieval Latin

synderesis, taken from the Greek συντήρησις, which means "conscience." The verb clearly means "make a conscientious work of."

254 *Pan.* No doubt influenced by Spenser, Tourneur here uses *Pan* to represent the early Christian Church, or the primitive church in England.

264 *Document.* Used in the original sense of "teaching" or "instruction."

266 *Epitimie . . . Epithymie.* The first word is derived from the Greek ἐπιτιμία and could mean "nobility," the second from ἐπιθυμία, "longing, desire or lust."

268 *Arcadia.* Seems to refer to England.

272 *Enuies protector.* The patron of envy has fed Pan with gold.

274 *Wealths shipwracke.* I am not sure exactly what Tourneur means here. Possibly he is referring to the destruction which comes from wealth.

274 *Minerie.* This word is derived from the medieval Latin *mineria,* and is, for all practical purposes, the equivalent of "mine" or "mining."

279 *Tridentifer.* Of course, Neptune.

284 *Eriphila.* Used here definitely for "greed."

291 *Fraight.* This word, not recorded in the *N.E.D.,* seems to be a variant of "fraught."

294 *Meteorie.* Used only by Tourneur and evidently meaning "dark atmosphere."

296 *Pheer.* This word, as "fere"—"companion, mate"—is common enough; the spelling seems to be Tourneur's own. The reference may be to Spain; more probably it simply implies that Pan (the Church) has sold this flock for gold (that which Thetis' fere brings from India).

330 *Delta.* Collins assumes that this refers to Ireland. For a discussion of his views see the Introduction.

341 *Beast.* Here, according to Collins, Tourneur is referring to Spain, then in league with the discontented Irish.

352 *Mavortio.* The name is derived from the Latin *mavortius,* "warlike or martial." Collins assumes that Essex, who, when he went on the Irish expedition was at the height of his fame, is here intended.

373 *Veramount.* I do not know whence Tourneur derived this word.

382 *Stound.* "Time, occasion" (Anglo-Saxon *stund*).

386 *To fear.* Used in the sense of "to frighten off."

396 *Massive.* It seems that Tourneur is using this word in a peculiar sense as "of the mass," or "of common clay," in opposition to *noble spirit* below.

421 *Enhoped.* Tourneur was apparently the inventor of this word. "Hope" was used in the seventeenth century in the sense of "to surround" (*i.e.* to hoop in). If *entroped* is the proper reading, then the sense will be "hedged round with a troop." Compare *enround* in the following stanza.

449 *Famouzed.* Formed like another favourite word of Tourneur's—*chaoized.*

452 *Foyle.* It is difficult to determine what exact significance is to be attached to this word. It may mean "weapon" (fencing foil) or it may refer to the "repulses" of Fortune (from the verb "to foil") or it may be used for "file."

464 *Disdained.* Agreeing with *thy selfe,* this would mean "thee, being disdained on earth," in reference to Essex's fall, according to Collins.

465 *Trinary.* Apparently a form coined by Tourneur.

471 *The nine-fold Sorory.* The nine sisters or Muses.

483 *To man.* "In comparison with the ordinary man."

487 *Decore.* The obsolete verb "decore" usually means "to decorate or adorn."

489 *Horne.* Evidently in allusion to the Biblical use of horn as a sign of power: cf. "Hee is my shield, and the horne of my saluation" (2 *Sam.* xxii. 3). It will be remembered that the medieval imagination always pictured Moses with horns.

494 *Delta's Adamant.* Collins thinks that *Adamant* is here used in the sense of "magnet," which does not seem to yield sense. More probably another common signification

is intended: "Adamant" is frequently employed for "diamond." If this is so, then the phrase means "Delta's jewel."

513 *Aurory.* "Dawn," no doubt influenced by the French form *aurore.*

527 *The sacred brood.* The Muses.

528 *Rowne.* A variant of "round."

530 *Bood.* This is evidently "bode," which usually means "premonition or omen" (cf. boding), in the sense of "ill-hap."

544 *Aptifie.* Apparently a coinage of Tourneur's.

551 *Like Ægyptian dogs.* "This is an allusion to a curious anecdote in Ælian, *Var. Hist.* i. 4, where he says that the dogs on the banks of the Nile, owing to their terror of the crocodiles in the river, only drink by snatches, and cannot quench their thirſt" (*Collins*).

583 *Vnicorne.* The possibility (suggeſted by Collins) that the Unicorn refers to James VI. of Scotland is supported by the faſt that this fabulous animal figured prominently in the Royal Arms of Scotland, and even gave its name to a Scots coin current during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is possible, however, that the image may have occurred to Tourneur from Spenser's,

> Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
> A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies
>
> (*Faerie Queene,* II. v. 10).

591 *Vironries.* A word coined by Tourneur as a variant of "Environry" or "Environment."

597 *Eliza.* The passage is no doubt deliberately ambiguous; but probably the real sense is to be found by taking *Eliza* as in the objeſtive case and signifying "kingly power."

Epilogue.

7 *The froſty north.* According to Collins's proposed interpretation of the poem, the *north* will contain an allusion to James and Scotland.

10 *Pluto's foreſter.* I cannot offer an explanation of this phrase unless Orion is meant. "The sygne of Oryon," says Caxton in his *Eneydos,* xii. 46, "rendreth the watres to be proude and cruelle," and Spenser speaks of "fierce Orione hounds" (*Faerie Queene,* I. iii. 31) [References from the *N.E.D.*; I thank Professor Earp for the suggeſtion that Orion might be intended].

11 *Cosmos Pilgrim's.* "Earth's pilgrims."

19 *Intelleſtuate.* A word peculiar to Tourneur, and praſtically the same as "intelligence." *It,* of course, is the old form of "its."

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Textual Notes.

The Revengers Tragædie appeared in 1607 with the following title-page:

THE/REVENGERS/TRAGÆDIE./*As it hath beene sundry times Aſted,/by the Kings Maieſties/Seruants.*/[Ornament]/AT LONDON/Printed by G. ELD, and are to be sold at his/house in Fleete-lane at the signe of the/Printers-Presse./1607.

This is a quarto, collating A–I^4; A1^r title-page, A1^v blank, A2^r to I4^v text. Churton Collins asserts that there were two editions, but only the date (1607 to 1608) was changed in a fresh title-page issued with the old sheets the following year. Variations are to be dis-covered on two pages of signatures E and G and on several pages of signature H; the

corrections, however, are found variously in copies with the 1607 and 1608 datings, and in various states. By far the most important are those on signature H. These, for convenience, may be summarised:

H2r *knewst* for *knowst*
H2v *'tis* for *to't*
Wet for *Wee*
yron for *you*
The dukes for *Dukes*
H3r *To be* for *Too*
H4r *died* for *did*
me ; for *me*
loathsome for *leathsome*
H4v *brest* for *beast* [an error]
nake for *make*

On E4r *at least at Court* appears in the uncorrected copies as *a: least at Court* and on G3r Vindice's lines *'Tis foods to some my Lord* are carried to a new paragraph. Of the copies I have examined only the Bodleian 1607 issue (Mal. Add. 856) shows all the pages in an uncorrected state. The British Museum 1608 issue (C. 21, f. 8) has G3r corrected, all of signature H uncorrected; the Forster 1607 (7952) has G3r, H2r and H4r corrected, but H2v, H3r and H4v uncorrected; the Dyce 1608 (9997), the British Museum 1607 (C. 34, e. 11), and the 1608 issue in the possession of Sir Israel Gollancz have all of H corrected, but G3r uncorrected; the Bodleian 1608 issue (Mal. 202) has all the pages corrected. For the sake of convenience, I have used the sign "Q1" for readings where all the copies agree, and "Q1*a*" and "Q1*b*" to indicate uncorrected and corrected states respectively. The text itself is based on a photostatic copy of the British Museum 1608 issue (C. 12, f. 8). A few necessary stage directions have been added in square brackets.

The quarto, while fairly good in so far as language is concerned, has punctuation of the most erratic kind. The compositor must either have tumbled a set of question-marks among his periods or else have run short of the latter, for question-marks are scattered everywhere throughout the play, even appearing in the stage-directions. The textual notes, therefore, are filled mainly with indication of necessary variations in the pointing of the text. Otherwise, the original quarto is here reprinted with few alterations. As in the case of *The Atheist's Tragedie,* the minor deviations (often mis-readings) of later editors have been ignored, although deliberate emendations by Churton Collins have been duly recorded. It might be amusing, but it certainly seemed unprofitable, to note such misconceptions as that through which Collins expanded a stage-direction in I. ii.—*Exe. manet Du.*—into "*Manent* Executioner *and* Duchess." There is no executioner in the scene, and the proper expansion is, of course, *Exe*[*unt*] *manet Du*[*chess*]. Such errors are best allowed to pass into oblivion. This example I cite merely to indicate that, although Collins declared that "in settling the text" he had "been careful . . . to adhere closely to the quartos," an editor who wished to note all the variations in his text from that of the quarto would find himself sorely burdened; while Collins himself has drawn attention to the fact that the editors before his time had "often rashly and unnecessarily tampered with the text, even where it was quite intelligible and definite."

Dramatis personæ) *Not given in Q1*
I. i. 9 *would*) *Collins reads* Should
28 *her.*) Q1 her,
39 *Out-bid*) *Collins reads* Outbidden
39 *performances—*) Q1 performances
41 *gold,*) Q1 gold
43 *shoust*) *Collins reads* show'st
I. i. 46 *vnpayd?*) Q1 vnpayd,
50 *banquets,*) Q1 banquets:
51 *men,*) Q1 men
52 *they.*) Q1 they?
53 *his*) Q1 her
54 *vizard?*) Q1 vizard.
60 *Opportunity,*) Q1 Opportunity?

I. i. 63 *happinesse.*) Q1 happinesse?
71 *by th'*) Q1 by' th
89 *Pander.*) Q1 Pander?
97 *one.*) Q1 one
99 *him.*) Q1 him?
108 *out ;*) Q1 out,
110 *all.*) Q1 all,
111 *quaintly.*) Q1 quaintly,
117 *excepted—*) Q1 excepted
119 *Court*) Q1 Cour
124 *Royall bloud : monſter*) *Collins reads* Royal blood monſter !
130 *intend*) Q1 Intend
141 *through*) *Collins reads* though
I. ii. 3 *Rape :*) Q1 Rape
6 *our*) Q1 oui [*probably a badly caſt* r]
11 *dead ;*) Q1 dead,
13 *shame ?*) Q1 shame.
15 *haue*) Q1 haue,
17 *reproch ? The*) Q1 reproch, the
19 *seare*) Q1 searce
21 *hate.*) Q1 hate,
22 *sentance ;*) Q1 sentance
29 *pitty.*) Q1 pitty?
34 *their*) Q1 therr
34 *of,*) Q1 of:
34 *ouglier.*) Q1 oug-(lier
35 *Ambi.*) Q1 *Ambitis.*
38 *Spu.*) Q1 *Spu* [*In some copies a faint period is discernible*]
40 *coarse.*) Q1 coarse,
41 *Duc.*) Q1 *Duc,*
46 *firſt*) *Collins reads* (*probably correctly*) faſt
54 *Why*) Q1 why
55 *else ?*) Q1 else,
58 *life.*) Q1 life,
59 *onely*) *In some copies the* l *is exceedingly faint.*
60 *Death.*) Q1 Death,
62 *them.*) Q1 them,
64 *Tongs*) Q1 Tongs,
65 *selfe*) Q1 selfe,
66 *thoughts.*) Q1 thoughts,
68 *shees*) Q1 snees [*probably a broken* h]
69 *liue.*) Q1 liue,
72 *ceaſt*) *Collins reads* 'sess'd
73 *ieſt.*) Q1 ieſt,
74 *sentence.*) Q1 sentence,
77 *cruell-wise.*) Q1 cruell-wise?

I. ii. 80 *Lawe*) Q1 Lawe,
81 97 *sitting.*) Q1 sitting,
105 *deferd ;*) Q1 deferd
113 *better.*) Q1 better?
115 *and sleepe.*) Q1 and sleepe,) *Collins reads* or sleepe
116 *childe.*) Q1 childe,
117 *speake ;*) Q1 speake,
121 *him :*) Q1 him,
126 *true-begot.*) Q1 true-begot,
129 *kinde ;*) Q1 kinde,
131 *feare.*) Q1 feare,
133 *priuate ?*) Q1 priuate.
135 *feare*) Q1 feare,
136 *there.*) Q1 there,
137 *Spu.*) Q1 *Spi.*
139 *fooles.*) Q1 fooles,
145 *Spu.*) Q1 *Spi.*
148 *'tis*) Q1 'tus [*Either* 'tis *or* 'tas *muſt be intended*]
155 *not ;*) Q1 not,
158 *light ;*) Q1 light,
166 *in thought*) *Collins reads* in thy thought
166 *minde.*) Q1 minde,
172 *Graue.*) Q1 Graue,
174 *vppon't ?*) Q1 vppon't.
178 *iniury*) *Collins reads* injure
178 *it.*) Q1 it,
189 *Spu.*) Q1 *Spi.*
190 *all ;*) Q1 all,
198 *Spu.*) Q1 *Spu*
211 *iuſt.*) Q1 iuſt,
216 *Epitaphs ;*) Q1 Epitaphs,
219 *sowne*) Q1 sowne,
221 *him—*) Q1 him
221 *I.*) Q1 I,
I. iii. 6 *Court.*) Q1 Court,
7 *Impudence !*) Q1 impudence !
8 *Miſtris*) Q1 Miſtrs
8 *Miſtresses*) Q1 Miſtesses
9 *coſtly-perfumd people*) Q1 coſtly per-fumd-people
13 *spy*) Q1 spy,
14 *bashfullnes,*) Q1 bashfullnes.
29 *minute.*) Q1 minute?
31 *blanckes.*) Q1 blanckes
33 [*Exit*]) *Not in* Q1
35 *hand.*) Q1 hand:
36 *yfaith. How*) Q1 yfaith how
36 *Musk-cat ?*) Q1 Musk-cat.
39 *sfoote*) Q1 Sfoote

I. iii. 41 *pleasure. Friend*) Q1 pleasure, friend
46 *profession?*) Q1 profession.
51 *bluntnesse!*) Q1 bluntnesse?
52 *hand.*) Q1 hand
53 *then?*) Q1 then.
54 *Foole,*) *Collins reads* S'foote [*See notes*]
61 *well*) Q1 well
62 *villaine!*) Q1 villaine?
63 *purpose. Then*) Q1 purpose, then
66 *procreation*) Q1 procrearion
66 *begets*) Q1 begets,
75 *dambd,*) Q1 dambd?
79 *sin.*) Q1 sin,
80 *too;*) Q1 too?
80 *glide.*) Q1 glide
81 *lowde.*) Q1 lowde) *Collins reads* wide
92 *best.*) Q1 best,
92 *this,*) Q1 this
95 *Lord—*) Q1 Lord.
99 *man,*) Q1 man:
99 *Vsurer—*) Q1 Vsurer,
101 *depth*) Q1 depht
106 *rauish*) Q1 ıauish [*probably a broken* r]
108 *messengers*) Q1 messengers,
110 *Possible?*) Q1 Possible!
115 *withal—*) Q1 withal
117 *friend.*) Q1 friend,
118 *delight;*) Q1 delight
119 *night?*) Q1 night.
120 *relligion!*) Q1 relligion?
124 *breath.*) Q1 breath,
126 *Grace.*) Q1 Grace
131 *keep.*) Q1 keep:
132 *gint*) *Collins reads* giu't
132 *Lord.*) Q1 Lord
133 *braine*) Q1 braine,
138 *widdow.*) Q1 widdow
154 *my*) Q1 me
155 *him.*) Q1 him;
162 *nouice!*) Q1 nouice?
176 *Mother.*) Q1 Mother;
177 *Dost*) *So* Q1 *Collins reads* Does't
189 *me.*) Q1 me?
189 [*Exit*]) *Not in* Q1
191 *poyson.*) Q1 poyson,
192 *villaines.*) Q1 villaines,
199 *both;*) Q1 both,
207 *good.*) *Collins reads* blood.
I. iv. 8 *me.*) Q1 me:
I. iv. 10 *wiues!*) Q1 wiues?
11 *presence*) Q1 presence,
16 *honour.*) Q1 honour,
21 *Plac'd*) Q1 Plastc'd
27 *wrongs;*) Q1 wrongs,
32 *wight,*) Q1 night.
38 *eat*) Q1 eat,
41 *Lust,*) Q1 Lust;
42 *Duches-Monster*) Q1 Duches—Monster
55 *act.*) Q1 act,
57 *deferd.*) Q1 deferd,
65 *blade;*) Q1 blade,
69 *found*) Q1 found,
71 *it.*) Q1 it,
72 *Ire.*) Q1 Ire,
73 *pitty*) Q1 pitty?
75 *Should*) Q1 Sould
75 *bloud.*) Q1 bloud,
76 *name*) Q1 name,
80 *Reueng.*) Q1 Reueng,
81 *ioy*) Q1 ioy,
83 *miracle*) Q1 miralce
II. i. 5 *lowe*) Q1 lowe;
10 *Dondolo?*) Q1 Dondolo.
11 [*Enter* Dondolo]) *Not in* Q1
16 *company.*) Q1 company,
17 *not.*) Q1 not;
21 *me?*) Q1 me.
23 *a litle*) Q1 alitle
25 *one*) *So* Q1 *Collins reads* own
30 *sexe,*) Q1 sexe.
31 *gownes.*) Q1 gownes,
33 *this?*) Q1 this,
42 *Atturney;*) Q1 Atturney,
42 *him*) Q1 him,
46 *shame.*) Q1 shame,
54 *showne;*) Q1 showne,
59 *lay*) Q1 lay,
64 *sir.*) Q1 sir?
67 *pleases*) Q1 pleases,
75 *honor.*) Q1 honor?
77 *be*) Q1 be
77 *in't*) Q1 it
82 *about;*) Q1 about,
91 *already—*) Q1 already
95 *chastity.*) Q1 chastity,
98 *can;*) Q1 can,
102 *fooles.*) Q1 foole
106 *sonne?*) Q1 sonne,
111 *ride*) Q1 ride,
114 *some;*) Q1 some

II. i. 115 *home.*) Q1 home,
116 *me.*) Q1 me?
119 *vs.*) Q1 vs,
120 *neerely,*) Q1 neerely
122 *edge.*) Q1 edge?
124 *Enter.*) Q1 Enter?
135 *they.*) Q1 they?
144 *selfe.*) Q1 selfe,
148 *O you'r a kind Madam.*) Q1 O you'r a kind Mad-man; *Collins reads* O y'are kind, Madame.
149 *moue.*) Q1 moue,
150 *ſting.*) Q1 ſting,
151 *mine.*) Q1 mine,
152 *it.*) Q1 it,
153 [*Enter Caſtiza*]) *Not in* Q1
155 *Madam.*) Q1 Madam,
158 *part.*) Q1 part,
160 *you?*) Q1 you;
164 *Act.*) Q1 Act,
169 *whome?*) Q1 whome;
170 *it.*) Q1 it,
171 *should*) Q1 shouldſt
175 *others*) Q1 other
179 *sonne!*) Q1 sonne,
188 *mother.*) Q1 mother?
191 *it.*) Q1 it,
193 *Time;*) Q1 Time,
193 *you;*) Q1 you,
201 *lesse.*) Q1 lesse?
209 *friends.*) Q1 friends
210 *alone;*) Q1 alone,
218 *Grace?*) Q1 Grace,
233 *ifaith.*) Q1 ifaith
243 *since;*) Q1 since,
247 *vntold.*) Q1 vntold,
248 *cold.*) Q1 cold,
251 *profession?*) Q1 profession,
252 *honeſty—*) Q1 honeſty
262 *her?*) Q1 her,
263 *please,*) Q1 pleasc,
267 *plaudities.*) Q1 plaudities?
268 *foolish—*) Q1 foolish,
270 *way.*) Q1 way,
270 *owne;*) Q1 owne,
274 *downe-ward!*) Q1 downe-ward,
275 *turne*) Q1 tnrne
277 *vppon't?—*) Q1 vppon't—
281 *catch*) Q1 *has a mark after* catch *which may be a comma*
II. ii. 8 *preferd*) Q1 preferd,
18 *ſtay;*) Q1 ſtay,
II. ii. 19 *way.*) Q1 way?
20 *number;*) Q1 number?
21 *brother:*) Q1 brother,
22 *toward?*) Q1 toward.
24 *answer;*) Q1 answer,
30 *naught.*) Q1 naught,
31 *changde*) Q1 changde,
35 *life*) Q1 life.
40 *minute;*) Q1 minute?
42 *firſt.*) Q1 firſt,
43 *proclaime;*) Q1 proclaime,
51 *trauell*) Q1 trauell,
53 *spurs*) Q1 spurs,
54 *trice.*) Q1 trice,
55 *this*) Q1 this.
59 *comfort?*) Q1 comfort.
65 *cheekes;*) Q1 checkes,
68 *wellcome—*) Q1 wellcome,
69 *her.*) Q1 her,
70 *way—*) Q1 way.
71 *ifaith.*) Q1 i fath,
72 *owne—*) Q1 owne,
73 *fort.*) Q1 fort,
74 *alone.*) Q1 alone,
80 *now;*) Q1 now,
84 *Lord?*) Q1 Lord
85 *yet.*) Q1 yet,
88 *vppont.*) Q1 vppont,
94 *that?*) Q1 that.
96 *long.*) Q1 long?
101 *now?*) Q1 now,
102 *yet.*) Q1 yet,
103 *me.*) Q1 me,
105 *e'm.*) Q1 e'm,
107 *earth.*) Q1 earth
108 *her;*) Q1 her,
110 *forsworne*) Q1 forsworne:
113 *small.*) Q1 small,
115 *sure.*) Q1 sure?
120 *abusde—*) Q1 abusde
123 *Duchesse*) Q1 Duchesse,
129 *Luxur!*) Q1 Luxur?
130 [*Enter Spurio and Servants*] *Not in* Q1
132 *eare.*) Q1 earc
134 *on't?*) Q1 on't.
137 *ſteale*) Q1 ſteale,
147 *meeting*) Q1 meeting;
151 *all.*) Q1 all,
152 *world;*) Q1 world,
153 *sides;*) Q1 sides,
154 *Sun*) Q1 Snn
154 *Toale-booke;*) Q1 Toale-booke,

II. ii. 155 *apparell*) Q1 apparell:
158 *proclamation.*) Q1 proclamation,
159 *apace.*) Q1 apace?
162 *brother.*) Q1 brother?
164 *modeſt ;*) Q1 modeſt,
164 *thee ?*) Q1 thee,
168 *comes ?*) Q1 comes,
169 [*Enter Lussurioso*]) *Not in* Q1.
170 *The Dukes*) Q1 *has a new speech heading* Vind. *Collins gives the line* whose this comes? *to Hippolito, but as the catch-word to* $D4^r$ *is* The [*i.e.* The Dukes], Vind. *on* $D4^v$ *is probably an error.*
171 *learne*) Q1 learne,
174 *Lady.*) Q1 Lady?
187 *eates*) Q1 eates,
189 *Luss.*) Q1 Lus:.
191 *slaue !*) Q1 slaue?
194 *warily.*) Q1 warily:
201 *fury.*) Q1 fury
209 *Away !*) Q1 Away
209 *lazy ;*) Q1 lazy,
212 [*Exeunt* . . . DUCHESS]) *Not in* Q1.
214 *Duk.*) Q1 Duk
225 *Lawyers gard*) *Collins reads* Lawyers —Guard ! *but omits the preceding line.*
231 *bed.*) Q1 bed?
235 *Brother.*) Q1 Brother?
237 *sight ;*) Q1 sight,
238 *honour*) Q1 honour,
258 *Mid-night ?*) Q1 Mid-night;
258 *vp ?*) Q1 vp,
261 *out.*) Q1 out,
267 *amisse.*) Q1 amisse,
269 *for*) *Some copies of* Q1 *read* for
283 *higheſt,*) Q1 higheſt
288 *vnnaturall.*) Q1 vnnaturall,
299 *fauour.*) Q1 fauour?
319 *happy.*) Q1 happy?
330 *or't*) *Collins reads* on't. *No doubt* or't *ſtands for* o'er it.
331 *through.*) Q1 through,
333 *purgd ;*) Q1 purgd,
334 *enuies :*) Q1 enuies,
345 *liberty.*) Q1 liberty
347 *doo—*) Q1 doo
III. i. 1 *Superuacuo.*) Q1 Superuacuo?
3 *die*) Q1 die:
4 *sooneſt ;*) Q1 sooneſt,
III. i. 4 *come*) Q1 come,
5 *doome*) Q1 doome,
11 *Officers ;*) Q1 Officers,
18 *pinne*) Q1 pinne.
20 *Bleſt*) Q1 Blaſt
23 *Rape ;*) Q1 Rape,
25 *feede ;*) Q1 feede,
26 *bleed.*) Q1 bleed,
27 *linger.*) Q1 linger
31 *farewell.*) Q1 farewell,
32 *place*) Q1 place,
33 *of—*) Q1 of,
33 *brother.*) Q1 brother,
III. ii. 2 *Lords,*) Q1 Lords?
4 *But*) *Collins reads* (*unnecessarily*) Put
5 *you.*) Q1 you,
5 *you.*) Q1 you,
III. iii. 1 *Superuacuo,*) Q1 Superuacuo?
2 *Officers,*) Q1 Officers?
4 *sory*) Q1 sory,
16 *Already*) Q1 Alreardy
16 *ifaith*) Q1 ifath
17 *dyes.*) Q1 dyes,
18 *Lord ;*) Q1 Lord
19 *delay*) Q1 delay,
21 *showe*) Q1 showe.
22 *officers.*) Q1 officers,
24 *people*) Q1 people.
30 *office.*) Q1 office,
33 *commendations.*) Q1 commendations,
III. iv. 1 *Brother.*) Q1 Brother,
2 *Iuni.*) Q1 *Iuni*
7 *'em.*) Q1 'em,
19 *woman ?*) Q1 woman,
20 *brothers*) Q1 brothers:
21 *promise.*) Q1 promise,
21 *prisoner !*) Q1 prisoner,
22 *newes ?*) Q1 newes,
25 *so ;*) Q1 so,
29 *warrant—*) Q1 warrant
30 *Duke ;*) Q1 Duke,
31 *you*) Q1 you,
37 *father*) Q1 father,
47 *death ?*) Q1 death
50 *brothers !*) Q1 brothers?
69 *Duns*) Q1 *Duns,*
69 *letter—*) Q1 letter
70 *sayes he*) Q1 *prints in italic*
III. v. 2 *rauishing.*) Q1 rauishing,
4 *able*) Q1 able,
18 *I easily* (*to*) Q1 (I easily to
20 *vn-sunned lodge*) Q1 vn-sunned-lodge

III. v. 34 *Lady ;)* Q1 Lady,
35 *eye—)* Q1 eye,
37 *ready,)* Q1 ready
40 *men.)* Q1 men,
43 *prices.)* Q1 prices
44 *bare)* Q1 bare,
48 *Madame ;)* Q1 Madame?
50 *that—)* Q1 that?
50 *disgrace ?)* Q1 disgrace,
51 *well.)* Q1 well,
52 *you.)* Q1 you?
55 *man.)* Q1 man,
57 *beauty ?)* Q1 beauty,
60 *dissemble ;)* Q1 dissemble
61 *tremble,)* Q1 tremble.
64 *colour ;)* Q1 colour
66 *absurd)* Q1 absur'd
68 *wet ?)* Q1 wet.
69 *right ;)* Q1 right,
84 *not ;)* Q1 not,
92 *sweete-meates ?)* Q1 sweete-meates,
93 *thinkes,)* Q1 thinkes:
94 *Reuells)* Q1 Reuells,
98 *dishes.)* Q1 dishes?
99 *woman)* Q1 woman,
104 *property ;)* Q1 property,
107 *earth,)* Q1 earth;
108 *death.)* Q1 death,
116 *Periwig.)* Q1 Periwig?
117 *now ;)* Q1 now
123 *little)* Q1 little,
133 *Duk.)* Q1 *Duk*
139 *done ;)* Q1 done
142 *them ;)* Q1 them,
150 *mist.)* Q1 mist,
151 *encountred.)* Q1 encountred,
151 *Court,)* Q1 Court
153 *Royall)* Q1 royall
153 *diuill !)* Q1 diuill;
156 *hollowes. Duke,)* Q1 hollowes, Duke;
157 *vizard ?)* Q1 vizard,
162 *three !)* Q1 three?
162 *bone)* Q1 bone,
170 *left ?)* Q1 left.
175 *Dutchman—)* Q1 Dutchman,
178 *villaine ?)* Q1 villaine,
205 *murderers !)* Q1 murderers?
207 *silence ;)* Q1 silence?
207 *Torch.)* Q1 Torch,
208 *murther !)* Q1 murther?
209 *dagger.)* Q1 dagger
215 *bloud ;)* Q1 bloud,
III. v. 216 *good.)* Q1 good,
221 *giuen ;)* Q1 giuen,
227 *life.)* Q1 life,
232 *feast.)* Q1 feast,
233 *Banquets)* Q1 Banquests
III. vi. 10 *execution ?)* Q1 execution.
18 *saffold.)* Q1 scaffold,
29 *prison ;)* Q1 prison,
50 *toungs ;)* Q1 toungs,
50 *teares)* Q1 teares,
65 *pleasure—)* Q1 pleasure,
78 *it.)* Q1 it,
85 *it.)* Q1 it?
89 *vs ?)* Q1 vs.
98 *brothers.)* Q1 brothers?
106 *it.)* Q1 it,
108 *thee.)* Q1 thee?
115 *head.)* Q1 head
119 *mortalitie ;)* Q1 mortalitie,
119 *words,)* Q1 words
121 *hate ;)* Q1 hate,
IV. i. 12 *honor.)* Q1 honor?
15 *me.)* Q1 me,
16 *twas ;)* Q1 twas,
17 *Knaue ;)* Q1 Knaue?
19 *chose)* Q1 chose
19 *Lord.)* Q1 Lord,
28 *desperate)* Q1 desperare
31 *stroake)* Q1 stroake,
33 *brother—)* Q1 brother,
37 *Lord ?)* Q1 Lord,
38 *Lus.)* Q1 *Lus*
42 *thee.)* Q1 thee,
43 *dum.)* Q1 dum,
44 *come)* Q1 comes
45 *stay,)* Q1 stay
50 *brother.)* Q1 brother,
51 *I ?)* Q1 I,
55 *poore ;)* Q1 poore,
58 *mould)* Q1 mould,
67 *speed.)* Q1 speed,
68 *succeed ;)* Q1 succeed,
72 *kill)* Q1 kill,
74 *Treason ;)* Q1 Treason,
78 *the)* Q1 thee
78 *brother ;)* Q1 brother,
79 *another.)* Q1 another?
82 *The Nobles enter.)* Q1 *prints in roman as part of Lussurioso's speech.*
94 *forth ?)* Q1 forth.
95 *priuately.)* Q1 priuately,
IV. ii. 4 *thee,)* Q1 thee;

IV. ii. 6 *Vind.*) Q1 *Vind*
13 *breſt.*) Q1 breſt,
24 *possible?*) Q1 possible:
26 *doubtfull;*) Q1 doubtfull,
34 *vppont?*) Q1 vppont.
40 *Court.*) *Moſt copies of Q1 omit the period, which, however, appears in that owned by Sir Israel Gollancz.*
41 *Luss.*) Q1 Luss,
42 *long.*) Q1 long?
47 *thee.*) Q1 thee?
49 *fire*) Q1 fire:
50 *tongues;*) Q1 tongues,
50 *name*) Q1 name,
52 *melancholy?*) Q1 melancholy.
62 *much?*) Q1 much
63 *Vin.*) *In Q1b this speech comes immediately after* Tearmes so much. *The lines end* Lord ... poysoned ... can-[uaſt] ... lattin ... may ... vp to ... sasarara.
64 *affectation*) Q1 affectatiõ
69 *Luss.*) Q1 *Hip.*
71 *consent.*) Q1 consent,
73 *Study?*) Q1 Study
74 *him;*) Q1 him?
80 *Tennants;*) Q1 Tennants?
81 *abouts:*) Q1 abouts?
84 *it.*) Q1 it,
89 *picture.*) Q1 picture,
99 *pockets,*) Q1 pock , ets
100 *out;*) Q1 out,
102 *it.*) Q1 it,
103 *mercy.*) Q1 mercy
103 *know*) Q1 hnow
104 *then*) Q1 thẽ
105 *enough*) Q1 enough,
106 *meanes.*) Q1 meanes,
107 *monied.*) Q1 monied;
110 *off.*) Q1 off,
111 *wish.*) Q1 wish,
112 *cloths*) Q1 cloths,
114 *me.*) Q1 me,
115 *withall.*) Q1 withall,
116 *eyes.*) Q1 eyes,
117 *man?*) Q1 man.
118 *blind.*) Q1 blind,
120 *cloud.*) Q1 cloud,
121 *melancholy;*) Q1 melancholy,
IV. ii. 122 *now?*) Q1 now.
123 *your asking.*) Q1 you rasking.
124 *faſten*) Q1 faſten,
125 *intent;*) Q1 intent,
128 *vs.*) Q1 vs,
131 *angers*) Q1 angers,
132 *once.*) Q1 once,
133 *couetuous*) Q1 couetuous,
134 *villayne.*) Q1 villayne,
135 *him—*) Q1 him
137 *prisonment.*) Q1 prisonment;
141 *brother?*) Q1 brother.
142 *indeed.*) Q1 indeed?
147 *villaine.*) Q1 villaine,
149 *harme,*) Q1 harme.
152 *eye,*) Q1 eye
152 *him.*) Q1 him,
153 *Lord?*) Q1 Lord,
154 *donne.*) Q1 donne,
155 *fine*) Q1 fiue
156 *out.*) Q1 out,
158 *infirme*) Q1 infirme,
159 *soule*) Q1 soule,
163 *seemes,*) Q1 seemes.
167 *for't—*) Q1 for't.
168 *honour?*) Q1 honour.
181 *Heart*) Q1 Heart? *Probably a compositor's error for* Marke? *I have, however, allowed the quarto reading to ſtand.*
184 *way;*) Q1 way?
186 *brother.*) Q1 brother?
193 *thou*) Q1 thon
198 *thee.*) Q1 thee?
199 *Enter*) Q1 *Enter.*
202 *Lordship*) Q1 Lordship,
203 *offensiue.*) Q1 offensiue?
209 *both*) Q1 both,
210 *resolud?*) Q1 resolud,
218 *Exit*) Q1 *Exi.*
224 *vengeance?*) Q1 vengeance,
225 *our selues.*) Q1 our selues?
226 *it.*) Q1 it,
235 *know*) Q1 know:
237 *true.*) Q1 true?
239 *Duke?*) Q1 Duke.
247 *We,*) Q1 Me
249 *substantiall.*) Q1 subſtantiall
253 *pursuite.*) Q1 pursuite·
IV. iii. 8 *I'me*) Q1 I'me,
11 *brother;*) Q1 brother?
18 *sinner*) Q1 sinner:

IV. iii. 19 *worse?*) *Q1* worse.
IV. iv. 4 *sonnes?*) *Q1* sonnes
5 *Parent.*) *Q1* Parents.
10 *suck?*) *Q1* suck.
17 *knewest*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* knowst
19 *you* [*heavenly*] *powers*) *Q1 Thou onely,* you powers on hie
26 *lust?*) *Q1* lust.
27 *I?*) *Q1* I,
28 *monstrous.*) *Q1* monstrous?
28 *man*) *Q1* man:
29 *intent;*) *Q1* intent,
32 *no.*) *Q1* no,
34 *grace?*) *Q1* grace.
49 *Wet*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* wee
49 *'tis,*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* to't,
52 *yron*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* you
55 *good.*) *Q1* good,
57 *dew;*) *Q1* dew,
59 *heauens!*) *Q1* heauens?
60 *eyes.*) *Q1* eyes?
61 *grace.*) *Q1* grace,
62 *sexe*) *Q1* sexe:
63 *heauen.*) *Q1* heauen?
64 *brother.*) *Q1* brother?
72 *forehead.*) *Q1* forehead,
75 *name*) *Q1* name;
76 *shame.*) *Q1* shame?
79 *The dukes*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* Dukes
80 *a cloath a siluer slut,*) *So Q1*) *Collins reads* a cloath, a siluer slut!
82 *To be*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* Too
82 *wretched.*) *So Q1*) *Collins reads* wicked.
86 *to th'*) *Q1* to'th
90 *applyed.*) *Q1* applyed?
105 *her*) *Q1* her?
106 *beset?*) *Q1* beset,
107 *comes.*) *Q1* comes,
119 *selfe;*) *Q1* selfe,
120 *wrought.*) *Q1* wrought,
121 *me?*) *Q1* me,
124 *cold.*) *Q1* cold,
126 *knew*) *Q1* knew,
130 *lights.*) *Q1* lights?
132 *breath*) *Q1* breath,
134 *follyes.*) *Q1* follyes,
137 *health*) *Q1* health?
140 *meane;*) *Q1* meane,
144 *me?*) *Q1* me.
145 *past;*) *Q1* past,
147 *late.*) *Q1* late,
149 *No?*) *Q1* No,
IV. iv. 149 *sonne?*) *Q1* sonne.
152 *pitch.*) *Q1* pitch,
155 *in?*) *Q1* in:
163 *honest.*) *Q1* honest
164 *power.*) *Q1* power,
165 *Tower,*) *Q1* Tower.
170 *Buy*) *Collins reads* Be
V. i. 2 *brother.*) *Q1* bro-(ther
4 *selfe.*) *Q1* selfe?
11 *faith's*) *Q1* faith
11 *alone;*) *Q1* alone?
14 *peeces;*) *Q1* peeces?
17 *died*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* did
21 *this?*) *Q1* this.
22 *well.*) *Q1* well?
25 *wether;*) *Q1* wether?
26 *comes.*) *Q1* comes?
29 *me;*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* me
29 *present?*) *Q1* present.
30 *now;*) *Q1* now?
32 *loathsome*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* leathsome
41 *stifle*) *Q1* stiffle
43 *last;*) *Q1* last,
43 *policie*) *Q1* policie,
52 *fire.*) *Q1* fire,
53 *beast*). *So Q1a*) *Q1b reads* brest
57 *nake*) *So Q1b*) *Q1a reads* make
57 *wrongs;*) *Q1* wrongs
63 *you?*) *Q1* you,
75 *doublet?*) *Q1* doublet.
78 *entended.*) *Q1* entended:
82 *Lus.* *Q1 Lus*
82 *true;*) *Q1* true?
83 *all,*) *Q1* all?
97 *knowne,*) *Q1* knowne
97 *man.*) *Q1* man
104 *poyson.*) *Q1* poysõ.
105 *lips?*) *Q1* lips
105 *by th'*) *Q1* by' th
106 *rascall.*) *Q1* rascall:
112 *fire?*) *Q1* fire.
118 *Nobleman*) *Q1* Nobleman,
118 *lie.*) *Q1* lie?
119 *mother;*) *Q1* mother
120 *you.*) *Q1* you?
126 *vs*) *Q1* vs?
131 *here.*) *Q1* here?
133 *death.*) *Q1* death,
138 *murther.*) *Q1* murther?
141 *stick?*) *Q1* stick:
141 *doth.*) *Q1* doth?

v. i. 145 *Luss.*) Q1 *Luss*
146 *villaine.*) Q1 villaine,
148 *duety.*) Q1 duety?
162 *grace.*) Q1 grace?
163 *so.*) Q1 so?
168 *time*) Q1 time,
170 *yfaith.*) Q1 yfaith?
172 *honors*) Q1 honors:
178 *falls.*) Q1 falls,
180 *all.*) Q1 all,
181 *suspected*) Q1 suspected,) *Collins reads* expected
182 *banishment.*) Q1 banishment?
189 *any ;*) Q1 any,
190 *Amb.*) Q1 *Sup.*
190 *brother ?*) Q1 brother.
191 *Sup.*) Q1 *Amb.*
192 *Amb.*) Q1 *Super.*
192 *longer ;*) Q1 longer?
193 *foote ;*) Q1 foote,
194 *Moone ?*) Q1 Moone,
196 *vpon ;*) Q1 vpon?
197 *Ambi.*) Q1 Super.
198 *Sup.*) Q1 *Amb.*
198 *so ?*) Q1 so,
198 *'tis*) Q1 'ts
199 *brother ?*) Q1 brother:
200 *Super.*) Q1 Ambi.
v. ii. 2 *griefes*) Q1 griefes
6 *Dukedome*) Q1 Dukedome:
25 *effectually.*) Q1 effectually,
26 *Before*) Q1 before
30 *downe.*) Q1 downe,
v. iii. 1 *Duke*) Q1 Duke.
6 *you.*) Q1 you?
12 *banisht ;*) Q1 banisht,
15 *subsidies.*) Q1 subsidies,
16 *now.*) Q1 now?
19 *pleasure.*) Q1 pleasure,
22 *Lord ?*) Q1 Lord.
24 *Nob.*) Q1 Nob,
28 *Appeard Before, it I*) Q1 Appeard, Before it, I
29 *Weds,*) Q1 Weds:
30 *heads.*) Q1 heads,
43 *True ?*) Q1 True,
43 *years ?*) Q1 years.
44 *Lord.*) Q1 Lord:
45 *2.*) Q1 2,
45 *I.*) Q1 I,
46 *3.*) Q1 3,
47 *rebuke.*) Q1 rebuke,
v. iii. 49 *me ;*) Q1 me,
52 *well.*) Q1 well,
53 *hell.*) Q1 hell?
54 *daunce.*) Q1 *daunce ?*
59 *groanes*) Q1 groanes,
59 *watch-words.*) Q1 watch-words,
62 *goe.*) Q1 goe?
63 *die ;*) Q1 die,
64 *thunder claps*) Q1 thunder-claps
66 *entended*) *Collins reads* extended
66 *murderers ;*) Q1 murderers?
77 *him.*) Q1 him,
77 *this ?*) Q1 this.
79 *Duke !*) Q1 Duke,!
80 *thou !*) Q1 thou?
80 [*Stabs* Ambitioso]) *Not in* Q1
82 [*Stabs* Spurio]) *Not in* Q1
85 *Traytor !*) Q1 Traytors?
89 *long ?*) Q1 long.
90 *make*) Q1 wake,
91 *bloud-shot.*) Q1 bloud-shot;
94 *vnhallowed*) Q1 vnhollowed
96 *I.*) Q1 I,
97 *then ?*) Q1 then;
98 *so.*) Q1 so,
99 *villaine.*) Q1 villaine,
100 *Vin.*) Q1 *Vin,*
101 *vs.*) Q1 vs,
102 *Vin.*) Q1 *Vin,*
104 *Sbloud*) Q1 Sloud
104 *false.*) Q1 false,
107 *lye.*) Q1 lye,
109 *marrow !*) Q1 marrow
109 *exprest.*) Q1 exprest,
110 *Duke ?*) Q1 Duke.
111 *al ;*) Q1 al,
112 *fall.*) Q1 fall,
114 *ayre.*) Q1 ayre,
115 *thee.*) Q1 thee,
119 *no-body—*) Q1 no-body,
119 *departed.*) Q1 departed,
120 *him.*) Q1 him,
122 *away.*) Q1 away,
123 *vnlikely.*) Q1 vnlikely,
124 *hope*) Q1 hope,
125 *yeares.*) Q1 yeares?
126 *hayre*) Q1 hayre,
127 *men.*) Q1 men,
128 *downe ;*) Q1 downe,
129 *may*) Q1 nay
129 *crowne.*) Q1 crowne,
136 *I*) *Collins reads* I've

v. iii. 136 *like.*) Q1 like,
137 *Lord.*) Q1 Lord,
138 *good ;*) Q1 good?
140 *him.*) Q1 him,
142 *managde.*) Q1 managde,
145 *to*) Q1 two
145 *execution.*) Q1 execution,
147 *good !*) Q1 good
147 *'em ;*) Q1 'em
148 *me.*) Q1 me,
149 *about ?*) Q1 about;

v. iii. 150 *begun.*) Q1 begun,
151 *sonne ?*) Q1 sonne,
159 *Piato*) Q1 *Piato.*
160 *once—*) Q1 once,
161 *himselfe.*) Q1 himselfe?
162 *witch.*) Q1 witch,
167 *cowardly ;*) Q1 cowardly
167 *ynough.*) Q1 ynough,
169 *adue.*) Q1 adue,
170 *closde !*) Q1 closde,
170 *vp*) Q1 vp,

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Commentary.

[*Dramatis personæ.* These are not given in the quartos. Note may be taken of the symbolic nomenclature adopted here for many of the names (and compare the similar names in *The Atheist's Tragedie*). *Lussurioso* means "luxurious" in the Elizabethan sense of the term (cf. note on *luxur* in I. i.); *Ambitioso* is "ambitious"; *Supervacuo* is "over-idle" or "over-foolish"; *Vindice* (or *Vindici, Vendice*) is "the revenger"; *Gratiana* is ironically "grace"; *Castiza* is "chastity." Of the two servants named in v. i. *Nencio* probably gets his title from "*nuntius,*" while *Sordido* is "sordid." The servant *Dondolo* comes from Marston's *Parasitaster ; or, The Fawn.* It may be observed that Vindice is called Carlo by his mother and assumes the name of Piato in disguise.

I. i. 9 *Would stuffe.* I retain the quarto reading, since it may be construed as a curse.

12 *Luxur.* "A lecher." The word is found, but infrequently, in other early seventeenth-century writers.

16 *Turnes my abused heart-strings into fret.* The *N.E.D.* quotes this line to illustrate the use of "fret" in the sense of "agitation of mind; a ruffled condition of temper; irritation, passion, vexation." I suspect that there may have been an image from music in Tourneur's mind. When the strings of an instrument are struck "in fret," the sound lacks harmony. The frets are being pressed instead of the space between them.

31 *Told.* "Counted." The sense is retained in the modern bank teller.

42 *Quit-rent.* A rent paid by a free-holder for services which might be required of him. Here Vengeance is made the free-holding "tenant" to tragedy.

49 *Three-pilde flesh.* In allusion to the rich three-piled velvet.

108 *It may point out.* Collins takes *occasion* with this phrase. I construe it as "The smallest advantage it may point out fattens us (wronged men). If I meet occasion, or opportunity, etc." *French Moale* is evidently a translation of *taupe,* a tumour in the head.

113 *We must quoyne.* This is a somewhat rare seventeenth-century spelling of the verb "coin," and a somewhat rare use as "counterfeit."

116 *Onely excuse excepted.* I take this to mean, "Except for our excuses—these they'll swallow."

123 *Royall bloud.* Collins reads "Royal-blood monster!" I take it to be a sarcastic exclamation, with *monster* in apposition to *he.*

I. i. 141 *Through disgrace.* Collins reads "though disgrace" which does not seem to make sense. I interpret as, "And he died of discontent, through the disgrace which often smothered in his spirit when it would mount."

I. ii. 17 *The boweld Corps, may be seard in. Boweld* is "disembowelled"; *seard in* is "cered in"—"embalmed and set in the coffin."

72 *Ceast.* Collins alters this to "'sess'd," and it may have this meaning. On the other hand *ceast* might bear the significance of "left, or let, off."

115 *At meate and sleepe.* Collins alters to "or sleepe." I leave the quarto reading and interpret "might kill her lord as he is eating and sleep quietly after."

141 *A Hatted-dame.* A woman of lower class who wears a hat.

157 *For peeping.* This passage seems obscure. I assume that it means that his height, when he was on horseback, would allow him to peep over half-shut holiday windows, so that men wished he would dismount. Under a pent-house, or hanging eaves, he made a goodly show.

162 *Set you a horseback once.* This, with Spurio's reply, is, of course, in allusion to the proverb, "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride a gallop."

221 *Ile loose my dayes vpon him.* I take this to mean, "I'll lose my days upon him," *i.e.* in seeking his destruction; *loose* being used in the sense of "spend."

I. iii. 15 *That Maide.* "A sarcastic commentary on a common classical epithet, *nuda,* applied respectively to Simplicitas, Veritas, and Fides" (Collins).

18 *Grace the bawd.* Possibly an allusion to a character of the period.

19 *You reach out a' th Verge now. Verge* is used here probably to mean "scope" or "sphere"; in which case Hippolito is rebuking his brother for his outburst, warning him that he has reached out of his verge or subject. It may, however, mean, "you reach out now at the verge or court."

31 *Blanckes.* "Bonds."

39 *Gather him into bouldnesse.* I take this to mean: "I take him into my company and 'sfoot, he's as familiar as an ague."

44 *Conster.* "Construe."

54 *Foole.* Collins reads (boldly) "S'foote." Perhaps *Foole* is used in the sense of "voluntary dupe," meaning "I have been the agent of many."

61 *Grauell a petition.* "Blot a petition, by throwing dust or sand on it."

71 *Next to the Rim ath sister.* In all probability *Rim* is used in the sense of "womb"; it may, on the other hand, have the significance of "edge" or "margin."

80 *In troth it is too.* The question mark in the quarto is decidedly wrong, but it is not necessary to suppose an aposiopesis, as Collins does, or to read "true" for "too," as others have done. The phrase simply means, "In truth, that is so."

97 *This Indian diuill.* In reference to the much-talked-of riches of India.

105 *Waxt Lines.* "Sealed letters."

129 *Expence.* "Expenditure," the phrase meaning, "Bring it into use."

132 *Tang.* "The very flavour."

158 *To winde vp a good fellow.* "To serve a thief." *Good fellow* was a common phrase for a criminal.

173 *Puny.* As a noun, *puny* was often used in the seventeenth century as "novice."

175 *The name is so in league with age.* Collins would insert a "th'" before *age*; this probably represents the true sense of the passage, *name* referring to the *bawde* above mentioned.

197 *Froath.* "Rage, indignation."

207 *Vpon their good.* Collins is no doubt right in substituting "blood" for "good" here; but the reading may stand as it appears in the quarto.

I. iv. 23 *Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecus viuere.* I cannot find the exact source of

I. iv. this commonplace epigram. Collins refers to Euripides' οὐκοῦν τὸ μηζῆν κρεῖττον ἔστ' ἢ ζῆν κακῶς.

29 *Curæ leues loquuntur, Maiores ſtupent.* From Seneca *Hippolytus*, l. 607; the proper reading is *Curae leves locuntur, ingentes stupent*—"Light cares speak, but great cares find no tongue."

37 *That moth to honor. Moth* is here used in the sense of "that which eats away."

48 *Harried.* "Thrust roughly."

60 *Sheele looke to be a sauer.* "She'll see that she prevents any loss to herself." *Sauer* was a term used in various games.

II. i. 4 *Childes-part.* "Child's portion, or inheritance."

71 *Tide.* "Time or hour."

102 *Fooles.* The *foole* of the quarto does not seem to make any sense here.

227 *But let hornes were em.* "But let horns wear them." There is, of course, a double meaning here; the direct reference is to the stag's horns in a hall on which hats were hung.

232 *Diuill and you were there once.* "If you were once there." *And*=an=if.

244 *Lands that were meat by the Rod.* "Lands that were measured by the rod." *Meat* stands for "meated" or "mete."

253 *Loue.* "Low."

254 *Brooke.* I take *brooke* in a derivative sense. Its original significance is "to profit by the use of," hence "to possess"; perhaps here it means "to possess by finding."

II. ii. 7 *Knaue in your face my Lord, behinde your back.* I can read little sense into this, but possibly the latter part of the phrase is an aside.

32 *White money.* "Silver"; the sense being, "An honeſt woman is more easily corrupted by mere silver."

36 *Flat.* "To lay flat, to bring down."

43 *Thou liu'ſt not.* Addressed, of course, in an aside to Lussurioso.

78 *Rauell.* "Unravel."

82 *Beg, leg.* "Beg, make a leg or bow."

93 *Apprehensiue.* "Keen-witted."

143 *Pretious deed.* Collins inserts an exclamation mark here. This does not seem ſtrictly necessary, as the phrase may be taken with the following words.

149 *Fees.* "Fees" is doubtless put for phease or pheese, which means tatters or hangings . . . In this place then it would mean the black freize put up on the occasion of a funeral" (*Collins*).

154 *Toale-booke.* Toll-book, record."

159 *Quoyning.* "Coining."

217 *Heaues.* "Sighs." Possibly suggeſted by *Hamlet*, IV. i. 1, "There's matters in these sighes. These profound heaues You muſt translate."

224 *Amongſt the Lawyers gard.* Collins comments that this "will make no sense"—which is true when he misses out entirely the line preceding the phrase. There may be something wrong here, but we can take *Lawyers gard* as meaning simply "the troop of lawyers" and hence "juſtice." Or *gard* may be used for "attention" (*i.e.* regard).

233 *File.* "Defile."

298 *Sound.* "Soundly, safely performed." Cf. III. iv., "Our Office muſt be sound."

306 *Vildlier.* "More vilely."

315 *Peeuish Moone.* "Peevish fit of frenzy," *Moone* thus being the equivalent of "lune."

358 *In the deniall.* "When she denied me."

III. i. 29 *And set an edge vpon the Executioner.* With a pun on the original sense of *Executioner.*

III. ii. 4 *But our dueties.* Collins reads (unnecessarily) "put." *But,* of course, is used in the sense of "only"—*i.e.* "It is only our duty to your Lordship."

III. iv. 69 *A villanous Duns.* "A villainous interpretation, a reference to the "subtle" commentaries of Duns Scotus.

71 *A trick is commonly foure Cardes.* "An allusion to the popular game of primero" (Collins).

III. v. 13 *Ath out side.* Equivalent to the more usual phrase, "wearing one's heart on one's sleeve."

33 *Apprehensions.* "Ideas, conceptions."

55 *All bid.* In allusion to the game of that name.

229 *Haspt.* "Locked in an embrace."

III. vi. 28 *Woe.* "Woo, persuade."

IV. i. 21 *Neglect, twas will. I.e.* "Neglect? 'Twas sheer deliberate action."

30 *Rac'd.* This almost certainly stands for "raz'd" in the sense of "grazed."

42 *Yron-age.* "Ironage, collection of irons," a word formed like "brokerage."

IV. ii. 15 *Clad in claye.* It seems that there is some corruption of the text here; I can make no sense of the phrase as it stands.

60 *Pullin and Pigges.* "Poultry and pigs."

68 *Sasarara.* More commonly spelt "siserari," from "certiorari," the name of a writ.

79 *Whurles and rotles.* Both words are onomatopœic, referring to rattling in the throat.

86 *Publisht.* "Reported, popularly known."

104 *Dambd in colours.* "Damned in a painted picture."

119 *Proud.* Used in the sense "too rich."

155 *Fine.* Collins suggests this reading for the unintelligible *fiue* of the quarto.

166 *Their aduantage.* "The advantage he had gained on them."

245 *Sluggy.* "Sluggish."

247 *We thought.* The *Me* of Q1 might stand here, but probably *We* was originally intended.

IV. iv. 12 *Quarled poyson.* The allusion to the breast conjures up the image of *Quarled poyson* which seems to mean "curdled poison."

19 *Ah ist possible.* The quarto reads "Ah ist possible, *Thou onely,* you powers on hie." The presence of the italics seems to indicate definite corruption of the text, and perhaps Swinburne (*The Age of Shakespeare,* p. 283) is right in suggesting that Tourneur may originally have written "Thou onely God on hie," which was altered to the wording given in this text. It must, however, be remembered that this is only a suggestion, and that "heavenly" does not occur in the original quartos.

48 *To give ayme to her owne daughter.* "To incite her own daughter."

49 *Nature 'tis.* The reading of the corrected copies is certainly right here. The original *to't* probably arose from confusion with *do't* in the next line.

52 *Wet will make yron blush.* The first quarto reads *you* for *yron.* In all probability the reading in the text represents the author's words.

80 *A cloath a silver slut. I.e.* "a cloth o' silver slut."

170 *Buy thou.* I retain the reading in the quartos, although possibly Collins is right in altering *Buy* to *Be.*

V. i. 11 *His faith's.* The quarto reads *His faith,* which might stand for *he's faith.* I adopt Collins's reading here.

14 *Fly-flop.* Or fly-flap, a flap for killing flies.

17 *Like a Polititian in hugger-mugger. Hugger-mugger* means "without due ceremony."

v. i. Perhaps Collins is correct in his guess that in *Polititian* there is a reference to Politian, the classicist and philosopher of the court of Lorenzo de' Medici. The *died* for *did* in the corrected copies is obviously right.

55 *Gols.* A cant word of unknown origin, meaning "hands."

58 *Nake your swords.* The second quarto gives the correct reading; "make" appears erroneously in the first quarto. *Nake* is "to make naked."

93 *Gealde.* "Congealed."

141 *Could you not stick.* Apparently meaning, "Could you not stick, or remain, firm in your opinion."

158 *Feete ath nines, and tongues ath twellues.* "Their feet are of size nine, but their flattering tongues are three sizes larger."

178 *Time hath seuerall falls.* Either "Time has many shapes or disguises" (metaphor from the head-gear "fall"), or "Time has many ups and downs, or changes."

181 *Fowly.* "Foully."

190 *Amb. Not'st.* The parts of Ambitioso and Supervacuo have been here reversed. The last lines of the scene obviously belong to the latter; the speech-headings have been changed in accordance with this.

v. iii. 30 *When stars were locks.* "When stars wear locks," in reference to a comet.

78 *Spur. Then I proclaime.* We should have expected Ambitioso to say these words. It may be that there has here been a confusion similar to that noted in v. i.

109 *New marrow.* I take this to mean, "New food for my vengeance."

151 *Set.* "Die."

A FUNERALL POEME.

Textual Notes.

A Funerall Poeme was entered in the Stationers' Register on the 16th of October, 1609;[1] Sir Francis Vere had died on the 28th of August in the preceding year. The poem was printed immediately in quarto with the following title-page:

A Funerall Poeme./VPON THE/DEATH OF THE/MOST WORTHIE/ AND TRVE SOVLDIER;/Sir *Francis Vere,* Knight./Captaine of *Portsmouth,* &c. L. Gouernour/*of his Maiesties Cautionarie Towne*/of *Briell* in HOLLAND, &c./[line; ornament; line]/ LONDON/Printed for *Eleazar Edgar.* 1609.

Collation: A-D^4. A1 recto and verso, blank; A2 recto, title-page; A2 verso, blank; A3 recto, dedication; A3 verso, blank; A4 recto to D3 verso, text; D4 recto, small ornament; D4 verso, blank.

The poem is very carefully printed, save for the sporadic use of italic capitals for roman at the beginning of lines. I take it that the frequent use of italics to mark certain words throughout the course of the work represents the author's intentions, although it is sometimes difficult to follow the exact purpose. The text given here is based on the B.M. copy (1070. m.4). Only one other seems to be known at present, that in the Henry E. Huntington

[1] See the General Introduction.

Library in California. The original text is followed scrupulously, save for the variations marked in the following list:

28	*controule*)	Q contruleo
48	*That*)	Q *That*
58	*warre and*)	Q warreand
59	*That*)	Q *That*
101	*voice*)	Q *voic*
107	*Willoughby*)	Q *Willoughby,*
124	*order,*)	Q *order ;*
192	*dispos'd*)	Q dispo'sd
193	*His*)	Q *His*
207	*Of his*)	Q Ofhis
218	*They*	Q *They*
234	*His*)	Q *His*
253	*And*)	Q *And*
264	*With*)	Q with
270	(*That*)	Q (that
272	*Argument.*)	Q Argument *:*
332	*Receiu'd*)	Q Receiu'd
344	*In*)	Q n
350	*To'*)	Q *To'*
355	(*Aswell*)	Q (aswell
410	*Approou'd*	Q Approou'*d*
414	*His*)	Q *His*
440	*approou'd.*)	Q approou'd
443	*And*)	Q *And*
444	*All*)	Q *All*
449	*And*)	Q *And*
464	*The*)	Q *The*
482	*dang'rously*)	Q dang'r ously
494	*The*)	Q *The*
516	*this*)	Q his
523	*His*)	Q *His*
529	*then*)	Q hen
545	*The*)	Q *The*
546	*His*)	Q *His*
576	(*Those*)	Q (those
579	*of those*)	Q of *those*
580	*He*)	Q *He*
601	*His*)	Q *His*
602	*Hee*)	Q *Hee*

A FUNERALL POEM UPON THE DEATH OF SIR FRANCIS VERE.

Commentary.

2 *Rizze.* A common Elizabethan form of "risen."

16 *Wiped of.* An archaic use signifying "cleared of."

107 *Willoughby.* Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby de Eresby (1555–1601).

278 *Subduc'd.* A rare use of this verb in the sense of "led [into]" *i.e. subduc'd . . . into the hands of Justice.*

292 *Approoue.* "Prove."

321 *Zanie.* Collins thinks that Tourneur uses this word "in the sense of flatter or be subservient to." More probably it is here employed in the normal significance of "copy."

324 *Residently.* This word, meaning "steadily," seems peculiar to Tourneur.

400 *Iudicious lines.* Clearly a reference to the *Commentaries* which Vere left behind him and which were published posthumously in 1657—*The Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere, Being divers Pieces of Service, wherein he had command; written by himself, in way of Commentary* (Cambridge, 4° 1657).

483 *Contrudes.* This word is taken directly from, and with the original significance of, the Latin *contrudere,* "to crowd together."

491 *Quarrels it.* "Takes exception to it."

513 *Williams.* Sir Roger Williams (1540?–1595), son of Thomas Williams of Penrhos in Monmouthshire. He served in the Low Countries, and was a close adherent of Essex.

515 *Discourse now extant.* Collins notes that the passage refers to *A Briefe Discourse of Warre.* This work was printed in 1590, and reissued the same year as "Newly perused." The next paragraph is a metrical paraphrase of Williams' words.

534 *Ought.* "Owed."

561 *Divulg'd pretence.* "Rumoured purposes." Is this an echo of Banquo's "undivulged pretence" (*Macbeth,* II. iii. 128)?

562 *Oſtentiall.* Probably formed from the noun "oſtent," this word seems to mean "outwardly shown." It was evidently a coinage of Tourneur's own.

575 *Nieuport and Oſtend.* These two engagements, in which Vere especially diſtinguished himself, were fought in 1600 and in 1601 respectively.

600 *Worthy; Heroë of his dayes.* I leave the original punctuation here since it seems that *Worthy* is to be taken as a subſtantive.

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE.

Textual Notes.

The Atheiſt's Tragedie was printed in quarto in 1611, with the following title-page:

THE/ATHEIST'S/TRAGEDIE:/OR/The honeſt Man's Reuenge./*As in diuers places it hath often beene Acted.*/[line]/WRITTEN/By *Cyril Tourneur.*/[line: ornament]/AT LONDON,/Printed for *Iohn Stepneth,* and *Richard Redmer,* and are to/be sold at their Shops at the Weſt end of Paules./1611.

This collates: [A1, probably=L4], B—K^4, L^3. [A1, probably=L4]^r title-page; [A1=L4]^v dramatis personæ; B1^r to L3^v text. The same sheets were reissued the following year with a change in date of "1612" for "1611." Besides the British Museum copy of the 1611 impression (C. 34, e. 10), from which this text is printed, I have examined the following exemplars: British Museum 1611 (C.12 f.8 and 1077 k. 5, the latter of which lacks signature A), Dyce 1612 (No. 9998), Forſter 1612 (No. 8918; Isaac Reed's copy, lacking all of signature L), Bodleian 1611 (Malone 187). I have, in addition, seen photoſtats of certain pages of the Huntington copies.

Only eight corrections or variants have been noted in the collation:

1. In the majority of copies the title-page is as I have given it above, but the "Bridgewater" exemplar in the Henry E. Huntington Library and B.M. C. 12, f. 8 read *Stepney* and *Redmere* for *Stepneth* and *Redmer.*
2. In B.M. C. 12, f. 8 there are variants in the liſt of *dramatis personæ.* Here an *a* is inserted before *Chaplaine,* Cataplasma is described as *an Attiremaker* and *Iudges* is brought into the second column.
3. On B4^v some copies (*e.g.* B.M. 1077 k. 5 and C. 34, e. 10 and Forſter) Languebeau is made to say *I salute you both with the spirit of copulation, already informed of your matrimoniall purposes, and will teſtimonie to the integritie,* while others (*e.g.* B.M. C. 12, f. 8 and Dyce) read *I . . . copulation, I am already informed of your matrimoniall purposes, and will be a teſtimonie to the integritie of your promises.*
4. In some copies (*e.g.* Forſter and Dyce) *next* on K1^r is printed *'next.*
5. On K2^r the ſtage-direction *Vnpurses the gold* is to be found in moſt copies as in the text, but the Huntington "Devonshire" copy and B.M. 1077 k. 5 omit these words entirely.

6. On K2^{v} the uncorrected copies (*e.g.* B.M. C. 34, e. 10) read *Neuer you will see your Sonne aliue,* which is altered in others (*e.g.* B.M. C. 12, f. 8, Forster and Dyce) to *If euer you will see your Sonne aliue.*
7. The next variation noted occurs at the bottom of K4^{v} and the top of L1^{r}. Here some copies (*e.g.* B.M. C. 34, e. 10 and 1077 k. 5 and the Huntington "Devonshire") have a mangled reading with a duplication of a phrase and a wrong catchword,[1] which others (*e.g.* Dyce, Forster, B.M. C. 12, f. 8, Bodleian and Huntington "Bridgewater" and "Hoe") correct.
8. Lastly, on L3^{r} where some copies (*e.g.* B.M. C. 34, e. 10 and Dyce) read *a proud monument,* others (*e.g.* B.M. C. 12, f. 8) read *this proud monument.*

In preparing the text, I have been as conservative as possible; original spellings, use of capitals and, for the most part, punctuation have been allowed to stand. The only general exception is that here, as in the other works of Tourneur, long ſ has been levelled to s. On the whole, the quarto presents a carefully prepared text of the play, the punctuation in particular, according to Elizabethan standards, being particularly good. One peculiarity, however, is to be noted. Periodically passages of verse appear printed as prose; for the most part these prose passages are confined to the character of D'Amville or to those in conversation with him, and one may suspect that his rôle was revised before the manuscript of the tragedy was taken to the printer's. These have caused not a little difficulty, for in certain scenes it is hard to determine whether a verse form was originally intended by the author, and in others doubt arises as to the correct dividing of the lines. Sometimes, therefore, I have allowed quarto prose passages to stand even when these have been cut into loose verse by Churton Collins and other editors; sometimes I have been forced to alter the arrangement presented in these reprints. Full indication is given in the textual notes of all variations in this kind from the quarto; it will be understood, of course, that where a prose passage has been printed here as verse the capitalisation at the beginning of the lines is due to the editor. At first I was tempted to allow the 1611 text to stand unaltered, but, after all, it is evident that Tourneur himself intended these lines to be lines of verse, and it seems to be the duty of an editor, while altering as little as he can, to prepare a version of the play which shall approximate as closely as possible to the original as prepared by the author.

In the textual notes I have practically ignored the modern reprints, drawing attention only to deliberate emendations proposed by Churton Collins. It appeared to be of no use to encumber these pages with minute indication of the many careless misprints and misreadings of which most modern texts are full.

Title-page. Stepneth . . . Redmer] *The Huntington "Bridgewater" and B.M. c. 12, f. 8 copies read* Stepney . . . Redmere.

Dramatis personæ Chaplaine] *B.M. c. 12, f. 8 reads* a Chaplaine.

Cataplasma . . . Attires] *B.M. c. 12, f. 8 reads Cataplasma* an Attire-maker.

Iudges] *In B.M. c. 12, f. 8 this is brought to the bottom of column 2.*

[*Doctor*]] *Not included in the quarto. It may be noted that one of the servants is called* Iaspar *in* IV. i. Fresco *is sometimes named* Frisco *in the text.*

I. i. 121 *D'am.*) Q1 D'am:

I. ii. 4 *art*) Q1 are

24 *predecessours,*) Q1 predecessours.

26 *youth,*) *Some copies of the quarto have* youth' (*e.g.* Forster and Bodleian).

55 [*Enter*]) Q1 *omits*

109 *I am already*) *The uncorrected copies read* already informed of your matrimoniall purposes, and will testimonie to the integritie. *The corrected version is given in the present text.*

140 *Langebeau*) Q1 *Langebean*

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[1] See the Textual Notes.

I. ii. 200 *suite.*) Q1 suite

I. iii. 36 *that I gaue you*) *Collins reads* that I gaue it you

44 *muſt*) Q1 mnſt

45 *you*) Q1 your

55 *Well,*) Q1 Well.

I. iv. 44 *of,*) Q1 of;

47 *Lan. Can he*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with de-*[lightfull] . . . your . . . fel-[lowship] . . . that . . . his . . . compa-[nies?] . . . de-[sires] . . . the . . . Loue.

106 *D'amville*) Q1 Da'mville

113 [*her*]) Q1 *omits*

122 *examine my*) Q1 examinemy

II. i. 9 *your*) Q1 you

28 *Set ope'*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* round . . . noble . . . warre . . . memorie.

35 *D'am. Oſtend!*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* hee . . . ioy . . . it.

42 *Mont. O my*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* queſtion . . . displease.

45 *D'am. Souldier!*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* blow . . . enemie.

49 *relate it?* Q1 relate it.

81 *flankerd,*) *Collins reads* (*unnecessarily*) flank'd

82 *drown'd*) Q1 drow'nd

112 *D'am. Charlemont*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* since . . . ouerthrow.

124 *i' night*) *Collins reads* i' th' night

II. ii. 5 *t'wut*) *Collins reads* (*evidently wrongly*) t' to 't.

42 *what'sha't*) *Collins reads* what shalt. *I retain the original reading as it probably represents Tourneur's punctuation.*

43 *in't*) Q1 in't

45 *D'am. Doeſt heare*) Q1 *prints* (*as here*) *in prose. I cannot conſtrue it into verse as Collins does.*

II. iii. 41 *bed?*) Q1 bed.

54 *imbrace*) Q1 vnbrace

61 *Father?*) Q1 Father.

72 *Leu. Or within*) Q1 *prints* (*as here*) *in prose. Collins takes the passage as verse.*

II. iv. 7 *Bel. Passion o' me*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* lights . . . out.

11 *D'am. Then light*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* enough . . . light 'em.

15 *D'am. No matter*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* hand . . . come.

18 *Mont. My soule's*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* my . . . thee.

19 *heart.*) Q1 heart,

28 *Eternall darkenesse*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* about . . . what a . . . thinke that . . . Scrichowle . . . mischiefe.

38 *D'am. Dead be*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines* eye-bals, and . . . to this? . . . yet been . . . 'prithee . . . or hast . . . poore . . . number . . . of na-[ture] . . . where is . . . ha' pleas'd . . . asham'd . . . de-[ſtinie]. *Collins seems to divide the verse wrongly at the end of this passage, and, by his alterations of several words, to ruin the sense. He reads:*

Where is that fatall Planet rul'd at his
Natiuitie? that might ha' pleas'd to light him out,
As well as into the world, unlesse it be
Ashamèd I haue beene the inſtrument
Of such a good man's cursed deſtinie.

56 *Passions*) *Collins reads* Passion.

60 *D'am. I.*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* talke . . . feeling?

II. iv. 63 *Belf. Feeling?*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* no-[thing] . . . whe-[ther] . . . cannot . . . grieue . . . vaine.

66 *is't*) *Q1* is't

69 *D'am. Indeede*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* piece . . . But . . . tincture of . . . But the . . . blacke . . . hee . . . ei-[ther] . . . good-[nesse] . . . mothers . . . worme . . . e're the . . . reliefe . . . teares. *The verse is halting here, but Collins seems wrong in dividing the lines with* the way . . . poore . . . gaue 'em . . . teares.

87 *Corps.*) *In some copies of the quarto the period is exceedingly faint.*

87 *Belf. Take vp.*) *Q1 prints as prose, as does Collins.*

90 *D'am. Why*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Nature . . . e'en . . . this . . . for-[ward] . . . muſt and . . . not. *Collins ends the verse lines with* Nature . . . But . . . were . . . teares . . . may . . . you . . . not.

101 *D'am. Here's*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* dolentis . . . he.

104 *D'am. O my*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* sweete . . . with . . . carkasse.

107 *Louely*) *Collins, followed by Symonds, reads* Lonely.

109 *Bor. Put him*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* the . . . could . . . faire . . . bignesse . . . pil-[low] . . . perish'd. *It is, of course, possible to divide the lines differently, but I follow here the arrangement of Collins and Symonds.*

124 *Of persons*) *Q1, followed by later editors, reads:*—Of persons, dispositions, matter, time or place, But by this braine of mine, was made. *Obviously the firſt line must end with* time, *and* or place *muſt be carried over to the second.*

149 *out—*) *Q1* out;

163 *What! Doeſt*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* meere . . . within a . . . cold-[nesse] . . . angry . . . ſtriues to . . . grossenesse . . . heare. *Collins divides with lines ending* beliefe . . . hot . . . vapour . . . coldnesse . . . cloud . . . within . . . qualitie . . . violent . . . cloud . . . heare. *Provided* coldnesse is *pronounced "coldenesse" the arrangement given here seems more normal.*

168 *region*) *Q1 religion*

176 *D'am. T'is a*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* ac-[complish'd] . . . It . . . fa[uour'd] . . . set . . . home . . . light-[ning] . . . o' the . . . proceedings . . . suc-[cesse]. *Collins divides with lines ending* meethinkes . . . as . . . speakes . . . how . . . forbeare . . . should . . . home . . . forbeare . . . should . . . pitfall . . . winck'd . . . expresse . . . successe. *I do not feel satisfied with this arrangement, and reading* Ordnance *and* lightning *as trisyllables, I prefer to re-order as in the text. But the verse here, as elsewhere, is loose and ſtumbling.*

192 *D'am. Our next*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* that . . . cre-[dit] . . . can.

196 *Bor. Faith Sir*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* y'aue . . . out of . . . coſt . . . confi-[dent] . . . true.

II. v. 19 *to it.*) *Q1* to' it.

46 *Lady.*) *Q1* Lady,

84 *Mercurie*) *In some copies of the quarto the first* e *is so faint as to be almoſt invisible.*

II. vi. 2 *is't?*) *Q1* is't.

5 *adoe*) *Q1* adoe;

9 *me. Aboue*) *Q1* me, aboue

14 *Charl. I know*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* I . . . Soul-[dier] . . . when the . . . comes.

19 *Soul. Sir*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* see . . . mee.

50 *Soul. You dreame*) *Q1 prints as one line.*

68 *reputation's*) *Q1* reputatio'ns

71 *Soul. Stand*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Sir . . . fall . . . for . . . fall.

72 *fall.*) *Q1* fall?

III. i. 66 *though our*) Q1 though' our
125 *Casta. No*) Q1 *prints as one line.*
III. ii. 49 *Char. You*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* bloud . . . soule.
50 *soule.*) Q1 soule,
54 *D'am. What?*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* your . . . last . . . him . . . that; an . . . you . . . done.
59 *an action*) Q1 an/ an action.
63 *Charl. No.*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* Circle . . . thy . . . worst.
72 *D'am. Borachio!*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* con-[tent] . . . wor-[thily] . . . scope of . . . selfe in . . . hurts.
102 *turn'd*) Q1 turn'd
103 *o' the*) Q1 othe
III. iii. 58 *Charl. No.*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* neuer . . . them as . . . fortune . . . courtesie.
III. iv. 2 *D'am.*) Q1 *D'am:*
39 *Nephew,*) Q1 Nephew!
82 [*Ime*]) *Added for the sake of the metre.*
IV. i. 24 *thing.*) Q1 thing?
45 *Lirie!*) *Collins reads* Sirrie.
52 *large*) Q1 *laerg*
IV. ii. 12 *Borachio,*) Q1 *Borachio.*
21 *This*) *So* Q1) *Collins reads* 'Tis
IV. iii. 12 *Hee enioyes*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* a-[mongst] . . . there's . . . graue . . . miserie as . . . both their . . . a-[spire] . . . world's . . . to be . . . King! *There seems to be some verse buried in the preceding passage.*
26 *Charl. What*) Q1 *prints as prose.*
30 *Charl. What?*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* beest I . . . well . . . Submit me . . . encrease of . . . death . . . may be . . . end.
59 *night—*) Q1 night;
64 *Montferrers*) Q1 *Mon ferrers*
71 *on*) Q1 an
78 *Charl. What*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* beard . . . I'le . . . Perhaps it . . . . For . . . this . . . sculles.
91 *Cast. My Lord!*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* Lordship . . . priuate.
93 *D'am. Yes.*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* The . . . plea-[sure] . . . per-[fection] . . . of my . . . loue. *Collins divides as in the text save that he ends the lines with* thee . . . giue . . . loue.
100 *Cast. Loue me*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* am the . . . loue. *Collins divides, with the lines ending* Lord . . . wife . . . loue.
103 *D'am. T'is true*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* forc'd to . . . I was . . . and I . . . satisfaction. *Collins divides with the lines ending* forc'd . . . performe . . . author . . . wrong . . . would . . . satisfaction.
110 *D'am. I will*) Q1, *followed by all editors, prints as a line of prose.*
113 *D'am. A man*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* enter-[tainment] . . . desire of . . . per-[formance] . . . haue the . . . For . . . of the . . . acti-[on] . . . aime . . . one . . . would . . . lay the . . . family. *Collins divides, with the lines ending* returne . . . prodigall . . . desire . . . with . . . of . . . haue . . . the . . . appetite . . . forces of . . . puts 'em . . . failes . . . purposes . . . ends . . . sweet . . . meete . . . Stranger to . . . foundation of . . . family.
132 *Casta. Now*) Q1 *prints as prose, ending the lines with* vt-[terly] . . . Fathers . . . ere the . . . con-[tinue] . . . incest.

IV. iii. 139 *D'am. Inceſt ?)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* are . . . sub-[iections] . . . to all . . . crea-[tures] . . . they. *Collins divides as in the text save that in the laſt three lines he ends with* man . . . were . . . they.

142 *subiections)* *Collins reads* objections.

147 *Caſta. O God !)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* omnipotence . . . meerely . . . are you . . . when . . . their . . . you . . . vnderſtand-[ing] . . . be-[halfe] . . . can-[not] . . . Beleeue me . . . it on . . . desire . . . your . . . ayre . . . rotten . . . graues. *Collins divides, ending the lines with* God . . . infinite . . . doeſt . . . ill . . . nature . . . are . . . prerogatiue . . . you . . . law . . . command . . . horror of . . . underſtanding . . . me in . . . that . . . ſtrength . . . themselues . . . Sir . . . luſt . . . flesh . . . more . . . breath . . . soule . . . rise . . . graues.

169 *D'am. Kisse me.)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* These . . . supply the . . . doe't . . . suppos'd . . . doe't.

175 *Caſta. Suppos'd)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* I . . . patient . . . thunder-[bolts] . . . en-[dure] . . . earthquake . . . light-[ning].

182 *lightning ?)* *Q1* ligh-ning.

183 *D'am. Coniure)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* to the . . helpe.

186 *Caſta. O would)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* were . . . entertaine . . . villaine.

190 *D'am. Tereus-like,)* *Q1 prints as a line of prose and reads Tereas-*like,

194 *Now Lady !)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* you . . . Caſtabella !

198 *Charl. For all)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Heau'n . . . pur-[pose] . . . I'le . . . armes of . . . worke, the . . . laſt.

206 *Caſta. The laſt ?)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* you . . . done?

208 *Charl. Why,)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* my . . . me. *Collins divides with the lines ending* have . . . *Caſtabella* . . . me.

211 *Caſta. Then)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* thy . . . defence.

214 *Charl. My life)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* de-[priu'd] . . . it . . . him.

217 *Caſta. You sha'not.)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* certaine . . . mee . . . deſtruction.

220 *Charl. Thou)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* the . . . miserie.

223 *Caſta. Then)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* prote-[ction] . . . in . . . deſtinie.

240 *D'am. Why)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* not the . . . vexe my . . . Vsurer . . . she . . . chamber . . . betweene . . . same . . . she . . . now . . . sinne; and . . . vn-[der] . . . vnseene . . . eyes, to . . . Yonder's the . . . climb-ing . . . of me . . . a faire . . . sayes . . . ha' the . . . mo-[tion] . . . of that . . . were . . . murder'd; to . . . so . . . flegmaticke. *Collins divides as in this text, down to* she could; *he then introduces a passage of prose, ſtarting the verse again at* I' the face *and ending the lines* eyes . . . beholde . . . in . . . mountaine . . . me . . . nothing . . . coward.

249 *Strumpet)* Q1 Stumpet

263 *faire)* *In some copies of the quarto the* i *is exceedingly faint.*

277 *D'am. O were)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* cloude . . . scatter . . . ayre !

282 *Lang. Here)* *Q1 prints as a line of prose.*

284 *D'am. Black)* *Q1 prints as prose.*

286 *Lang. No)* *Q1 prints as prose and gives the following speech of D'Amville's to the same speaker. This is also in prose, with the lines ending* apprehend the . . . to be . . . Why . . . sinnes . . . me . . . and the . . . committed?

316 *D'am. Stay.)* *Collins prints this as verse. I can see no satisfactory division possible, and therefore leave it as prose.*

V. iv. 24 [*Re-enter* FRESCO]) *Not in Q1.*

v. iv. 33 *trade ?)* Q1 trade.

IV. v. 16 *Leui. If he)* *This and the following speech is divided into verse by Collins. Although it certainly contains lines of a blank-verse measure I leave it here as prose.*

26 *Sinne)* Q1 sinne;

35 *next)* *In some copies of* Q1 'next

55 *Belfo. Pursue)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* I . . . bloud.

57 *Seba. My bloud)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* bet-[ter] . . . else.

63 *Leuid. O God !)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Husband . . . this the . . . ruiers . . . Husband . . . lips . . . luſt . . . body . . . can . . . bloud . . . floud . . . . . luſt . . . wee-[ping] . . . enough . . . wounds . . . my . . . Since it . . . exam-[ple] . . . death . . . sinne.

v. i. 29 *vnpurses the gold.)* *The Huntington "Devonshire" copy and B.M. 1077 K. 5. omit this ſtage-direction.*

60 *Seru. The body)* *Collins puts this and the following lines into verse; this seems unnecessary and forced.*

69 *D'am. The cries)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* with . . . mine.

72 *If euer)* *Some copies of the quarto read here* Neuer you will see your Sonne aliue.

77 *Death,)* *So Q1) Collins reads* Dead ! *and puts this speech into verse form of a loose kind.*

82 *D'am. Doctor !)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* thy . . . reading . . . mi-[neralles] . . . their . . . honour.

92 *D'am. His gasping)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* some . . . two . . . loftie . . . shrinkes . . . glory . . . vnder . . . selfe.

101 *Doctor. My Lord.)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* ra-[dicall] . . . extinguish'd . . . reſtore . . . them.

106 *D'am. Take this)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* inspire . . . bodies.

110 *D'am. You ha'not)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* conſti-[tution] . . . wa-[ters] . . . informe . . . better.

116 *D'am. Do'ſt laugh)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* that . . . sub-[iect] . . . laughter.

122 *D'am. O there)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Na-[ture] . . . her . . . a-[boue] . . . force.

128 *Doctor. A power)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Lord . . . forme . . . onely . . . bring . . . being . . . maker of . . . power to . . . Nature. *There seems to be something wrong with the verse here, but, in spite of the six-ſtressed second line, I let Collins' division ſtand.*

139 *D'am. Now to)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* art a . . . will . . . proue . . . thou . . . death . . . soule.

146 *diſtracted soule.)* Q1 diſtractedsoule.

v. ii. 12 *Catap. My Lord ;)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* con-[fesse] . . . then . . . breeding.

22 *Frisco. Good)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Gen-[tlewoman] . . . So . . . selfe . . . backwards. *This seems to be intended for verse.*

52 *2. Iudg. Now)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* profession . . . impietie ?

80 *D'am. Your)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Bring . . . Lord . . . one . . . paine . . . to my . . . charity . . . Grand-[sire] . . . age to . . . with-[out] . . . cha-[ritable] . . . Speake.

96 *D'am. How ?)* *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* can . . . diſtinguish-[able] . . . . then . . . Lordship . . . and the . . . extinguish'd . . . faine . . . that.

100 *charitable, more . . . and the whole frie)* *Some copies of the quarto read here:* more indicious then/your Grandsires; why, I would faine know why your Lordship/liues to make a second generation from your Father, and the [*catch-word,* whole] your Father; and the whole frie

119 *D'am. Vnciuill*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* at . . . obiect . . . Sonnes?
128 *D'am. Y'are all*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* vn-[iustly] . . . for him . . . me with . . . in my . . . griefe ? *Collins divides the verse as here save that in the second last line he reads* And, in the ostentation.
156 *D'am. A Boone,*) *Collins puts this and the following three lines as verse. I allow them to stand here as in the quarto.*
160 *comes*) *Q1* come
171 *D'am. I haue*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Nephew . . . Studi-[ent] . . . Na-[ture] . . . whence . . . proceede.
178 *D'am. Whether*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* thee . . . I . . . Nephewes . . . Phi-[losophie] . . . conten-[ted] . . . being . . . thou . . . into my . . . And . . . most . . . not? *Collins at line* 186 *reads* no more good being *and accordingly has to readjust the verse.*
208 *D'am. Freely.*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* in-[t'rest] . . . possesse me . . . things . . . va-[lue] . . . hands.
220 *I must drinke*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* ob-[struction] . . . Why . . . drinke . . . at it.
226 *D'am. Canst*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* the . . . me?
239 *D'am. Braue*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* courage . . . thy . . . wrong . . . base a . . . hand.
246 *D'am. I will*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* Curre . . . no-[ble] . . . selfe.
261 *D'am. I ha'*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* eas'ly . . . Ooh.
272 *D'am. Forbid?*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* tell . . . Iudge-[ment] . . . out-reach'd thy . . . *Castabella's* . . . *Montfer-[rers]* . . . state.
282 *D'am. There was*) *Q1 prints as prose, ending the lines with* vnderstanding . . . hath . . . (for . . . monument) . . . call'd to . . . sen-[tence] . . . Iudgement . . . commits . . . *Castabella. Collins divides into verse with the lines ending* under-standing . . . power . . . pride . . . posteritie . . . bloud . . . monument . . . deathes . . . want . . . power . . . deseru'd . . . commits . . . done . . . *Casta-bella.*
287 *This*) *Some copies of the quarto read here* a

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE.

Commentary.

Dramatis personæ. Although the scene is set in France, and many of the characters have Gallic names, Tourneur's fancy for allegoric nomenclature, so marked in his *Revengers Tragædie,* is indicated in *Levidulcia* ("light and sweet"), *Castabella* ("chaste and beautiful"), *Languebeau Snuffe* ("good-tongued Snuff"), *Borachio* ("drunkard," from the Spanish *borracho*), *Cataplasma* ("poultice," from the Greek *κατάπλασμα*) and *Fresco* ("fresh").

I. i. 13 *Fauour.* "Kind," "nature," "tendency," used here almost in the sense of "gift."

37 *'Tis Oracle.* Churton Collins and other editors read here "'Tis, Oracle." Apparently *Oracle* is rather used in the sense of "undeniable truth." Cp. *The Revengers Tragædie,* IV. i., "Tis Oracle my Lord."

54 *Present.* "Ready, quick."

I. i. 142 *And in my reason dwels the prouidence.* Seemingly *reason* is here employed as "rational power" or "will."

I. ii. 64 *Accomplements.* Normally in Elizabethan times this word meant "accomplishment" as in *Edward III.*, IV. vi. 66:

> A puissant hoſt of men
> Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplements.

Clearly, however, Tourneur gives it here the force of the modern "compliments."

134 *Were I to choose, your ioyning one for mee.* Churton Collins seems mistaken in his interpretation and punctuation of this passage. *Ioyning* is in apposition to *parting* in Charlemont's previous speech. The sense is "Were the choice given to me, I'd have your joining, and not your parting, kiss."

I. iii. 11 *Favour.* Here used in the sense of "appearance, features."

I. iv. 111 *Her mother i' law.* That is, her ſtep-mother.

II. i. 1 *Musicke. A banquet. In the night.* W. J. Lawrence (*Pre-Reſtoration Stage Studies*, 131–2) notes this peculiar ſtage direction and draws attention to the fact that it definitely emanates from the prompter, since over twenty lines elapse ere D'amville calls for "The Musicke there." It is possible that both here and in scene IV. the "night" was symbolised by the introduction of torches on the ſtage.

35 *Oſtend.* On Tourneur's association with Sir Francis Vere, and on his military activities in the Netherlands, see the Introduction.

67 *Rampier. Rampier,* or *Rampire,* is practically the equivalent of "rampart." It is also used in the sense of "dam," which may be its special significance here.

81 *Flankerd.* Collins reads "that flank'd The leuell of the flood," which does not seem to make sense. "Flanker" is an obsolete verb meaning "to protect the flanks," and I interpret the lines as meaning "those who thought to escape by swimming the level of the flood were both slain and drowned by murderers who protected the flanks."

120 *The Scarfe.* This is, of course, a prompter's memorandum.

II. ii. 5 *T'wut.* This is not "and too't" as Collins apparently thinks, but "an (or if) thou wilt." Cf. III. i., "Come now when t'wut."

31 *Snuffe . . . in snuffe.* The firſt *snuffe* may refer either to the "dregs of wine" or to "smell." The phrase *in snuffe* has the significance of "amiss"—"Do you take offence at that, sir?"

38 *The Iackes.* "The knaves."

II. iii. 6 *Louing that thou lou'ſt. I.e.* "for loving that which you love."

II. v. 1 *Man'd by.* "Accompanied by."

36 *Suckets.* A variant form of "succate" or "succade"—"fruit preserved in sugar," generally candied, as in this reference.

80 *Chafe thy selfe.* "Get into a rage."

II. vi. 6 *Perdu.* This ſtands for *sentinel perdue,* a military phrase for very dangerous outpoſt duty.

III. i. 46 *A practique.* "A practise, a putting into practise."

57 *Accomplements.* Here used in the sense of "accomplishments."

58 *When t'wut. I.e.* "when thou wilt." Cf. II. i. above.

III. ii. 13 *Tetter.* A word used in Elizabethan times for any skin disease.

III. iii. 34 *Meanes.* The pun is a common one. The "mean" in a musical harmony is the "middle" or intermediate part.

III. iv. 81 *Respectlesse.* "Heedless," "careless."

IV. i. 14 *Sauin-tree.* The juice of the savin-berry was often used to procure abortions.

IV. i. 33 *Poppring.* A special kind of pear, familiar from the "Poprin Peare" of *Romeo and Juliet* (II. i. 38).

45 *Lirie!*) Collins reads *Sirrie* here, which does not seem a successful emendation. There is possibly a corruption of the text, but *Lirrie* may stand for *Lurry* in the sense of "your lesson."

52 *Mi is a large there.* The text reads *laerg,* which Collins thought might be intended for *lago.* As Mr. R. C. Bald (*Modern Language Review,* xvi. (1921) 324) has shown, there is no question but that "large" was the author's word. This corresponded to the "maxim" in Elizabethan notation (cf. the modern "minim"). The *prick* is the dot marking a note half as long again.

63 *Snuffe.* This should be compared with II. ii., where "snuffe" has probably the same significance—"smell."

73 *Falls and Tyres . . . the shadow.* A fall was a veil, generally worn in front of a bonnet. A tyre or tire was a special kind of hat. A shadow was also a type of head-gear.

IV. ii. 13 *Like a superfluous Letter in the Law.* Evidently in reference to the possibility of error (in a will or elsewhere) through the ambiguity raised by an extra unwanted letter. L. L. Schücking (*loc. cit.* p. 90) thinks that there is an allusion here to Shakespeare's "Thou whoreson zed! Thou unnecessary letter!" (*Lear,* II. ii. 66).

33 *Carelesse.* "Free from care."

IV. iii. 45 *Timpanie.* A tympany was a swelling (or tumor) of any kind.

61 *A haire.* "A wig."

86 *The Charnell house.* It is difficult to say exactly where this charnel-house was located on the Elizabethan stage. Most probably it was the inner stage. Certainly Charlemont later "rises," but the inner stage as well as the outer possessed its traps.

V. ii. 142 *This exigent.* "This extremity." Cf. *The Character of Salisbury,* "into all the daungeres and exigents."

186 *No more being.* So *Q1* Collins reads "no more good being." The original sense seems better: "But if I cannot profit in it then 'tis no more—you being my physician—but to infuse a little poison in my cup."

THE CHARACTER OF SALISBURY.

Textual Notes.

The text of this *Character* is printed from the transcript preserved in the British Museum (Harl. 36, folios 495–497). Besides this version, there are certainly four others in existence: (1) the "Mostyn" copy, calendered by the Historical Manuscripts Commission [1] and, according to their report, signed Sevill Tourneur; [2] (2) that in the Public Record Office (S.P. Dom. James I. lxix. No. 59); (3) that in a commonplace book (the Burley MS) now or formerly preserved at Burley-on-the-Hill; and (4) that in the possession of Colonel and Mrs. Clifton, of Clifton Hall, Nottingham. Of these, I have not been able to see the first and the third. The latter, however, in a modernised form, was printed (under Wotton's name) by Logan Pearsall Smith in *The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton* (Oxford, 1907).[3]

[1] Report IV. App. p. 361.

[2] Probably Serill Tourneur; see the General Introduction.

[3] ii. 487–489.

This reprint shows that the text is practically the same as that presented in the Harleian copy. In the register of variants I have recorded only the few differences in actual reading indicated in Smith's recension; all variations, however slight, in the P.R.O. version are duly noted. An examination of the copy preserved at Clifton Hall revealed the fact that, while it follows the general lines of the others, it has many divergencies both in sentence structure and in arrangement of material. It is certainly not an author's draft, since there are some obvious misconceptions in it, but one can account for its deviations from the "standard" version only by assuming that it represents a preliminary model embellished in the later *Character*. On this assumption it has been included in an appendix.

As is noted in the Introduction, two of the five copies of this essay are completely anonymous, but the "Sevill Tourneur" of the "Mostyn" version, the "Jerril Turner" of the copy at Clifton Hall and the "[Cyrill] Tourneur" of the Harleian copy prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the poet Tourneur was responsible for its composition. This question of authorship, however, together with the implications raised by the appearance of the name "William Turneur" in the Harleian version, has been sufficiently dealt with elsewhere and consequently does not require elaboration here.

Explanation of Signs used in the Textual Notes.

MS. Harl. B.M. MS. Harleian 36.
MS. State MS. in P.R.O. State Papers Domestic.
MS. Burley MS. at Burley-on-the-Hill as recorded by L. Pearsall Smith.

[For the Clifton Hall version see pp. 297–8. It may be noted that the scribe of the Harleian version often writes small and capital *n* in an almost identical manner. I have endeavoured to distinguish what seem to be genuine capitals, but some letters remain doubtful.]

The character) *MS. State reads* The Character of Robert late Earle of Salisburie, Lord Heigh Treasurer of England &c. *Apparently a similar reading appears in* MS. Burley.
William) *See the General Introduction,* pp. 32–7.
1 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
1 *parente*) *MS. State* parent,
1 *Counseled*) *MS. State* counselled
1 *State,*) *MS. State* state
2 *Honour,*) *MS. State* honour
2 *and Powere.*) *MS. State* & power.
3 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
3 *fatheres vertues*) *MS. State* fathers Vertues,
3 *therfore*) *MS. State* therefore
3 *Called*) *MS. State* called
4 *Succeed*) *MS. State* succeede
5 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
5 *mynd*) *MS. State* mind
5 *imperfecte*) *MS. State* imperfect
5 *bodye*) *MS. State* body
5 *Courtyere*) *MS. State* courtier
6 *Ornamente*) *MS. State* ornament
6 *beste p[ar]te*) *MS. Harl.* beste ꝑte) *MS. State* best part
6 *bee,*) *MS. Harl.* bee,./) *MS. State* bee.
7 *Chaiere, he*) *MS. State* chayre hee
7 *sweet and*) *MS. State* sweete &
7 *presence,*) *MS. State* presence;
7 *yf*) *MS. State* if
8 *vnderstandinge howe*) *MS. State* vnderstanding how
8 *counseler he*) *MS. State* counsellor hee
9 *beavty*) *MS. State* beauty
9 *p[er]son*) *MS. Harl.* ꝑson); *MS. State* person
10 *remoue*) *MS. State* remove
10 *Actyon*) *MS. State* action
11 *Bodie*) *MS. State* body
11 *Answerable agente*) *MS. State* answerable Agent
11 *speritte, Hee*) *MS. State* Spiritt, hee
12 *greate*) *MS. State* great
12 *he*) *MS. State* hee
12 *Counsellour;*) *MS. State* counsellour,
13 *weare Industerye and*) *MS. State* were industry &
14 *w[i]th*) *MS. Harl* wᵗʰ) *MS. State* with
14 *vnderstanding;*) *MS. State* vnderstanding,
14 *and*) *MS. State* &
15 *Mind beinge*) *MS. State* minde being

15 *ynough*) *MS. State* enough
16 *Com[m]odiouslye*) *MS. Harl.* Comodi-ouslye) *MS. State* commodiouslye
16 *togethere*) *MS. State* together
16 *he knewe him selfe*) *MS. State* hee knew himself
16 *iuste waie, &*) *MS. State* iust way, &
17 *wente*) *MS. State* went
17 *either*) *MS. State* eyther
17 *publique daungere*) *MS. State* publicke danger
18 *Threatnings*) *MS. State* threatnings) *MS. Burley* threatening
18 *w[hi]ch*) *MS. Harl.* w^ch
18 *weare manye, and*) *MS. State* were many; &
18 *bould vppon*) *MS. State* bold vpon
19 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
19 *Ingenious*) *MS. State* ingenious
19 *Measure*) *MS. State* measure
20 *witte*) *M.S State* witt
20 *helpe to*) *MS. State omits*
20 *bringe*) *MS. State* bring
20 *neareste waie*) *MS. State* nearest way
20 *Habillitie*) *MS. State* habilitie
21 *Iudgment.*) *MS. Harl.* Iudg- [*end of line*] *ment,./.*) *MS. State* iudgement.) *MS. Burley omits* the Habillitie of
22 *suffitientlye Learned*) *MS. State* sufficiently learned
22 *Callinge; and Lear[n]inge*) *MS. Harl.* Callinge; and Learinge) *MS. State* calling & learning
23 *himselfe*) *MS. State* himself
23 *bycause*) *MS. Harl.* byca- [*end of line*] ause) *MS. State* because
23 *he Loued*) *MS. State* hee loved
23 *an other*) *MS. State* another
24 *either*) *MS. State* eyther
24 *speakynge*) *MS. State* speaking
24 *writynge, nevere*) *MS. State* writing never,
25 *w[i]thout*) *MS. Harl.* w^thout) *MS. State* without
25 *calinge*) *MS. State* calling
25 *vnderstandinge,*) *MS. State* Vnderstand-ing:
25 *nor*) *MS. State* Nor
26 *thence*] *MS. Harl. seems to have this but reading; it may be* theare
26 *w[i]thout*) *MS. Harl.* w^thout) *MS. State* without
26 *Leauinge*) *MS. State* leaving
26 *impresione*) *MS. State* impression
26 *besides*) *MS. State* besydes
27 *delyuered*) *MS. State* delivered
27 *w[i]th*) *MS. Harl.* w^th
27 *2a*) *MS. State omits*
27 *dexteritie*) *MS. State* dexterity
27 *clearnes*) *MS. State* clearenes
28 *weare*) *MS. State* were
28 *Sweete*) *MS. State* sweete
28 *and easie*) *MS. State* & easy
28 *Com[m]on;*) *MS. Harl.* Comon;) *MS. State* common,
29 *beinge guiltie Neither*) *MS. State* being guilty neyther
29 *Rudnes*) *MS. State* rudenes
29 *affect[at]ion.*) *MS. Harl.* affection,./.) *MS. State* affectation.
30 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
30 *put*) *MS. State* putt
30 *readinge*) *MS. State* riding
30 *ouere*) *MS. State* over
31 *repeatinge*) *MS. State* repeating
31 *often;*) *MS. State* often,
31 *w[hi]ch*) *MS. Harl.* and *MS. State* w^ch
32 *mighte*) *MS. State* might
32 *with*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* w^th
32 *litle expence*) *MS. State* little expence
32 *tyme,*) *MS. State* time
32 *moste*) *MS. State* most
33 *rediere*) *MS. State* readier) *MS. Burley* nearer
33 *waye*) *MS. State* way
33 *he wente*) *MS. State* hee went
33 *Matter;*) *MS. State* matter.
34 *notw[i]thstandinge*) *MS. Harl.* notw^th- standinge) *MS. State* notwith-standing
34 *he*) *MS. State* hee
34 *scope*) *MS. State* scope,
35 *him selfe*) *MS. State* himself
35 *rede*) *MS. State* read
36 *wear*) *MS. State* were
36 *satysfied*) *MS. State* satisfied
36 *Moste p[ar]te*) *MS. Harl.* Moste pte) *MS. State* most part
37 *bee. Sometimes,*) *MS. Harl.* bee some-times,) *MS. State* bee. [*new para-graph*] Sometimes,
37 *Lese he*) *MS. State* lesse hee
37 *bee elloquente*) *MS. State* be seem to be eloquent

38 *he was,*) *MS. State* hee was;
38 *he*) *MS. State* hee
38 *Confine speakinge*) *MS. State* confine speaking
38 *Law*) *MS. State* law
39 *Phrase*) *MS. State* phrase
39 *Accordinge*) *MS. State* according
39 *to ye bringing*) *MS. Harl. inserts above the line*) *MS. State* to the bringing
40 *vpp*) *MS. State* vp
40 *he*) *MS. State* hee
40 *w[i]th*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* w^th^
40 *and*) *MS. State* &
40 *Nature*) *MS. State* nature
41 *Argumente: wherby*) *MS. State* argument; whereby
41 *Hearers*) *MS. State* hearers
42 *wear he*) *MS. State* were hee
42 *quallitie either Learnede*) *MS. State* quality eyther learned
43 *the Learned,*) *MS. State* the learned) *MS. Burley* the capacity of the learned
43 *he*) *MS. State* hee
43 *satysfaccon*) *MS. State* satisfaction
43 *he*) *MS. State* hee
44 *geve*) *MS. State* give
44 *a satysfactione*) *MS. State* satisfaction
44 *Capacitie*) *MS. State* capacity
44 *be satysfyed*) *MS. State* bee satisfied.
45 *right,*) *MS. State* right
46 *w[i]th in*) *MS. Harl.* wth in) *MS. State* within
46 *questione*) *MS. State* question
46 *creditt*) *MS. State* credit
46 *he*) *MS. State* hee
47 *heare*) *MS. Burley* have [*probably an error in transcription*]
47 *p[ar]ties*) *MS. Harl.* ꝑties) *MS. State* parties
47 *themselues*) *MS. State* themselves.
48 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
48 *discomoditie some tymes*) *MS. State* discommodity sometimes
48 *Lawier*) *MS. State* lawyer,
48 *assistance*) *MS. Burley* help
49 *Lawe,*) *MS. Harl.* Lawe) *MS. State* law,
49 *he*) *MS. State* hee
49 *manye Adversaryes*) *MS. State* many adversaryes
49 *directe waye*) *MS. State* direct way
50 *agreemente*) *MS. State* agreement
50 *and saued*) *MS. State* & saved
50 *Lawe*) *MS. State* law
50 *Travill*) *MS. State* travell
50 *goinge about.*) *MS. Harl.* goinge a- [*end of page; catch-word* about] about./.) *MS. State* going about.
51 *difficultie*) *MS. State* difficulty
51 *to gette*) *MS. State* to gett) *MS. Burley* of getting
51 *accese*) *MS. State* accesse
51 *through*) *MS. State* thorough
52 *prese*) *MS. State* presse
52 *suitores*) *MS. State* suitors
53 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
53 *moste*) *MS. State* most
54 *deliuered themselues*) *MS. State* delivered themselves
54 *Halfe*) *MS. State* halfe
54 *Meaninge*) *MS. State* meaning
54 *apprehensione*) *MS. State* apprehension
56 *man*) *MS. Harl.* man,
56 *discountenaunced*) *MS. State* discountenanced
57 *Curtesie*) *MS. State* courtesy
58 *Name of god*) *MS. State* name
58 *promise;*) *MS. State* promise,
59 *wear Lymited*) *MS. State* were limited
59 *ends, and*) *MS. State* endes, &
59 *he*) *MS. State* hee
60 *them.*) *MS. Harl. them; ./.*) *MS. State* them.
61 *He*) *MS. State Hee*
61 *a waye*) *MS. State* away
61 *Men*) *MS. State* men
61 *bribinge him;*) *MS. State* bribing him,
62 *he sente*) *MS. State* hee sente
62 *againe*) *MS. State* againe,
62 *be*) *MS. State* bee
63 *Corruption*) *MS. State* corruption
64 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
64 *Ignorante*) *MS. State* ignorant
64 *w[hi]ch shewes*) *MS. Harl.* wch shewes) *MS. State* wch showes
65 *that he regarded*) *MS. State* that hee did regard) *MS. Burley* he regarded
65 *aboue*) *MS. State* above
65 *priuate; the*) *MS. State* private. The
65 *wherof*) *MS. State* whereof
66 *servants*) *MS. State* servantes *or* sertantes (*by mistake*)) *MS. Burley adds in margin* Dorckcombe
66 *abilitie and*) *MS State* abilitie &

67 *w[hi]ch (he acknowledged)) MS. Harl.* (wch he acknowledged)) *MS. State* w^ch (hee acknowledge)
67 *privat*) *MS. State* private
68 *contynuall*) *MS. State* continuell
68 *affaires*) *MS. State* affayre
69 *almoſte*) *MS. State* almoſt
70 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
70 *Couitous vnlese*) *MS. State* covetous, vnlesse
70 *weare*) *MS. State* were
70 *Kyng*) *MS. State* King;) *MS. Harl. adds in the margin* the wardes *and MS. Burley adds similarly* wards
70 *he*) *MS. State* hee
71 *voluntarilye w[i]th*) *MS. State* voluntarily, w^th) *MS. Harl.* voluntarilye w^th
71 *greate benifite*) *MS. State* great benefitt) *MS. Burley* great benefit
71 *Revenewe*) *MS. State* revenew) *MS. Burley* revenues
72 *He had*) *MS. State* Hee hath
72 *moſte*) *MS. State* moſt
72 *pollicie*) *MS. State* policy
73 *subiecte*) *MS. State* subiect
73 *he*) *MS. State* hee
73 *popularitie*) *MS. State* popularity
74 *therin he*) *MS. State* therein hee
74 *ends*) *MS. State* endes
75 *Loue*) *MS. State* love
75 *maieſtie*) *MS. State* Maieſty
76 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
76 *beſte presidente,*) *MS. State* beſt president
76 *miniſtere*) *MS. State* Miniſter
77 *Kinge*) *MS. State* King
77 *be followed;*) *MS. State* bee followed,
77 *he*) *MS. State* hee
77 *Counseles*) *MS. State* Councells
78 *moderation, Lyke*) *MS. Harl.* moderation; Lyke) *MS. State* moderation, like
78 *Kings thoughts,*) *MS. Harl.* Kings thoughts;) *MS. State* Kings thoughts,
78 *reservedly*) *MS. State* reversedly
78 *him*) *MS. State* him;)
79 *effecte*) *MS. State* effect
79 *gratiousnes was,*) *MS. Harl.* gratiousnes, was) *MS. State* graciousnes, was,
79 *alwaies*) *MS. State* alwayes
79 *be*) *MS. State* bee
80 *soueraigntye; and*) *MS. State* soveraingty: &
80 *oppenly*) *MS. State* openly
80 *severitie*) *MS. State* severity
81 *accompted*) *MS. State* accounted
81 *wherby*) *MS. State* whereby
81 *onelye*) *MS. State*, only,
82 *the[y]*) *MS. Harl.* the) *MS. State* they
82 *Loue not*) *MS. State* love) *MS. Harl.* Loue [Lette *deleted*] not
82 *grewe*) *MS. State* grew
82 *be*) *MS. State* bee
82 *Cause*) *MS. State* cause
83 *Mallice*) *MS. State* malice
83 *Him,*) *MS. State* him
83 *yet he Loste*) *MS. State* Yet hee loſt
83 *reputacon*) *MS. State* reputation
84 *Chaunge Happened*) *MS. State* change happned,
84 *bodie*) *MS. State* body
84 *heade*) *MS. State* the head
85 *subiecte*) *MS. State* subiect
85 *Confusione*) *MS. State* confusion
85 *of Aduise*) *MS. Harl.* of of Aduise) *MS. State* of advise
85 *vncertenty*) *MS. State* vncertaintie
86 *yssue*) *MS. State* issue
86 *affectyones, and beleeved*) *MS. State* affections, & believed
87 *Iudgment,*) *MS. Harl.* Iudgment;) *MS. State* iudgement,
87 *puttynge them selues in to*) *MS. State* putting themselves into
87 *fyle*) *MS. State* File (fyle *deleted*)
87 *and followinge*) *MS. State* & following
88 *w[i]th suche*) *MS. Harl.* wth suche) *MS. State* wth such
88 *sodainnes*) *MS. State* sodannes
88 *and*) *MS. State* &
88 *Necessitie*) *MS. State* necessity) *MS. Burley omits from* and such *to* weare
88 *weare*) *MS. State* were
89 *yf*) *MS. State* if
89 *beene*) *MS. State* been
89 *saye " This*) *MS. State* say This) *MS. Harl.* saye this
90 *erre;"*) *MS. Harl.* erre,) *MS. State* erre;
90 *powrefull*) *MS. State* powerfull
90 *wisdome*) *MS. State* wisedome
90 *Counselore*) *MS. State* Counsellour
90 *mak[e]s*) *MS. Harl.* maks) *MS. State* makes
91 *one*) *MS. State* owne
91 *grounds*) *MS. State* groundes

91 *hould*) *MS. State* hold
91 *Loue*) *MS. State* love
91 *vaine*) *MS. State* vayne
92 *w*[*hi*]*ch*) *MS. Harl. and State* w^ch
92 *geve noe*) *MS. State* give no
93 *vnderſtandinge*) *MS. State* vnderſtanding,
93 *pittie*) *MS. State* pitty
94 *ignoraunce*) *MS. State* ignorance
94 *prouidence*) *MS. State* providence, [presidence *deleted*]
95 *pointe*) *MS. State* point
95 *the daungeres and exigents*) *MS. State* the daungers & exigents [eminences *deleted*]) *MS. Burley* the exigents) *MS. Harl.* the daungeres and exigents;
96 *mighte bee necessarilie induced;*) *MS. State* might be necessarely induced,
96 *and carryed*) *MS. State* & carried
96 *appointm*[*en*]*t*) *MS. Harl.* appointm^t) *MS. State* apointement
97 *succese.*) *MS. Harl.* succese,./) *MS. State* success.
98 *knowe*) *MS. State* know
98 *exemplefie*) *MS. State* exemplifie
99 *ſtateseman*) *MS. State* ſtatesman
99 *suffityencye*) *MS. State* sufficiency
99 *imployments*) *MS. State* employments,
100 *Honorable*) *MS. State* honorable
100 *affaires*) *MS. State* Affayres [*and adds a line which is deleted*]
100 *Kynds*) *MS. State* kindes,
101 *be accidente*) *MS. State* bee accident) *MS. Burley* be incident
101 *a ſtate*) *MS. Harl.* aſtate) *MS. State* a ſtate,
101 *onely a*) *MS. State* only a) *MS. Burley* only
101 *Civill*) *MS. State* civill
101 *wherin*) *MS. State* wherein
102 *Iudgment*) *MS. State* Iudgement
102 *worthie*) *MS. Harl.* worthie;) *MS. State* worthy;
102 *for*) *MS. Burley* because
102 *he*) *MS. State* hee
102 *it*) *MS. Harl.* it; /.) *MS. State* it.
103 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
103 *muche*) *MS. State* much
103 *Acte*) *MS. State* act
103 *aboue*) *MS. State* above
103 *Name*) *MS. State* name
104 *p*[*er*]*swade myselfe*) *MS. Harl.* pswade myselfe) *MS. State* perswade myself
104 *aduises*) *MS. State* Advises
104 *w*[*hi*]*ch*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* w^ch
104 *wear*) *MS. State* were
105 *wisdome*) *MS. Harl.* wisdome,) *MS. State* wisedome,
105 *an other*) *MS. State* another
105 *He neuer writte*) *MS. State* Hee never writt) *MS. Burley* He never wrote
105 *downe*) *MS. Harl.* downe,
106 *Iniurye*) *MS. State* iniury
106 *redd ynke*) *MS. State* redde inke
106 *weare onely*) *MS. State* were only
107 *defensive*) *MS. Harl.* de-[*end of line deleted*] defensive
107 *w*[*hi*]*ch*) *MS. Harl and MS. State* w^ch
107 *neverthelese*) *MS. State* neverthelesse
107 *happene*) *MS. State* happen
107 *hurte*) *MS. State* hurt
108 *wronge*) *MS. State* wrong
108 *canbe maintained*) *MS. State* can be mainteyned
108 *w*[*i*]*thout offendinge*) *MS. Harl.* w^thout offendinge) *MS. State* without offending
109 *yf*) *MS. State* if
109 *be vyolentelie*) *MS. State* bee violently
110 *favoures*) *MS. State* favours
110 *manye; and received favoures*) *MS. State* many; & receaved favours
111 *besides*) *MS. State* beside
111 *he*) *MS. State* hee
111 *behowldinge*) *MS. State* beholding
112 *Aduauncement*) *MS. State* advancement
113 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
113 *maieſtie, w*[*i*]*thout*) *MS. Harl.* maieſtie, [w^thout *deleted*] w^thout) *MS. State* Maieſty without
113 *Mediacone*) *MS. State* mediation
113 *any*) *MS. State* anie
114 *w*[*hi*]*ch*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* w^ch
114 *moſte*) *MS. State* moſt
114 *ſelfe and*) *MS. State* ſelf, &
115 *sureſte*) *MS. State* sureſt
115 *Kinge*) *MS. State* King
116 *Happines*) *MS. State* happines
116 *Naturallye*) *MS. State* naturally
117 *into,*) *MS. State* vnto;
117 *openes*) *MS. State* opens
117 *moſte vneasilie*) *MS. State* moſt vneasily

118 *ſtatesman ; he*) *MS. State* Statesman; hee
118 *w[i]th*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* wth
118 *Conversation*) *MS. State* conversation
119 *whome he*) *MS. State* whom hee
119 *durſte*) *MS. State* durſt) *MS. Burley* dare [*and adds in margin* Suffolcke]
119 *belevinglie*) *MS. State* beleevingly
119 *privat*) *MS. State* private
120 *plentye*) *MS. State* plenty
120 *insensible*) *MS. Harl.* in sensible
120 *other menes*) *MS. Harl.* othermenes) *MS. State* other mens
121 *wants*) *MS. State* wantes
121 *officeres in to markets*) *MS. State* officers into Markets
122 *dearly*) *MS. State* dearely
122 *and*) *MS. State* &
122 *Cheaply*) *MS. State* cheaply
123 *buyere*) *MS. State* buyer
124 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
124 *proffitable maſtere*) *MS. Harl.* proffitable maſtere,) *MS. State* profitable Maiſter,
125 *bountye*) *MS. State* bountie
126 *Religeous*) *MS. State* Religious
126 *faith*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* faith,
126 *doune*) *MS. State* downe
126 *Teſtam[en]t*) *MS. Harl.* Teſtam$^{t.}$) *MS. State* teſtament
127 *anye Hollie*) *MS. State* anie holye
127 *and he*) *MS. State* & hee
127 *beleeue*) *MS. State* believe
128 *word*) *MS. Harl. inserts above the line*
128 *diynge*) *MS. State* dying
128 *man[n]*) *MS. Harl.* mañ) *MS. State* man
128 *mynd*) *MS. State* minde
129 *be*) *MS. State* bee
129 *w[i]th*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* wth
130 *makinge readie*) *MS. State* making ready
130 *die*) *MS. State* dye
130 *greateſte blesinge*) *MS. State* greateſt blessing
130 *Life*) *MS. State* life
131 *he*) *MS. State* hee
131 *bedde, w[i]thout*) *MS. Harl.* bedde, wthout) *MS. State* bedd, without
132 *Conscence ; when*) *MS. Harl.* Conscence when) *MS. State* conscience. When
133 *he*) *MS. State* hee
133 *and soe died*) *MS. State* & so dyed
134 *He*) *MS. State* Hee
134 *place*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* place;
134 *may be Ambitious*) *MS. State* maie bee ambitious
135 *followe*) *MS. Harl.* foll^{o}we) *MS. State* follow
135 *honoure*) *MS. State* honour
136 *other*) *MS. Burley* others
136 *he*) *MS. State* hee
137 *w[i]th*) *MS. Harl. and MS. State* wth
137 *pasage*) *MS. Harl.* pasage;) *MS. State* passage
137 *wilbe through*) *MS. State* will bee thorough
137 *conſtructions,*) *MS. Harl.* conſtructions;
138 *breſts*) *MS. State* breſtes
138 *entertaine*) *MS. State* entertayne
138 *spreding*) *MS. State* spreading
138 *meritt*) *MS. State* merite
138 *that*) *MS. Burley* it
139 *impedimente*) *MS. State* ympediment
139 *bycause*) *MS. State* because
140 *god*) *MS. State* God
140 *anie*) *MS. State* any
141 *themselues*) *MS. State* themselves
142 [*Cyrill*] *MS. State entirely omits the signature*) *MS. Harl. seems to read Gvil : This I take to be the transcriber's error ; he is no doubt puzzled by the name and confuses* Cy *with* G *and* r *with* v.

Commentary.

William Turneur. This matter of the name given in the transcript is fully discussed in the General Introduction.

9 *Beauty of p[er]son* From his childhood Cecil was deformed: he seems to have been hunchbacked.

18 *Bould* "Bold," used in the sense of "audacious."

20 *Habillitie* It is interesting to notice that this spelling of "ability" seems to be Tourneur's own; it occurs elsewhere both in *The Atheist's Tragedie* and in the elegy on Vere.

24 *Passed by the sense* This does not seem quite lucid. I take it to mean, "His words never passed or transcended the sense without making an appeal to the understanding and never appealed to the understanding without leaving an impression."

37 *Sometimes* I presume that an adjective must be supplied here—"other men's works they read more than once because they desired at some time or other to be satisfied concerning their sense." But the sentence is (if correctly transcribed) rather obscure.

48 *Discomoditie* The *N.E.D.* quotes no example of the use of this word in the sense of "trouble" or "vexation" between 1531 and 1652.

64 *He was Ignorante* Here *Ignorante* is apparently used in the sense of "ignoring" or "neglecting," a significance which the *N.E.D.* does not record before 1755. The general meaning is, "He neglected no state, or estate, so much as his own."

66 *One of his servants* The *Burley MS.* identifies this person as "Dorckcombe," who, in his own letters, signs himself "John Dacombe." On a letter dealing with this subject see the General Introduction. In spite of Cecil's large income, at his death there was either only a small margin on the credit side or a decided deficit. Contemporary reports are contradictory on this matter.

71 *A great benefite* The allusion, as is indicated by the rubric, is to the Court of Wards, the profits from the fines in which Cecil seems to have abandoned shortly before his death.

76 *Presidente* "Precedent."

83 *Ought* "Owed"; cf. The *Funeral Poem on Vere,* l. 534.

87 *Fyle* "File," or company."

92 *For w[hi]ch* This clause, of course, is to be taken with the preceding *Loue or hate.*

95 *To suppose* "To imagine."

95 *Exigents* Used in the sense of "critical state" or "dangerous possibility." Cf. *Atheist's Tragedie,* v. ii., "Whose honour lies beyond this exigent."

101 *A Civill warre* I presume that this refers to Cecil's attitude towards the succession and his general policy under James I.

105 *An other mans* That is to say, "He preferred the worthy action so much more than the mere worthy advice, that he allowed many men to carry out his own intentions."

106 *Redde ynke* Obviously in reference to blood.

119 *His privat freind* The *Burley MS.* identifies this friend as the Earl of Suffolk.

122 *Sell Cheaply to the buyere* That Cecil was generous is known from various sources, but it is interesting to note that during 1608–9 he was repaid the sum of £385, 4s. 7d. by the Exchequer "for meat and corn sold to the poor at an under-rate" (Algernon Cecil, *A Life of Robert Cecil* (1915) 379).

127 *Hollie knowledge* "Holy knowledge." Tourneur must have seen or known of Cecil's will which, after a benedictory opening, proceeds thus:

"Because I would be glad to leave behind me some such testimony of my

particular opinion in point of faith and doctrine, as might confute all those who, judging others by themselves, are apt to censure all men to be of little or no religion which by their calling are employed in matters of state and government under great kings and princes, as if there were no Christian policy free from irreligion or impiety, I have resolved to express myself and my opinion in manner following." There then comes a general statement of his creed (Algernon Cecil, *op. cit.* 349).

132 *Save in his Conscence* This clause is to be taken with *alarmes.*

138 *Whose brests* This clause is to be taken with *their.*

A GRIEFE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE.

Textual Notes.

Prince Henry died on the 6th of November, 1612; on the 25th of the following month a book of elegies by Tourneur, Webster, and Heywood was entered in the Stationers' Register.[1] This was published, no doubt early in the new year, as:

Three Elegies/on/the most lamented/DEATH/of/PRINCE HENRIE,/
The first, The second, The third } written by { Cyril Tourneur. John Webster. Tho. Heywood.
London/Printed for William Welbie./1613.

It seems probable that these were issued to be sold either together or individually, as each "elegy" has a distinct title-page and there are many copies extant of the three component sections without the general title-page.

The separate title-page to Tourneur's contribution reads:

A/GRIEFE/ON THE DEATH/OF PRINCE/*HENRIE.*/EXPRESSED IN A BROKEN/ Elegie, According to the nature of/such a sorrow./BY/CYRIL TOVRNEVR./[ornament] LONDON/Printed for WILLIAM WELBIE./1613.

Collation: A-C^4. A1^r general title-page [printed white on black], A1^v black [all the verso pages are blacked out], A2^r title-page to Tourneur's contribution, A3^r dedication, A4^r four-line poem 'To the Reader,' B1^r-C2^r text of poem, C3^r eight-line poem 'On the Representation of the Prince at his Funeralls,' C4^r either blacked out mourning page or eight-line poem 'On the Succession.'

Like Tourneur's other poems, this is presented in a text very accurately printed. There are, however, two states of the text. In one, of which the B.M. copy (1070, m. 4) used as the basis of the version presented here may be taken as an example, C4 recto is a black mourning page; in the other, of which the Henry E. Huntington "Britwell" and the Forster (No. 8919) copies are typical, a poem of eight lines signed C. T. occupies this page. This additional poem is here printed, by kind permission, from a photostat of the Huntington exemplar. A minor alteration appears also on B4^r. The correct catchword here is *They,* but some copies read *Men* in place of this.

Various examples of this poem are known. Among these may be noted two each in

[1] See the General Introduction.

the Edinburgh University Library and the Henry E. Huntington Library and one in the library at the Victoria and Albert Museum.[1]

The text given here is a faithful reprint of the original save for the following emendations:

40 *Vnguiltie*) Q Vnguiltie,
42 *It ;*) Q It.
117 *his*) Q 'his

A GRIEFE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE.

Commentary.

Mr. George Carie This person seems unidentifiable amid the innumerable Caries, Careys, and Carews of the early seventeenth century.

28 *Dis-effect* The *N.E.D.* can quote no other use of this word, which it defines as "divest of effect."

44 *The last great sicknesse* This presumably was the plague of 1609–10. Rising in December 1609 it continued raging through a whole twelve-month in London.

70 *The old shall sooner die?* Compare *The Transformed Metamorphosis.*

97 *Since HEE was,* "Since he is now dead," a Latinism.

On the Succession These verses seem to have been suppressed. It may be that they were considered, politically, unwise.

LAUGH AND LIE DOWNE.

Textual Notes.

Laugh and lie downe was published in 1605 with the following title-page:

LAVGH/and lie downe:/OR,/The worldes Folly./[ornament]/Printed at London for Ieffrey Chorlton,/ and are to be sold at his shop, at/the great North dore of saint/ Paules. 1605.

Collation: 4° A-F^4. A1 presumably blank, A2^r title, A2^v blank, A3^r-A3^v dedication, A4^r address 'To the Reader,' A4^v blank, B1^r-F3^r text, F4 presumably blank [The Huntington copy seems to have been mis-bound; here the second page

[1] In the Forster copy there appears a duplicate of signatures A3 and A4. These are glued together so that the dedication appears on the recto and the poem "To the Reader" on the verso. From an examination of broken letters and from measurements taken it is certain that these extra pages are simply duplicates and have not been set up separately.

of the dedication falls at A4ᵛ and the second page of text at A3ᵛ, leaving B1ᵛ blank]. The dedication is in italic, the address in roman and the text in black letter.

Only one copy seems now to be extant, that in the Henry E. Huntington Library, which Mr. Edmonds, of the Department of Early English Printed Books, informs me was "the North (pt. 3 (1819): 686)—Perry (pt. 2 (1822): 781)—Heber (pt. 9 (1836): 1722)—Britwell (March-April, 1924: 741) copy." On this the text given here, by kind permission of the Director, is based.

Dedication.

5 *purpose*) Q *purpose,*
8 *I*) Q *prints this and the other* I s *in the dedication in roman.*
11 *Ten*) Q *Ten,*

Text.

3 *out* Q *prints a black letter* o *with a cross-stroke which makes it look like* e
19 *there*) Q there,
21 *imployment*) Q imployment
30 *Fellowes*).) Q Fellowes)
32 *The*) Q The
95 *what*) Q when
98 *wealth ;*) Q wealth,
100 *pleas'd*) Q pleas'd
108 *quod*) Q qd
111 *fellow*) Q fellow,
119 *first*) Q first,
121 *fashion.*) Q fashion?
148 *sighing,*) Q1 sighing;
194 *his nose*) Q his his nose
208 *Patience*) Q Patience,
234 *nexte*) Q uexte
246 *where*) Q1 where,
254 *vvould*) Q vvolud
257 *virgin,*) Q virgin
275 *that*) Q that,
294 *All*) Q *A*ll
297 *attending*) Q attendfng
304 *sinnes*) Q siunes
323 (*quoth*) Q quoth
326 *now*) Q now,
339 *he*)) Q he
361 *there*) Q there,
383 *but*) Q but,
384 *turn'd*) Q turn'd
387 *Accidents*) Q *A*ccidents
413 *diuers*) Q diuers,
415 *one*) Q one,
416 *Flies*) Q Flies,
417 *forc'st*) Q forc'st
422 *that*) Q that,
425 *vpon :*) Q vpon?
425 *to*) Q ts
465 *friends*) Q friends
480 *glib-toung'd*) Q glib-toung'd
481 *now*) Q now, [*The* o *has a cross-stroke, making it like* e]
488 *head,*) Q head
491 *Trinidado*) Q Trinidado,
567 *but*) Q but,
568 *and*) Q &
568 *well*) Q we l [*The first* l *is just faintly discernible*]
587 *made*) Q mede
597 *out*)) Q out:
602 *schoole*) Q schoole,
604 *toung'd*) Q toung'd
606 *hang'd*) Q hang'd
614 *for*) Q for,
635 *Ienkin*) Q *I*enkin
642 *So*) Q so
651 *into !*) Q into?
656 *suden*) Q suden,
672 *complements*) Q complemẽts
674 *surely*) Q surely;
679 *commoditie*) Q cõmoditie
703 *and couetousnes*) Q andcouetousnes
723 *excercise*) Q excercise
723 *you*) Q yon
733 *conversion*) Q contersion
739 *it*)) Q it
764 *sit you*) *It is possible that an original page of manuscript has been dropped.* Sit *comes at the bottom of E4ᵛ with a catchword* you, *followed wrongly by* of the tother towne, *which does not seem to make sense.*
778 *vppon*) Q vppou
779 *you ?*) Q you.
790 *twenty*) Q tweny
803 *stich,*) stich
808 *a lusty*) Q lusty a
810 *which*) Q *with*
816 *before them borne*) Q borne them
816 *Aries*) Q *A*ries
823 *presently*) Q presẽtly

COMMENTARY.

Dedication.

8 *Had-I-vviſte* Referring to "experience"—"the school of experience."

To the Reader.

11 *At aduenture* A variant of "per adventure," "perhaps."

Text.

1 *Islande* The *Islande* is clearly England, and the *Cittie* is London.

11 *To keepe his Chriſtmas* Presumably this is merely a picturesque phrase for "hold vaſt revels."

26 *Followed Shaddowes* "Shadow" is here used in the sense of "delusion." The *N.E.D.* quotes *Hamlet*, II. ii. 265, "The very subſtance of the Ambitious is meerely the shadow of a Dreame."

34 *Poaſting* *I.e.* "poſting."

81 *Lols* "Lol" or "Loll" was a cant term for an idler.

82 *Out-lookers* I cannot find this word used elsewhere in the sense it obviously bears here of "those who look out" in the way of thievery.

87 *O man in desperation* A ballad of this name was entered in the Stationers' Regiſter on Auguſt 15, 1586 (ed. Arber, ii. 454) and again on December 14, 1624 (iv. 132). It was a popular tune; see William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (n.d.), ii. 770. In tracing the ballads and tunes here I acknowledge a deep debt to Professor Hyder E. Rollins's *An Analytical Index to the Ballad-Entries (1557–1709) in the Regiſters of the Company of Stationers of London* (North Carolina University Press, 1924).

100 *Imaginations of ydlenesse* I take it that "imagination" is used here in a secondary sense as "things fantaſtic."

122 *Sir Reuerence* Used in its secondary sense of "human excrement"; the *N.E.D.* quotes several examples.

148 *Other* *I.e.* "others."

161 *Sauntis.* "Sanctus" or "hymn."

173 *Oh the winde, the weather, and the raine* This seems to recall the song at the end of *Twelfth Night*; see also the note on the ballad "Whilom I was," below.

182 *Kick-shoses* A variant spelling of "kickshaws," used for a delicate dish.

198 *Whilom I was, To the tune of Tom Tinker* I cannot trace the ballad "Whilom I was" unless it be the song "When that I was and a little tiny boy," sung by the Clown in *Twelfth Night*. The refrain of this song, however, suggeſts connection with the "winde" and "raine" ballad referred to above. For the tune *Tom Tinker*, or *Tom Tinker's my true love*, see Chappell, *op. cit.* i. 353.

208 *Electuarie* Used here simply in the sense of "medicinal paſte."

215 *Oken Leaues began to wither* This ballad I have been unable to trace.

216 *Heauilie, heauilie* Evidently the tune used in the famous song in *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. iii., where the quarto reads "Heauily, heauily" and the Folios "Heauenly, heauenly."

221 *Passe a Measure* A dance ſtep.

224 *Out of square* A phrase common in this work, meaning "out of tune with" or "at odds with." The *N.E.D.* quotes an example from *The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

232 *Blinde Beggar* This muſt be the ballad of "the blind beggar of Bednall Greene" which was entered in the Stationers' Regiſter on December 14, 1624 (iv. 131), and on March 1, 1675 (ii. 498). It is printed in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 37, and in the *Percy Folio* (1867–68), ii. 279. Cf. Chappell, *op. cit.* i. 158–60.

223 *Heigh ho* This may be a real tune; on the other hand, it may be a reference merely to misery. There was a tune called *Heigh ho hollidaie* (cf. Rollins, *op. cit.* p. 203, No. 2357). For otners, see Chappell, *op. cit.* i. 53, 89, 210, 292.

248 *When I was faire and young* This ballad I have been unable to trace.

248 *Fortune* This was a popular ballad tune. A ballad called *The Lamentacion of John Parker* composed to this melody was entered in the Stationers' Register on July 15, 1592 (ii. 616). Evidently it was the same as *Fortune my foe* which was entered in the same register on December 14, 1624 (iv. 132). For it, see Chappell, *op. cit.* i. 162.

270 *The Lamentation of a Sinner* There are many "lamentations" of this kind. The Stationers' Register records *The lamentacon of a synner troubled in conscyence* (February 28, 1579; ii. 348), *The Lamentaçon of a sinner oppressed with payne* (September 3, 1580; ii. 376), *The lamentation of a synner* (1567–8; i. 356), *The lamentation of a synner beyng grevyusly trubbled in his mynde* (1565–6; i. 307), and *The lamentation of a Dysperate synnor* (1565–6; i. 304).

271 *Welladaye* This was a popular ballad tune. For examples of ballads composed to it, see H. E. Rollins, *A Pepysian Garland* (1922), 89, 104, 371, and 425. See also Chappell, *op. cit.* i. 174–6.

276 *Fie-for-shame* I confess I do not quite understand the allusion here.

280 *Common of two* The word *declension* following indicates that this is a grammatical reference.

284 *Willers* Apparently a unique use in the sense of "those who desire" and consequently "lovers."

285 *Breach of promise* I do not find *breach of promise* cited in this sense in the *N.E.D.*

294 *All a greene Willowe* This is the song sung by Desdemona (*Othello,* IV. iii.) See Chappell, *op. cit.* i. 206–8, where the words and music are given.

294 *Ding, dong* I have not succeeded in identifying this tune. Professor Rollins, in answer to a query of mine, suggests this may be the refrain of *A Lovers Lamentation to his faire Phillida* (See his *Pepys' Ballads* (1929), ii. 12).

316 *Ballad of the Breeches* This is evidently *A pleasant ballad of a combat betwene a man and his wyfe for the breches,* entered in the Stationers' Register on August 27, 1591 (ii. 593).

316 *Neuer more* Perhaps *Never love thee more* in Chappell, *op. cit.* i. 378–9.

354 *A Ballad of the Tinkers wife that beate her husbande* I have not succeeded in identifying this ballad.

365 *Come liue with me* This is, of course, Marlowe's well-known poem or ballad.

366 *Adew my Deere.* For this, see the note in Chappell, *op. cit.* i. 214.

372 *Setting-sticke* A stick used for stiffening the plaits or "sets" of ruffs (*N.E.D.*). It was also known as a "poking-stick" for which *poting sticke* below may be an error. *Fall* was a special headgear of the period.

377 *Ballet of Fortune hath stolne away my loue* Here possibly is another reference to "Fortune, my Foe" entered in the Stationers' Register as a *sweete sonnett wherein the lover exclaimeth agst fortune for the losse of his ladies fauour* (March 1, 1675; ii. 498), and earlier, as *Fortune my foe* (December 14, 1624; iv. 132).

378 *Greene Sleeues* This was a popular tune, derived from *a merry newe Northen songe of Greene sleves begynninge the boniest lasse in all the land* (Stationers' Register, December 14, 1580; ii. 384). Compare also the three entries in Rollins, *op. cit.* 94, No. 1049, 1050, 1051.

390 *Muskle-boat* Evidently a "mussel boat" of which the *N.E.D.* can find only one use and defines as "a mussel-shell used by children as a toy boat." Here its sense seems to be a "frail vessel." *Cricke* is, of course, "creek."

391 *Goose-net* I know of no object so named, and take this to be merely a term of contempt. The whole passage has a double significance.

393 *Dingle dangle* Used originally as an adjective and hence becoming a substantive in the sense of "useless appendage."

405 *My new Ballet, of the fine foole* It seems that with the vague reference here the ballet cannot be identified.

405 *Tarlton* Presumably this is the tune known as *Tarlton's Medley* which Rollins identifies as *The Spanish Pavin* (*A Pepysian Garland,* 450). For this, see William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time,* i. 240.

435 *Nointed with the curriers oyle* Obviously a term of abuse, signifying "ill-favoured."

442 *Layd-worke* Better known as "couched work" or "couching," a kind of embroidery.

461 *Eiesome* "Pleasing to the eyes." The *N.E.D.* quotes only one example of the use of this word (in 1584).

483 *In print* "Precise."

491 *Trinidado* The name of a kind of tobacco from the West Indies.

492 *A Tale of a roasted horse* I have not succeeded in tracing the allusion here; it probably belongs to one of the "jest-books."

505 *Soothe vppe* "Flatter."

540 *Blowse* A cant word for a common wench.

587 *Lady, lady, my faire Lady* Professor Rollins suggests that this is William Elderton's *The Pangs of Love and Lover's Fits* (1559) or else an imitation of that. On this ballad see his article on Elderton in *Studies in Philology,* xviii. (1920), 201, and the *Analytical Index* No. 2039.

589 *Bandore* The original form of "banjo," from the Spanish *bandola,* which, with the Italian *pandora,* is derived from the Greek πανδοῦρα through the Latin *pandura* (*N.E.D.*).

615 *A breeding for you* "A love for you."

616 *Heyfare* "Hiefer."

617 *Cosset Lambe* A pet lamb.

642 *Besmouched* The verb "smouch" means "to kiss." I have not found another example of "besmouch."

655 *Ela* The highest note in the gamut.

657 *The three merry men* This is the tune used by Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night,* II. iii. It was exceedingly popular in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

775 *Trulles Trenchiuall* *Trull* is, of course, a common word for prostitute, and *Trenchiuall* seems to be a form of "trenchefil" used in a vulgar and secondary sense. The trenchefil was the part in a cross-bow where the tip of the bolt was placed.

823 *A noise of shames* *I.e.* a cry of "Shame."

CLIFTON HALL EXEMPLAR OF THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

Textual Notes.

2 *gentry. He*) *MS.* gentry, he

2 *vnp[er]fect*) *MS.* vnpfect

3 *p[ar]te*) *MS.* ꝑte [*So with most* pre *and* par *combinations throughout the text*

3 *ornament.*) *MS.* ornamente,

4 *Counsellor*) *MS.* Counselloꝛ

6 *action*) *MS.* accon̄

8 *expedicion.*) *MS.* expedicon̄,

9 *way ;*) *MS.* way,

9 *publiq[ue]*) *MS.* publiq [*So in the text throughout*]

10 *w[hi]ch*) *MS.* w^{ch}

11 *comp[re]hendes*) *MS.* comp^{r}hendꝭ

11 *witt.*) *MS.* witt,

12 *anoth[er] man.*) *MS.* anoth^{r} man,

13 *w[i]thin*) *MS.* wthin

14 *themselues. There*) *MS.* themselues, there
15 *suitors*) *MS.* suito^{rs}
17 *app[re]hension*) *MS.* app^{r}hension
21 *p[re]sentes*] *MS.* ꝑ sentꝭ
21 *Corrupcion.*) *MS.* Corrupcõn.
23 *w[i]th*) *MS.* wth
23 *misconstruction*) *MS.* misconstruccõn
24 *w[hi]ch*) *MS.* w^{ch}
24 *had*) *MS. seems to read* hae
25 *mans. He*) *MS.* mans, he
26 *w[hi]ch*) *MS.* w^{ch}
27 *seruanntes*) *MS.* seruanntꝭ
29 *ruine ;*) *MS.* ruine,
31 *w[i]th*) *MS.* wth
31 *kinges*) *MS.* kingꝭ
31 *reuenues.*) *MS.* reuenues,
33 *belonges*) *MS.* belongꝭ
33 *Ma[ies]tie*) *MS.* Matie
35 *moderation*) *MS.* moderacõn
35 *kinges thoughtes*) *MS.* kingꝭ thoughtꝭ
36 *to him*) *MS.* be to to him
37 *soueraignetie*) *MS.* sou^{r}aignetie
39 *reputation*) *MS.* reputacõn
41 *affec[ti]ons*) *MS.* affecõns
41 *Iudgm[en]t*) *MS.* Iudgm^{t}
42 *w[i]th*) *MS.* wth
42 *resolu[ti]on*) *MS.* resolucõn
43 *erre,*) *MS.* erre
43 *Counsellor*) *MS.* Counsello^{r}
44 *groundes*) *MS.* groundꝭ
45 *w[hi]ch*) *MS.* w^{ch}
47 *exegentes*) *MS.* exegentꝭ
50 *hono[ra]ble*) *MS.* hono^{ble}
53 *w[hi]ch*) *MS.* w^{ch}
53 *for*) *MS.* nor
54 *w[i]thout*) *MS.* wthout
55 *fauor*) *MS.* fauo^{r}
55 *fauoures*) *MS.* fauourꝭ
56 *parentes*) *MS.* parentꝭ
56 *aduancement.*) *MS.* aduancement,
57 *i[m]mediately*) *MS.* iḿediately
57 *Ma[ies]tie*) *MS.* Matie
57 *w[i]thout*) *MS.* wthout
58 *honores*) *MS.* honorꝭ
59 *w[hi]ch*) *MS.* w^{ch}
60 [*many*]) *MS.* mine
60 *statesman ; he*) *MS.* statesman, He
60 *w[i]th*) *MS.* wth
60 *conu[er]sation*) *MS.* conu^{r}sation
62 *wantes*) *MS.* wantꝭ
62 *officeres*) *MS.* officerꝭ
62 *merkittes*) *MS.* merkittꝭ
63 *M[aste]r*) *MS.* M^{r}
64 *seruanntes*) *MS.* seruanntꝭ
64 *bountie.*) *MS.* bountie,
66 *wordes*) *MS.* wordꝭ
67 *w[i]th*) *MS.* wth
67 *reputa[ti]on*) *MS.* reputacõn
69 *w[i]thout*) *MS.* wthout
69 *alarames*) *MS.* alarames
70 *conscience. When*) *MS.* conscience, when
72 *honor*) *MS.* hono^{r}
72 *other. The*) *MS.* other the
73 *w[i]th*) *MS.* wth
73 *construc[ti]ons*) *MS.* construcõns
73 *breastes*) *MS.* breastꝭ
74 *impedimentes*) *MS.* impedimentꝭ
75 *detrac[tors]*) *MS.* detraccõns

HERE END THE WORKS OF CYRIL TOURNEUR

EDITED BY PROFESSOR ALLARDYCE NICOLL
WITH DECORATIONS BY FREDERICK CARTER

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